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ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

February, 1964 35¢

LA PATRICIA:

SONGBIRD TO THE WICKED
and confidante to Joaquin Murietta!

CATTLE KINGS!

Charles Goodnight and the JA
C. C. Slaughter and the Long-S
The Farwells of the XIT
Frenchy McCormick of Old Tascosa
The Lone Star and LX Feud
John S. Chisum and the Jingle Bob

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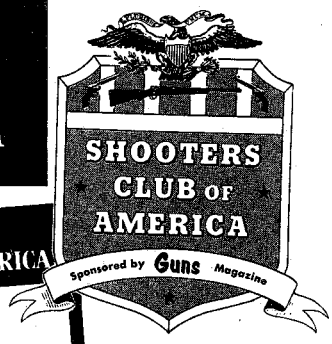

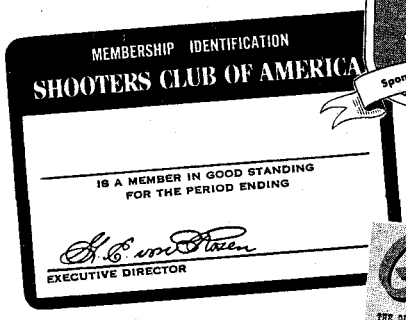

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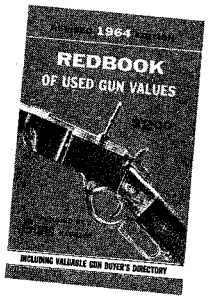

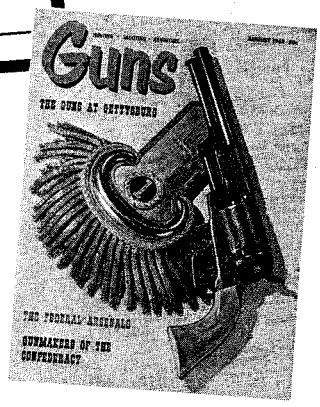

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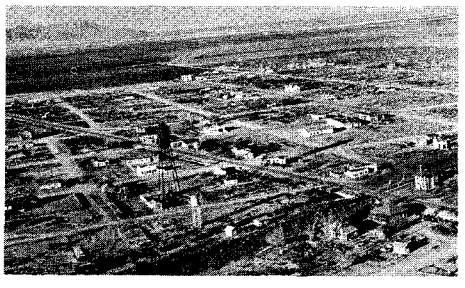

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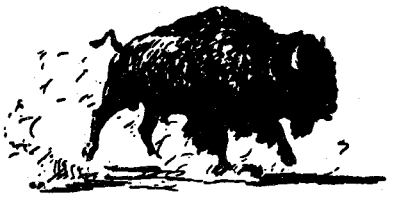

January-February, 1964
Volume 11, No. 3
Whole No. 61

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Charles Goodnight in 1876 — — Artist's Interpretation

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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Book length story of John Wesley Hardin by Norman B. Wiltsey in the January Frontier Times on sale at your newsstand now!

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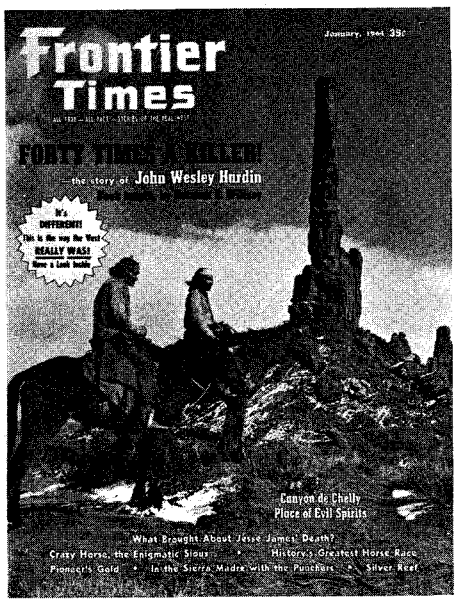

CRAZY HORSE; THE ENIGMATIC SIOUX, by Steve Feraca. During the days of mass Indian surrender, one warlord escaped the photographer and reporter.

A COWBOY AND HIS POLECATS, by J. Frank Dobie. A bad reputation is hard to live down, and a wood kitty doesn't even try . . . but he's a good guy if you get to know him.

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WHAT BROUGHT ABOUT JESSE JAMES' DEATH? by Carl W. Breihan. The differing accounts and conflicting details about the killing of the country's most famous bandit get a thorough comparison by an expert.

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PIONEERS' GOLD, by William Mahan. In a little county down in Texas there are enough treasure clues to keep the old blood pressure jumping for a lifetime!

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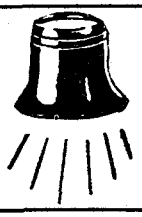

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True Western

Open Letter from Norm

Dear TW Readers:

Thanks a million for your letters and cards telling me how much you have enjoyed reading *Brave Warriors* and listening to my five radio talks from KCBS-CBS in San Francisco. I received communications from British Columbia to Mexico and from four nearby states. I had no idea the station reached out so far. Many of you thanked me for tipping you off to TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES and I am mighty glad that in addition to reading my book, you are also now reading the magazines.

I wish that time allowed me to answer each of you personally. Since magazine assignments and work on my second book render this impossible, I am grateful to Joe Small for granting me space in the letters column in which to thank you for your kind, encouraging letters and cards. Believe me, nothing bucks up a free-lance writer like hearing from the folks who read his material. Even when you knock it, I like to hear from you! —Norman B. Wiltsey, 14135 Green Valley Road, Forestville, California.

Tom Horn

Dear Editor:

I believe your readers would like to know how Tom Horn was trapped, tried and convicted. These facts were given me by the man who was then my boss, Joe Lefors.

The killing of Willie Nickell happened over sixty years ago. Lefors was the man who trapped Horn and who was the chief prosecuting witness and whose evidence the defendant's attorney tried in every way to disprove. Joe Lefors was a Deputy U. S. marshal and a member of the bandit hunters who joined the posses when the U. P. Railroad was held up at the Point of Rocks and at Kemmerer, Wyoming. He did a lot of work for the cattlemen and their association, and had a number of men under cover out on the range investigating one thing and another.

I first met Joe when I was connected with the sheriff's office in Big Horn County, and just before a change of politics took place I joined him. Later I moved to Cheyenne and worked out of there for him. On one of my trips into town, Joe and I sat in the lobby of the Oceanic Hotel and he told me all about himself and Horn and showed me the room where he and Horn got together.

It was after the killing of Willie Nickell that quite a big holler was made because of the murder of a kid, and the

Wyoming State Historical Department
Tom Horn in the office of the Cheyenne, Wyoming jail.

authorities hired Joe and paid him a lump sum to do the investigating. Joe suspected Tom and started laying a trap to have him incriminate himself.

Joe wrote a letter to a cattleman friend up north near Canada telling him to write a letter to him (Joe) and ask if he knew a reliable man who could be trusted to do a job of killing and he would pay a good price for the job. This friend sent the letter that Joe requested, then Joe made it a point to get in touch with Horn.

When he showed Horn the letter, he asked him if he knew of anyone on whom he could count and who was absolutely reliable; if so, to let him know. That was all that was said at that time. Joe made it a point to see Tom again to find out if he had had any luck. Joe commented that he would do the job himself but it was impossible for him to get away. Tom then remarked that he was footloose and might be interested, but Joe put him off and said he wanted someone he could be sure of. Tom insisted he would and could pull this off.

It was then that Joe got the second

(Continued on page 58)

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CHARLES GOODNIGHT AND THE JA RANCH
The Man Who Drove the Buffalo Out of Palo Duro Canyon

IT WAS a dull gray and silent day in the fall of 1876 when two horsemen, winding their way across the vast, treeless expanse of the Staked Plains, suddenly and without forewarning of a change in the terrain, halted at the rim of a great canyon. Both were amazed at the suddenness with which they came upon the chasm in the midst of which appeared a boundless expanse of gamma, mesquite and buffalo grass. Far below, perpendicular cliffs and windswept buttes stretched to the east. Along the floor of the gorge ran a stream almost concealed by giant cottonwoods. Farther back on each side of the little river hackberry and cedar dotted the brakes of the canyon.

Colonel Charles C. Goodnight was waiting at a Mexican settlement on the Canadian River with 1,600 head of cattle which had been trailed from Colorado to avoid the rigors of approaching winter. He had sent his brother-in-law, Leigh Dyer, and a Mexican guide ahead to scout the Palo Duro and locate a way to get the cattle into it.

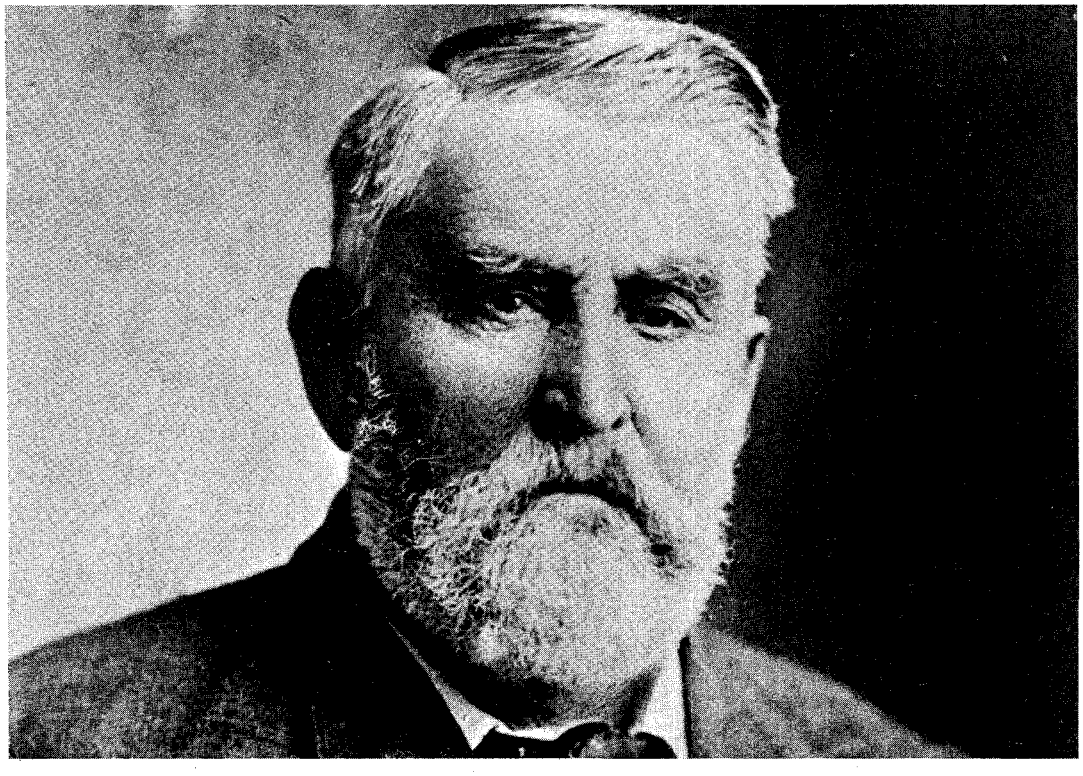
They could see small buffalo herds grazing in the valley, and after proceeding along the dizzy rim for two or three miles, they found an old Indian trail that wound among the ravines, slipped between huge boulders, cut along the face of high cliffs, and made a sudden drop into the canyon.

Seeing no fresh signs of Indians, they descended to explore. The buffaloes thundered away through the brush as the cattlemen approached; a little farther along, a flock of turkeys went sailing through the cottonwood trees. Later they came upon an abandoned Indian camp in a grove.

After following the little stream for thirty or forty miles through the great gorge, the two men emerged onto the high plateau of the Staked Plains, the canyon left behind. Hundreds of buffaloes grazed the lowlands to the east, through which the sand-choked stream continued. Some of these had raced out of the canyon ahead of the two riders.

Here was the perfect spot for wintering cattle that Goodnight had described. Dyer and his scout took a last look and spurred their horses toward the Canadian.

Charles Goodnight
Rose Photographic Collection University of Oklahoma Library



CHARLES GOODNIGHT and his wife, Mary Ann Dyer, the Tennessee girl he had married in 1870, bade farewell to La Placita de la Atascosa, or "Tascosa," as it was later called, and moved his outfit to the canyon that had so recently been the domain of the Comanche Indians.

The first step was to clear the canyon of buffaloes. Leaving two herders with the cattle, the remaining men went to Palo Duro and started down the canyon in a great drive. Whooping and yelling and firing their guns, the cowboys proceeded down the valley. The noise of the stampede rang through the canyon and re-echoed up the ravines. An estimated 10,000 buffaloes raced out onto the open plains, leaving the Palo Duro to a new type of man and a new type of cattle.

A site near a Indian campground was selected for the ranch. There in a clump of cedars, using tepee poles of the Comanches for rafters, a dugout was built. In 1876 Charles C. Goodnight thus founded the first ranch in the Panhandle of Texas.

BORN March 2, 1836 in Macoupin County, Illinois, he had come to Texas with his mother and stepfather in 1845. Ten years later Goodnight and his stepbrother, J. W. Sheek, placed their few belongings in an ox wagon and started for the gold fields of California. At Waco they met Claiborne Varner, who offered to let the boys have 430 head of cattle to tend on the shares for ten years. Goodnight and Sheek were to receive one-fourth of the calves for looking after the cattle. The boys figured they would make about $100 each the first year, enough to support themselves. Varner explained that the cattle business was like compound interest: the farther it goes the faster the increase. Goodnight and Sheek accepted the proposition.

They took the cattle up the Brazos to Palo Pinto County. Both boys had

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KINGS!

MEN WHO TOOK TWO ELEMENTS—LIVESTOCK AND THE RANGE.

THEY HAD ESTABLISHED THE GREAT RANCHES OF THE PLAINS.

KNOWN, BUT ALL WERE GIANTS OF THE GREAT PLATEAU

stick-to-it qualities, and at the end of eleven rather long years they had over 6,000 head of cattle. Sheek fell in love and married the daughter of one of the settlers. Goodnight took his part of the cattle farther west, locating near the present town of Throckmorton. Indians descended on him there and stole all except a few head.

About this time he heard that Oliver Loving of Palo Pinto was going to drive a herd to New Mexico and sell them to the United States Army. Goodnight went to see Loving and was invited to throw in his herd for the trip. With eighteen men and 2,000 cattle they went up the Middle Concho to its source, crossed over to the Pecos, and started up that stream to Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

On a later trip, Indians wounded Loving and he died at the fort September 25, 1867. Goodnight sold the cattle and took the body of his partner back to Texas. Except for this great personal loss, the trip to New Mexico proved to be a profitable one. Goodnight became associated with John S. Chisum, another trail driver. They drove cattle to Colorado and sold them in the mining towns. In 1869, Goodnight founded a ranch on the Arkansas River near where Pueblo, Colorado, now stands, but was virtually wiped off the map financially by the Panic of 1873. After hearing that Colonel Nelson A. Miles and Colonel Ranald Mackenzie had driven the Comanches out of the Panhandle, he returned to Texas and established in Palo Duro Canyon the ranch which was the predecessor of the JA.

In 1877 Leigh Dyer left the Goodnight outfit and founded the T-Anchor Ranch farther west. This ranch is now the property of the West Texas State University at Canyon. The old log house that Dyer built is still standing. It is probably the oldest building in the Panhandle.

After ranching awhile in the Palo Duro itself, Goodnight moved the JA headquarters to a more accessible location on the plains northeast of the canyon. In the early days he drove his cattle to shipping pens at Dodge City, Kansas. This Palo Duro-Dodge City Trail was the last one he broke. After the Fort Worth and Denver Railway built across his ranch in 1887, he began to ship to Fort Worth. The town of Goodnight, named for the pioneer cattleman, was located on the railroad a short time later.

As competition for control of the range increased, Goodnight began to buy and lease land south of the Palo Duro. An era of great expansion in the cattle business came on in the Eighties, and in 1879 Goodnight sold an interest in his ranch to John A. Adair of England, who had opened a brokerage firm in New York and was looking for investment opportunities.

Goodnight and Adair then started building up their holdings either by outright purchases or acquiring control through leases from the state. By the late Eighties over 100,000 cattle were ranging over 1,335,000 acres, and the brand was changed to JA, the initials of the Englishman who was putting up the capital for the expansion.

Goodnight, deeply interested in improving the range cattle, continued to manage the JA until December, 1887. In 1889 Goodnight sold his interest in the JA to his partner and went back to the region of Palo Duro Canyon. There he started building up a ranch under his exclusive ownership.

For some time, he and his wife had been worried about the slaughter of the buffaloes. By ones and twos, he managed to capture enough to comprise a small herd. It varied over the years from 200 to 250 head and was rather an expensive experiment. Several buffalo hunts were staged and on one occasion some young Comanches were invited to come to the Panhandle and kill with bow and arrow the big game their forefathers had lived upon.

Goodnight was a huge man in both his frame and his outlook on life, and he retained his vigor far beyond the traditional three-score and ten. Mrs. Goodnight died in 1926, and although the cattleman was then past ninety, he married again in 1927. His second wife was Corinne Goodnight who may have been remotely related to the great rancher.

After his death in 1929, Amarillo business men started a move to have the Goodnight range along the picturesque Palo Duro Canyon converted into a state park. A paved road now takes the vacationer along the old Indian trail,

The old JA ranch house, now a part of West Texas State University farm.

Panhandle Plains Historical Society Museum

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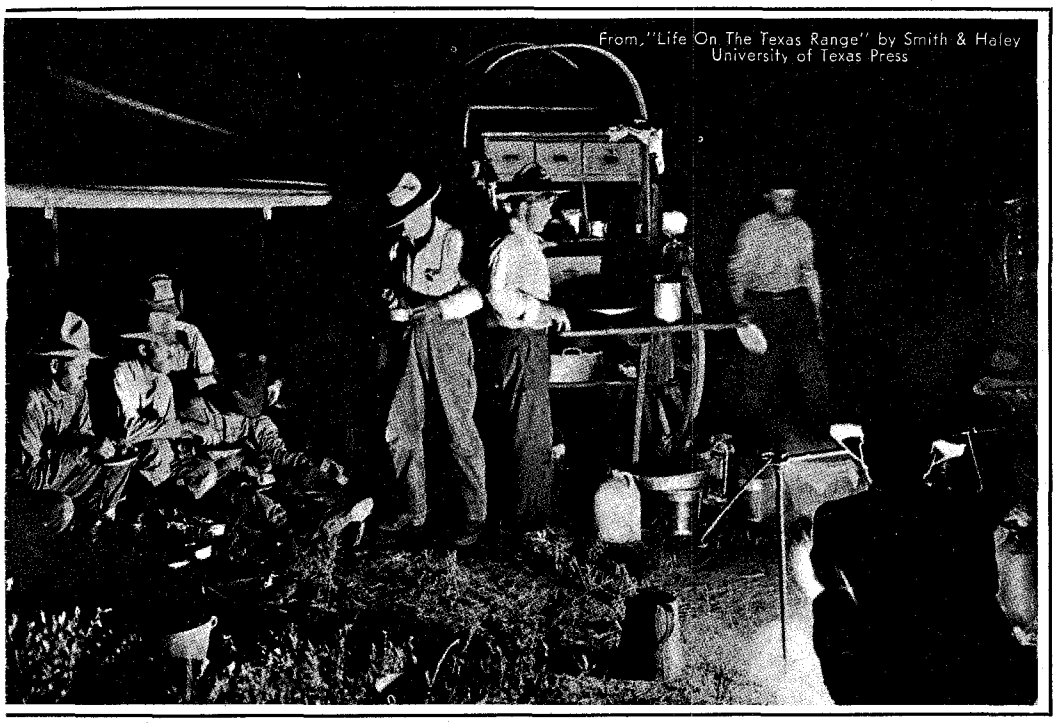


Breakfast was at 4 A.M. on the JA. In the glow of a mesquite fire these hands were fortified with fried steak and coffee for the rough riding ahead.

by the Goodnight dugout, and through the red, yellow and white cliffs of the Palo Duro. The Goodnight range—ancient winter home of the Comanches—has become a summer playground.

Editor's Note: The following is an account written by Charles Goodnight many years ago explaining his method of organizing and conducting a trail drive. The down to earth manner in which it is written and the insight it gives into the character of the old-time cowboys prompted us to secure permission from Mr. Wallis to insert it into his story. It is reprinted from Volume 6, No. 6, March, 1929 FRONTIER TIMES.

MANAGING A TRAIL HERD IN THE EARLY DAYS

SO MUCH has been said and written about the old trails that anything else may seem superfluous. But my trail experience was so long and varied that perhaps what I have to say may be of interest to someone.

The first thing I did was to make up my mind that I was going to drive and then where to. When this was done I set about collecting the outfit. My first step toward this was to round up fifty or sixty good horses. Then the mess wagon was made ready with provisions to last the time it would take to make the drive. For instance, when the Goodnight Trail was laid off I had to prepare for a 600-mile stretch; that being the distance from Young County, Texas, my starting place, to Fort Summer, New Mexico, where I expected to sell my cattle. Meantime, of course, I had informed my neighbor stockmen that I was to drive to a northern market and would receive any cattle they wanted to go with the herd. I could always count on the cattle reaching me at a certain time, and was never over three days in putting a herd of 3,000 together.

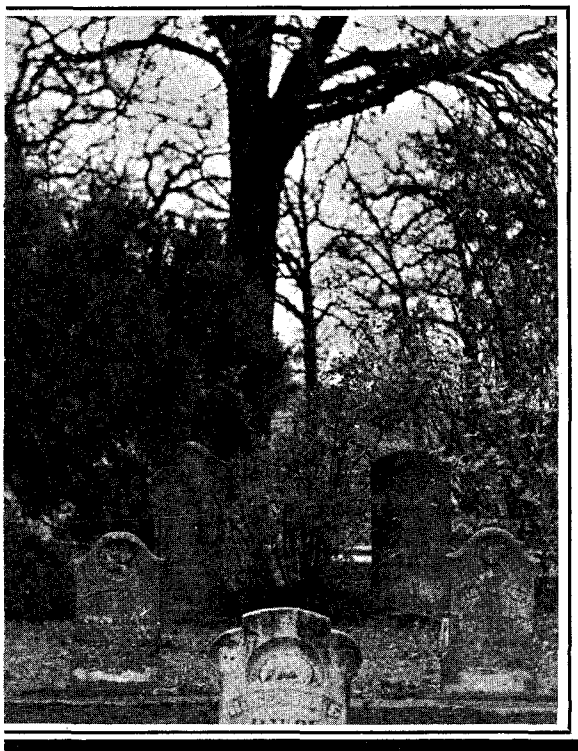
Owing to the danger of Indians and stampedes, I always got out of the settlements as soon as possible. Cattle that were scattered were much easier traced on the trail than in the settlements, owing to the fact that mine would be the only ones on the trail.

In my drive of 1866, I had to lay out my own trail, as no trail had been made since 1859, and that one not in my direction, when Oliver Loving drove a herd out of Texas. I laid out my course by the aid of maps and my experience in exploring the frontier when I was a Ranger on the frontier during the war. My course led through a trackless wilderness where fierce nomadic tribes of Indians prowled at will.

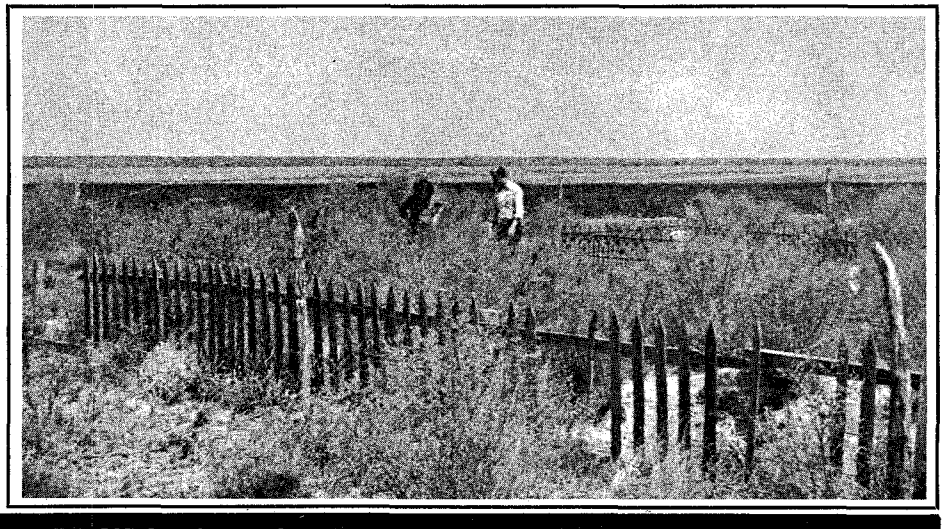
I started the herd with eighteen men to drive them. These men were thoroughly drilled regarding their places and duties. I always, of course, selected two of my most skillful men to be my "pointers." These men were to handle the front of the herd and keep them in line on the course given out by the foreman. These pointers were never changed from their position at the head of the herd. However, they would exchange sides each morning to get some relief from the stifling dust from the herd.

Of course the side men were changed each morning, except the corner men, as it is a fact that the farther up the herd, the lighter the work. This divides the horse labor. Besides, 300 miles of the Pecos River is terrific in alkali dust. If you were second coming behind to the right today, you would be third left tomorrow. You would keep going up each day and changing sides until you reached the pointers. You then dropped back to first on right.

This is kept up during the whole drive. Each man knows his place and takes it each morning. The rest of the men were divided along the sides in proportion to the length of the herd. I always selected three steady men for the rear. These men were called "drag hands," for the reason that they were to look out for the weaker cattle. Since the speed of the herd was determined by the rear it was the duty of the rear men to see that the stronger cattle were kept forward and



(Left) The two headstones under a big oak tree in the old Weatherford, Texas, Cemetery are those of Oliver Loving and his wife. The weed-filled graveyard below is about all that remains of the once active cattle town of Seven Rivers, New Mexico.
Photos courtesy Bobby Lofton



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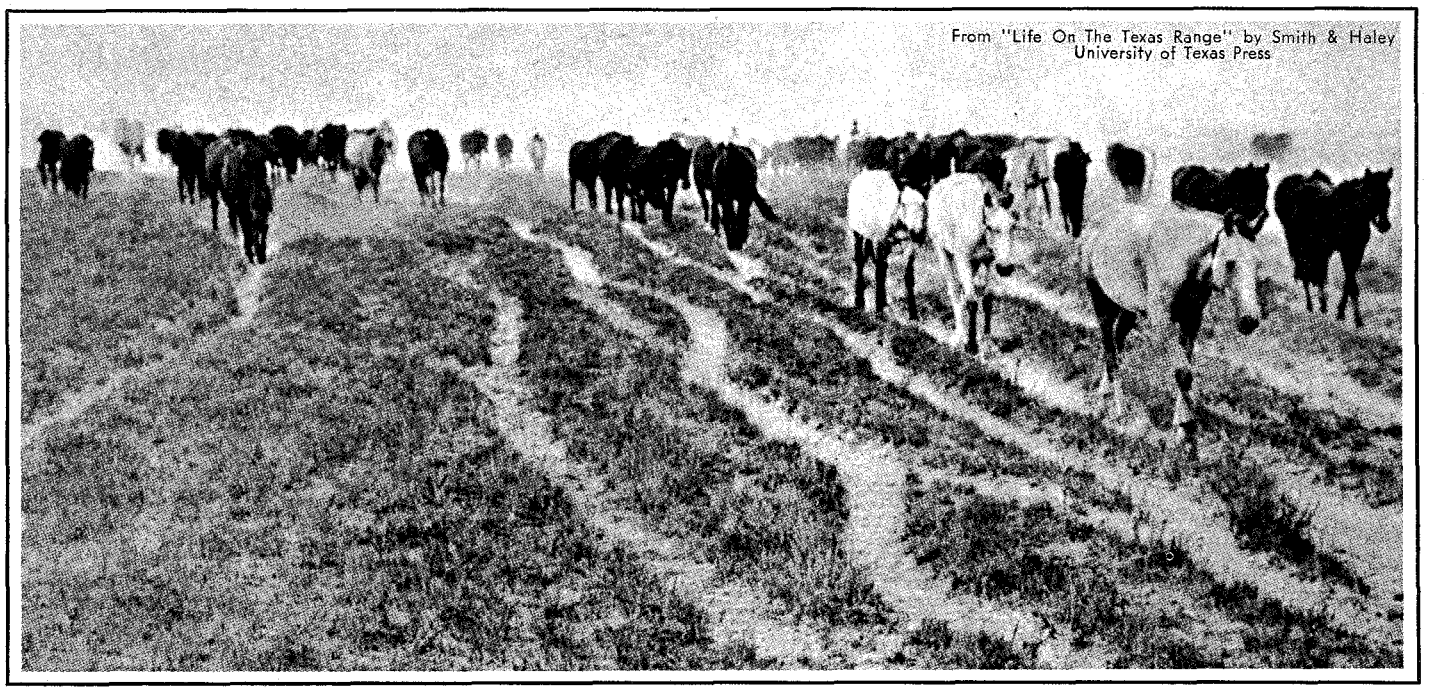


After herds were shipped from cowtowns, prize remudas were trailed back with wagons. This is how they looked strung out on the cattle trails headed home for Texas.

out of the way, so that the weaker cattle would not be impeded. This is what we called "keeping up the corners."

It was necessary to see to it that the rear of the herd was no wider than the "swing" which was that part between the front and the rear. Should this not be done, great loss would be occasioned from overheating, for the heat from so many moving cattle was terrific. If the pointers found that the string was too long, they simply checked up until the herd was the correct length—one half mile.

TRAIL HANDS were well disciplined and were governed entirely by signals. They were too far from the leader to receive orders any other way. My guards were standing guards; that is to say, that the man who had the first watch the first night would have it all the way through the drive. If you left the choice to the old hands they invariably chose the standing guard.

I had system on my drives. My friends often laughed about it but the most successful drives were always systematically ordered. We ate breakfast just as day broke. The points and two other men who were to relieve the last night guard ate as soon as possible. If there were signs of Indians the herd was started from the bedding grounds and put to grazing as soon as they could see clear enough to take care of them . . . but when there was danger of attack the herd was kept on the bed ground until all hands were mounted and around them, which was done in a very few minutes.

The cattle were always headed toward the course we were taking. The men ate, saddled and fell into place as soon as possible. It is remarkable that during my ten years on the trail I rarely ever had a man who would shirk his duty. Had he been so inclined he would have been ridiculed out of it. It is certain that no deadheads ever stayed in a cow camp any length of time.

As soon as the cattle had grazed sufficiently, they were put in moving order without delay. A column of cattle would march either slower or faster, according to the distance the side men ride from the line. Therefore, when we had a long drive to make between watering places and it was necessary to move faster, the men rode in closer to the line. Under normal conditions, the herd was fifty to sixty feet across, the thickness being governed by the distance we had to go before resting.

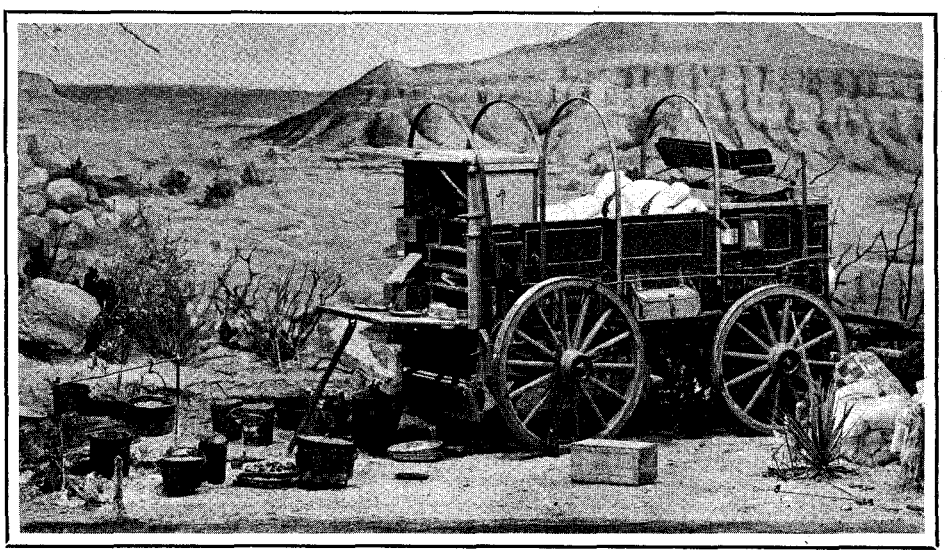
When the signal was given to start . . . the foreman would tell the men what width to make the herd. Therefore the order might be ten or twenty feet. Narrowing the string was called "squeezing them down." Ten feet was the lowest limit, for when the line was thin width, gaps came and the cattle began trotting to fill the spaces. Then the pointers checked them in front. The fastest steppers would naturally go up a little, but they were never allowed to trot. After a herd was handled a month or two they became gentler and it was necessary to ride a little closer to obtain the same results.

In laying off a trail the foreman or the owner of the cattle would ride ahead twenty or thirty miles—that is, if he did not find water sooner. He always rode a good horse and explored both sides of the way in his search for water holes. He preferred to find watering places twelve or fifteen miles apart, but he kept going until he did find it—with this exception, if he found that he was striking a desert, he would return to the herd and inform the men what they should expect.

They then knew that the cattle were to be moved with all possible speed without actually crowding them. The owner then changed horses and rode on ahead once more until he found water, then he would go back and signal to the men. This was kept up until our destination was reached. Our trail was now established and two or three more drives would plainly mark it. This is the way I had laid off the Goodnight Trail.

On my first drive across the 96-mile desert that lies between the Pecos and the Concho Rivers I lost 300 head of cattle. We were three days and nights crossing this desert, and during this time we had no sleep or rest, as we had to

A replica of the old JA chuckwagon on display at the Panhandle Plains Historical Society Museum in Canyon, Texas.



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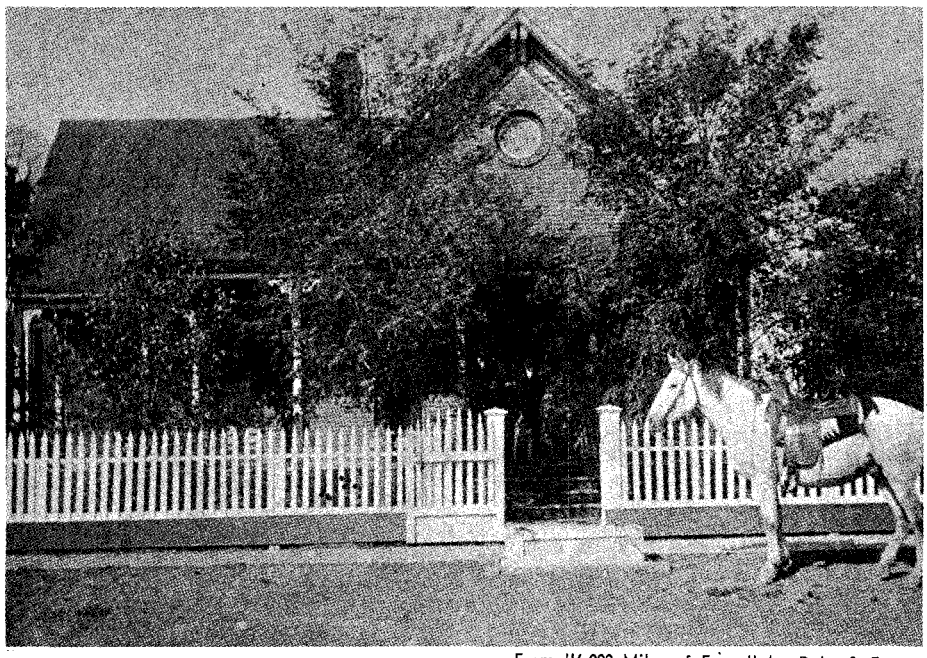

From "6,000 Miles of Fence" by Duke & Frantz
University of Texas Press

XIT general headquarters in Channing. It looks almost exactly the same fifty years later, except the saddled white horse has moved on.

keep the cattle moving all the time in order to get them to the river before they died of thirst. I rode the same horse for three days and nights, and what sleep I got was on his back. As the cattle got closer to the water they had no sense at all and we had to hold them back as well as we could. When they reached the stream they swam right across and then doubled back before stopping to drink. During this trip those steers got as gentle as dogs.

After this first trip across the desert we made it systematically and there was practically no more loss. And the time consumed in making the drives would not vary two hours. We would leave the Concho at noon and drive that afternoon and all night, then the next day and the next. About ten o'clock the next morning we would reach the Pecos. The mess wagon was always sent on ahead in making these drives and the men would eat and drink as they passed it with the suffering cattle.

BUT TO RETURN to the regular routine of the trail. A herd, under ordinary conditions, was ready for grazing at eleven o'clock in the morning. At this time the men stopped for dinner, which had been prepared while breakfast was cooking. It was always best to select a grazing ground where the ground met to straddle the trail, so that the cattle could be thrown to each side. If this was done, the foreman or one of the pointers would give the signal to split the herd by waving his hand each way. The swing hands would fall into the center, turning the cattle both ways. It was a little troublesome the first few days but the cattle soon learned it. This method brought the herd back into form in half the time it would take if the cattle were all on one side.

After this grazing at noon the cattle would not eat any more until they got to water, which we always tried to reach before sundown. This give us ample time to have the cattle filled and everything arranged for a pleasant night. After they had grazed they were bedded for the night. The herd was put in a circle, the cattle being a comfortable distance apart. When the drive was first started and the cattle were fresh, I used to double guard. That is, half the men guarded the first part of the night; the other half the latter part.

In storms or stampedes we were all on duty. After the herd had been out fifteen days, it was "trail broke" and four men were sufficient to guard 3,000 head of cattle. If we were out two or three months, two men on at a time the last months were sufficient. Each guard slept two hours at a time and a little over, for each guard always stayed up a little over time. It is a fact that the last guard always had the shortest two hours. After we had been out a month the men could easily stay awake their two hours, and when in camp would not sleep those two hours.

We never had any watch to go by, but divided the time by the Dipper; it was accurately measured in this way. The guards rode around the herd facing each other, in this way they passed. If a rattlesnake was heard in the guard line, the men hearing it informed his companions of its whereabouts and the next morning someone would go and kill it —rattlesnakes do not move much at night. Cattle feared a rattler and always gave him a wide berth.

When cattle are first started the risk of stampedes is great. They are nervous and easily frightened; the slightest noise may startle them into running. Some cattle are stampeders by nature. The greatest losses occurred in the night when all was utter confusion. A herd was more likely to run on a dark night than a moonlight night.

The remarkable thing about it was that the whole herd started instantly, jarring the earth like an earthquake. We could not divine the course they were taking until they had gone far enough for the sound to guide us—unless they were coming toward us. In that case I led the herd, holding them back as much as possible. As soon as the herd was strung out, we would turn the leaders back. They would circle and go into what we called a "mill," invariably moving to the right (if any old trailman ever knew of a herd moving to the left, I would like to hear from him).

The cattle would run until they were tired and we gradually spread them and they would settle down. We never took the cattle back to the same bed ground, for we knew that they would run again. We always tried to find the highest ground. Once settled they would generally be quiet. As a rule it took several days to rid the cattle of the effects of a

Below, an old XIT chuckwagon and pot rack. Right, XIT wagons on the move in faraway Montana.

From "6,000 Miles of Fence" by Duke & Frantz
University of Texas Press

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stampede. The most successful way I found was to drive them all night. This way we had them under control with the men all around them.

I placed two of my most skillful men behind at what we called the "corners" and four more in front. If it was dark and the cattle had been badly stampeded they would not go far until they began to run again. Not all of them would be running, however; strange to say, there would be about one half the herd that were marching along as though nothing had happened, while the rest . . . would be going at a mad rate. The stampeders would come up one side at full speed, but when they reached the front, the men in the lead would catch and turn them back on the other side; then the men on the corners would drive them back again. These cattle would run until they were in great distress. We followed this method again the next night and the cattle were cured. They never stampeded again.

ON NIGHTS when an electric storm was in progress we could see the lightning playing on the horns of the cattle and on the horses' ears, resembling lightning bugs.

I was the only trail man that I know of who used steer leaders. I conceived this idea after the first trip and found it to be of great advantage. I used two steers. The bells I put on them were of the very best type—ox bells. They were arranged with a strap which would easily stop the clapper.

When the signal to graze was given, the man in charge of the steers would fasten down the clappers and turn the steers off the trail. After we had been out for a month, should the clapper come loose at night, the whole herd would be on its feet in no time. The lead steers were of great advantage in swimming a river and in penning, for the cattle soon learned to go where the bell called them.

Before starting on a trail drive, I made it a rule to draw up an article of agreement, setting forth what each man was to do. The main clause was that if one shot another he was to be tried by the outfit and hanged on the spot—if found guilty. I never had a man shot or a trial. When I passed through the ninety-six mile desert, I used to see two lonely graves. At Horsehead Crossing where we struck the Pecos, there were thirteen graves—all the result of pistol shot, but one. I thought then as I think now, that all foremen and owners should have been responsible for the lives of their men, not only against the Indians but against each other. I shall never forget the impression made upon me when I could see those lonely graves. The life of some . . . brother or father had been snuffed out as the result of a trifle.

Taken all in all, my life on the trail was the happiest part of it. I wish I could find words to describe the companionship and loyalty of the men toward each other. It is beyond imagination. The cowboy of the old days is the most misunderstood man on earth. Few people of the younger generation realize that the Western men—the cowboys—were as brave and chivalrous as it is possible to be.

Bullies and tyrants were unknown among them. They kept their places around a herd under all circumstances, and if they had to fight they were ready. Timid men were not known among them—the life did not fit them. Today many of the richest and greatest men of Texas were cowboys. Of the hands I employed three are now millionaires. Fewer cowboys have been tried for crimes than any other class of men.

From "6,000 Miles of Fence" by Duke & Frantz
University of Texas Press

The XIT administration as represented by Colonel A. G. Boyce, John V. Farwell, Sr., and Henry Stephens.

THE FARWELLS OF THE XIT

A Ranch Four Times As Large As Rhode Island

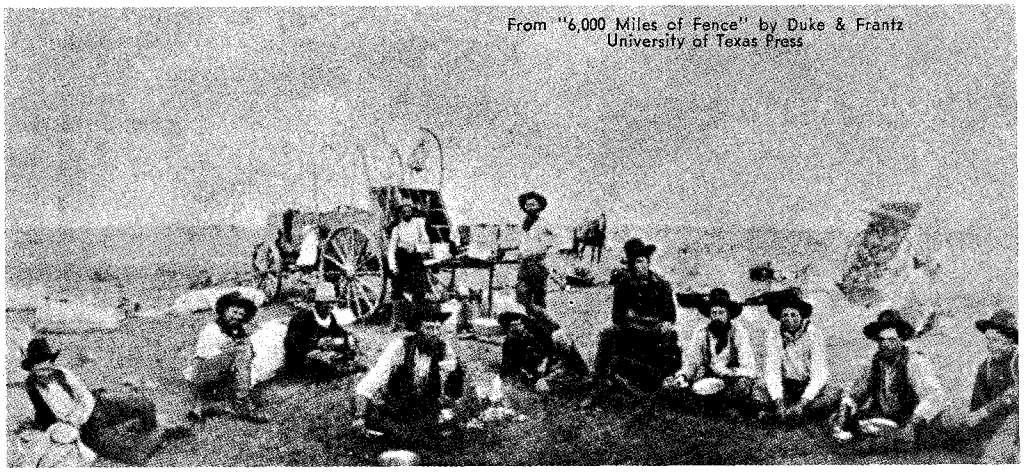
THE XIT, four times as large as the State of Rhode Island and probably the largest cattle ranch in the world, was founded in 1885 when the State of Texas deeded the Capitol Land Syndicate 3,000,000 acres in northwest Texas in payment for erecting a magnificent capitol at Austin.

Texas retained control of her public lands when she joined the United States in 1845 after gaining her independence from Mexico. In 1879 the state decided to raise funds for a new state house by selling some of this land, but opinions differed as to how much should be spent. Several bills were introduced into the legislature, and the one that finally passed provided for the disposal of 3,050,000 acres. Three million acres were to be traded for the finest building it would buy; the extra 50,000 acres, the equivalent of a good-sized ranch, was to be sold to meet the expense of selecting and surveying the other 3,000,000 acres.

The governor, the attorney general,

Chuck time at Yellow House. The cart at right contains "prairie coal" or chips for cooking in a land that had no wood.

From "6,000 Miles of Fence" by Duke & Frantz
University of Texas Press



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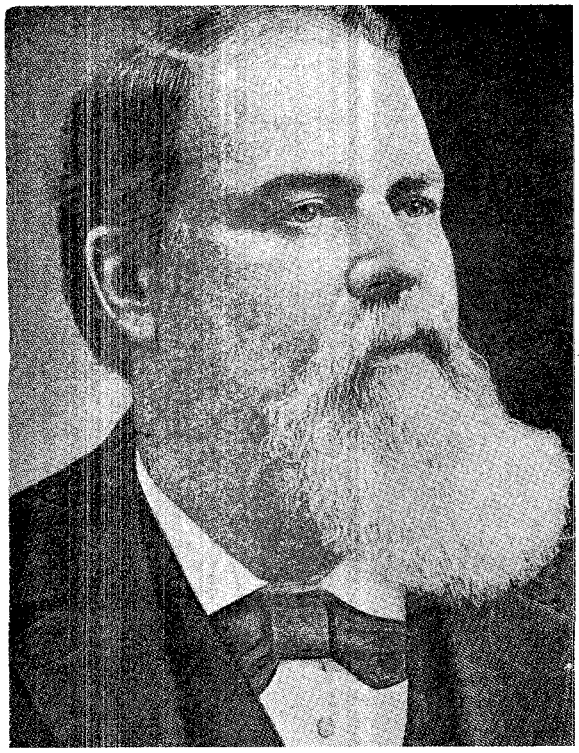


From "Cattle Kings of the Staked Plains"
Col. C. C. Slaughter

the comptroller, and the commissioner of the General Land Office were appointed as a committee to select the land. Out on the Staked Plains and in the northwest corner of the state was a vast region that only a short time before had belonged to the fierce Comanche Indians. There were a few cattle ranches in that part of the state, but very little of the land had been sold or occupied by settlers. J. T. Munson was sent to the Panhandle to select and survey 3,050,000 acres under a contract that gave him $7,440 for the job.

Munson employed A. G. Wiley as chief surveyor, and work started in 1879. The surveyors were accompanied by five Rangers who were to protect them from Indians and outlaws. The land was to be blocked in leagues of 4,428 acres each.

The party decided to make the Texas-New Mexico line the western boundary of the tract. Starting at what was supposed to be the northwest corner of Texas, the men surveyed an area that extended southward along the state line for 185 miles. The east line was 175 miles long, and the north line was 30 miles. The south and east lines were very irregular so as to include only the best land, and it was approximately 575 miles around the great tract. It was about the size of the State of Connecticut and more than twice as large as Delaware.

The region was a great plateau, ranging from an elevation of about 2,500 feet in the south to over 4,000 in the north. The whole plain was covered with a thick sod of buffalo, gamma and mesquite grass. The South Canadian River ran through the northern part of the tract, and some springs in Yellow House Canyon provided a limited supply of water in the south. There was little rainfall or snow in the fall and winter, and grass cured on the prairie like hay. The high plateau was cool enough to be free from harassing insects but not cold enough to make shelter necessary for stock. In fact, it was a natural home for cattle. Here millions of buffaloes had grazed until hunters killed them for their hides.

The first 50,000 acres were placed on the market in 1880 to pay the cost of selecting and surveying the tract into leagues. There was no railroad nearer than 200 miles and the land was considered useful for grazing purposes only. It brought fifty-five and a half cents an acre or a total of $27,750.

Building contractors were invited to submit plans for a capitol and Mattheas Schnell of Rock Island, Illinois, got the contract for a magnificent structure of brick and granite which was to be the seventh largest building in the world and the finest state capitol in the United States.

He put up a $250,000 bond and began to look around for financial assistance. Three-fourth's interest in the contract was soon sold to Taylor, Babcock and Company, which was composed of Abner Taylor, A. C. Babcock, and John V. and Charles B. Farwell. All were wealthy, especially the Farwells.

SENATOR CHARLES B. FARWELL was born at Painted Post, New York, in 1823; his brother, John V. Farwell, was born at the same place two years later. The Farwell family moved to Illinois in 1838 when Chicago had only 3,000 inhabitants, and took up farming in Ogle County. When the two boys were old enough to strike out for themselves, they drifted to Chicago and entered the drygoods business. Both had unusual business ability, and, with the rapid growth of this city on the Great Lakes, they became wealthy. They had their own purchasing agents in Belfast, Manchester, and Paris.

Stephen F. Austin and others had successfully established colonies in Texas, and when the Texas proposition was submitted to the Chicago men, they saw an opportunity to further increase their wealth by a great colonization project. They were so enthusiastic, in fact, that they bought an interest in the contract before they had seen the land they were to receive.

Babcock was sent to the Panhandle to examine the land and make plans for its development. He went to Ft. Elliot on the Canadian and was furnished a four-mule ambulance to take him to Tascosa, which was farther west on the same stream. This wild little town had recently become the county seat of newly organized Oldham County. It was a Mexican settlement with a few American ranchers. Babcock hired the county surveyor, W S. Mabry, to go with him to inspect the capitol land.

This was an age of great expansion in cattle ranching, and men like John S. Chisum, Richard King, George Webb Slaughter and Charles Goodnight had already made fortunes in the business. Babcock went over the tract from the northwest corner of Texas to the Yellow House Canyon far down on the Staked Plains and wrote a glowing description of its possibilities. He estimated that ten acres would support a cow and that 300,000 head of cattle could be kept on the tract. He got his figures too high, but the possibilities were truly enormous. Taylor, Babcock and Company bought the remainder of the contract.

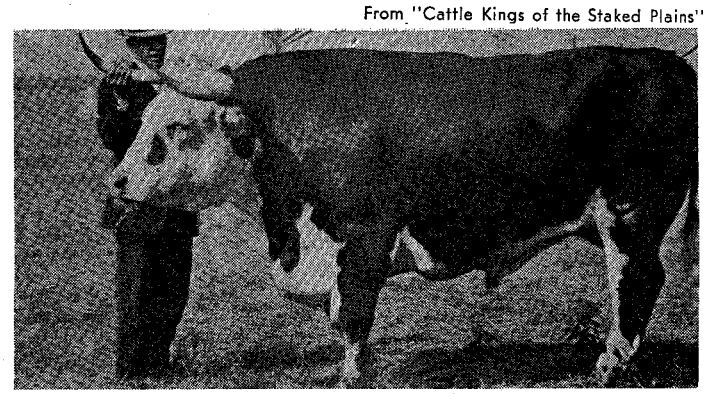
Ground was broken for the state house in February, 1882. The contractors built a private railroad to bring granite from the quarries in Burnet County. There were few masons in the United States, and stone cutters were imported from Scotland. The cornerstone of the building weighed 16,000 pounds, and it took fifteen yoke of oxen to move it.

The state deeded over part of the land as the work progressed, and stocking of the ranch began in 1885. The company that owned the land was known as the Capitol Land Syndicate. The expense of erecting the building became double the amount estimated. Large sums were also needed to stock the ranch. John V. Farwell went to England to raise funds. There in 1885 he organized the Capitol Freehold Land and Investment Co., Ltd., with a capitalization of approximately $15,000,000. Among

(Continued on page 42)

Branding a calf (left) on the Quitaque Division of the Slaughter ranches in the rough country along the eastern edge of the Caprock. At the time the picture below was taken, this was the world's largest steer, developed by Col. Slaughter by crossing Shorthorn bulls with Longhorn cows.

From "Cattle Kings of the Staked Plains"



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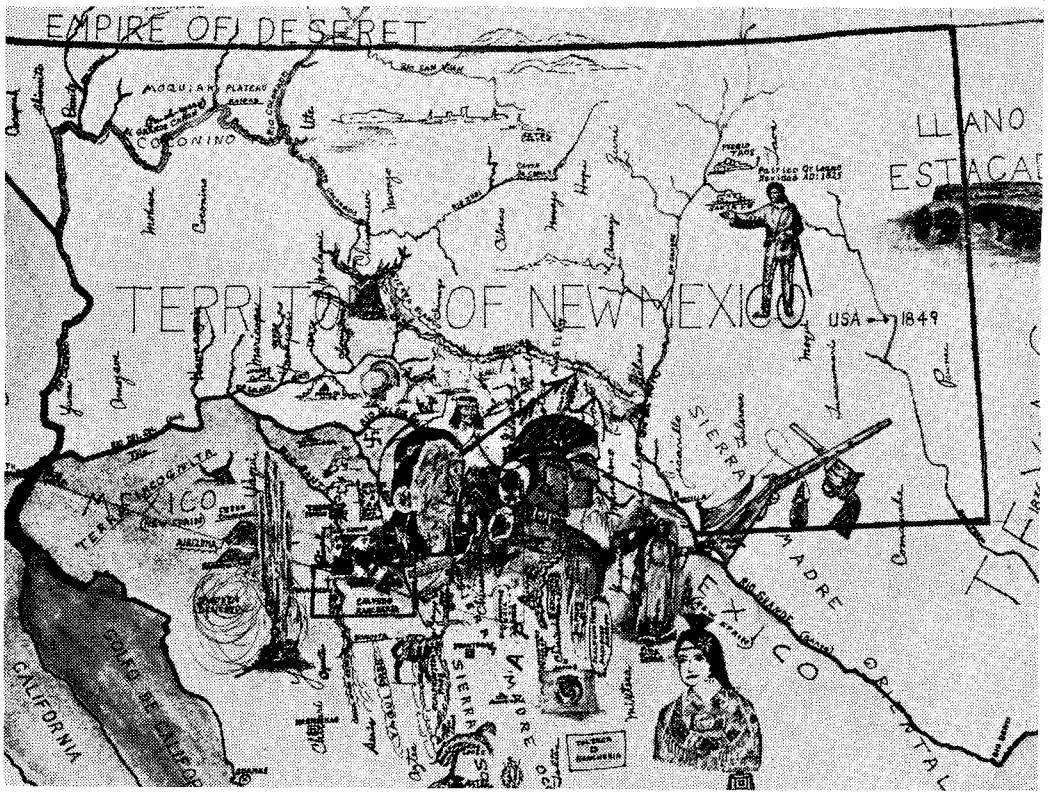
MIRACLE AT A WATERHOLE

By A. KINNEY GRIFFITH

Illustration by Author



There was a blood-red moon—an Apache moon—and the little band of cavalrymen was hopelessly outnumbered. "We spread out, belly down, on the west side and hoped to get off at least one shot each from our flintlocks and then jump up and get in at least one lick with our sabers."

A HUNDRED years ago, when the territory of New Mexico extended from the Texas Panhandle to the Colorado River along the California border, my grandfather was fighting Indians in what are now the States of New Mexico and Arizona. After the Civil War he settled down as a rancher in the area that had become the Territory of Arizona in 1863.

Father was soon old enough to help, and the family had its full share of trouble with the Apaches. When I came along in 1897 the Indians were all on reservations, but memories lingered on and I inherited the frontiersman's attitude toward the redskin.

The Territory became the State of Arizona in 1912. My folks were still raising horses, and sold most of them to the U.S. Cavalry at the nearby cavalry posts. It was the year I rode on my first drive—a trail herd of sixty horses to Fort Apache. It turned out to be the last ride old Granddad took with a drive. We bedded down on the reservation along a branch of the Salt River that evening. The moon rose big and round and amber-red above the rimrock and Granddad got to talking, everybody listening respectfully:

"The Mexicans used to call that the Apache moon," he said and pointed. "The Apache never raided at night except when the moon was big and red like that. The greasers claimed there was blood on the moon and that the Apaches put it there.

"Back in '60 I was one of eight cavalry troopers camped at a waterhole down in the San Simon country. We were one of three scouting patrols sent out by General Doniphan to locate Cochise and his Chiricahuas (he pronounced those names 'Chies-Co-Chise' and 'Cherry-cows') and we'd come across the waterhole by dumb luck. It was hot and we were all used up, and so were our horses. We figured there couldn't possibly be any other water for at least twenty miles in any direction, and although the water was a life saver to us, we knew the Apaches naturally knew this waterhole and that they might ride in and surprise us. We were same as lost—and scared. Well, we were supposed to find Cochise and we realized this waterhole was as good a place as any to find him; but we were too green to know that you don't find Apaches—they find you.

"Besides, legends were that no white man had ever looked upon the face of Cochise and lived to tell of it, so if he found us we wouldn't know of it until too late. You get the idea the fix we were in.

"We had to stay there that night and trust to luck. We were not supposed to attack or fight except to defend ourselves. Our mission was to locate Cochise and report by helio to the other scouting parties and relay any information on to cavalry headquarters at Camp Bowie. The regiment would then ride out and corral Cochise—just like that! We were too green even to position ourselves, beyond posting a horse guard. We just drank, tended to our horses, and settled down to last out the night.

"A BLOOD-RED MOON—an Apache moon—came up. Soon the clearing and the hills were almost bright as day. Our horses were the first to sense we were going to have visitors. Their heads came up and their ears pointed. They looked to the brow of the hill to the northeast a half-mile away. We saw nothing, even though the Apache moon was full on it in the clear night air. But soon we heard the hoofbeats of a lot of horses running. Directly a herd of about a hundred poured over the skyline, and each mustang had a rider on its back. They headed at an angle downhill for the waterhole.

"We spread out, belly down, on the west side of the waterhole and hoped to get off at least one shot each from our flintlocks and then jump up and get in at least one lick with our sabers.

"Then we had a real eye-opener. Those oncoming Indians suddenly swung into a long column of fours, just like a cavalry troop, only they did it without any bugle calls or commands from loud-mouthed sergeants. Their scattered formation had formed into a four-abreast, then curved left along the foot of the hill and loped on by us—right by the waterhole—and headed south. We didn't even fire a shot, although they cantered by in easy range. We just lay there, bug-eyed. We could see the assorted colors of their mustangs, the bows and quivers on their bare backs, the long lances, the shields, even the silver conchos on their belts and the dust kicked up by their mustangs' hoofs.

"As I said, they rode on by in close formation, like a well-drilled cavalry troop passing in review on the parade ground at the fort. They rode at attention, eyes front, although their mustangs snorted at the smell of water and some of our horses whinnied back at them. But those Apaches swept right on by as if we didn't exist. The guide-on man on the right front raised a long lance for a moment. He was a big, bare-backed Indian with long waves of hair down over his shoulders and held off his face by a headband with an emblem of feathers on it.

"In the last four, two white men rode in number two and three slots. They were shaggy-haired blonds. They were nearly

(Continued on page 64)

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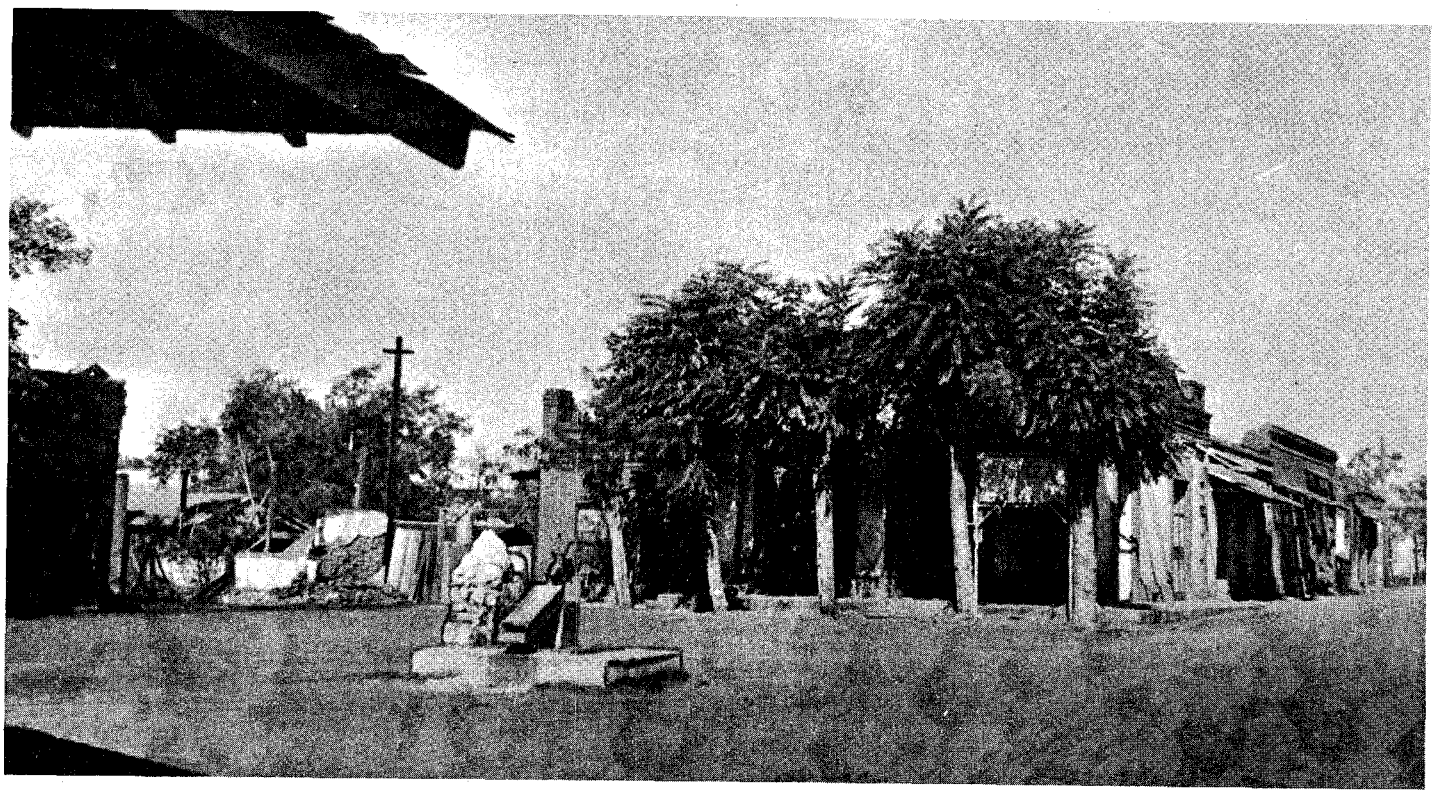

Photos by author

The plaza in Hornitos where all celebrations were held, including many hangings. Senoritas dueled to the death in front of the Pacific Saloon in the foreground. It was here that four men were killed in one fight.

La Patricia
SONGBIRD TO THE WICKED

By FRANK SALAZAR
as told to
WILLIAM B. SECREST

Her stage was the most dangerous town in the Mother Lode; her audience, California's most ruthless cutthroats and highwaymen. Yet she sang like an angel--and even the devil Murietta applauded

Author's Note: The founding and early years of the "Bloodiest Town in the Mother Lode" makes a weird tale; this is Frank Salazar's town, and as custodian of the old stone jail, where horse thieves and murderers languished without hope until men came with ropes to hang them, he knows its history. As a small boy he was acquainted with many of the outcast fandango girls, and learned from them the strange and tragic story of La Patricia, whom Joaquin Murietta called *Mi pajarita cantadora*—my little songbird. One of them, Dona Sesaria, told the story best. Looking back over their romantic lives, the old women built shrines and altars in their homes, and insisted that the boy kneel and pray along with them. Frank has a story that has never been told.

MY MOTHER is the daughter of Timothy Meagher, a County Cork Irishman and one of the Forty-niners, and Soledad Gonzales, the Mexican girl who married him. My father was Nicholas Salazar, a musician who played guitar, violin and accordian by ear. One may see that in parentage I lean a little toward the Mexican side.

When I was six years of age, my father took me to San Francisco to be baptized, and while there we visited Jordan's Museum and viewed the purported head of Murietta, which was in a glass case filled with alcohol. In later years, whenever I recalled the incident which was indelibly planted in my mind, my preponderance of Mexican blood rebelled. In all these years I have never met a Mexican who believed that it was the head of Joaquin that was exhibited, or that he had been killed in 1853 as reported. I mention this only for what it may be worth in the light of what is to come, and because my town was once his central headquarters. The earthquake and fire of 1906 destroyed not only the head, but the museum as well.

Forty-odd Mexicans, men and women, came over the hill one January day in 1850. That is, all were Mexicans except one *gringo* girl of sixteen, Sarah Temple, who had thrown in her lot with them. They had been driven out of Quartzburgh, four miles distant, by the Vigilantes. Awakened in the dead of a winter's night, none had been allowed to take any property except such as could be seized while on the move. Many of the girls were still in their nightgowns, while some of the men wore only their red flannel underwear. All had been disarmed, and Colonel Thomas Thorn, the ringleader of the law and order group, lined them up and lectured them, his talk ending with a warning that any who returned would be summarily hanged. The Colonel, a Southerner and very religious, had brought some of his slaves with him to dig for gold in California.

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Shivering, the men cursing in Spanish and the girls weeping, the outcasts stumbled through the snow and rocks and came down into the valley. Bereft of all but life, they sat down to take counsel as to what they should do next. There didn't seem to be much they could do.

The men were robbers, highwaymen, murderers; a goodly portion of the women were mere girls—saloon dancers, singers, actresses and common courtesans. Certainly seldom before in the history of mining camps had there been so much murder, fornication, adultery and incest packed into such a small group of people. The Colonel had been lenient; in many camps throughout the gold country miners' courts would have convicted and hanged them all instead of allowing them to depart in peace.

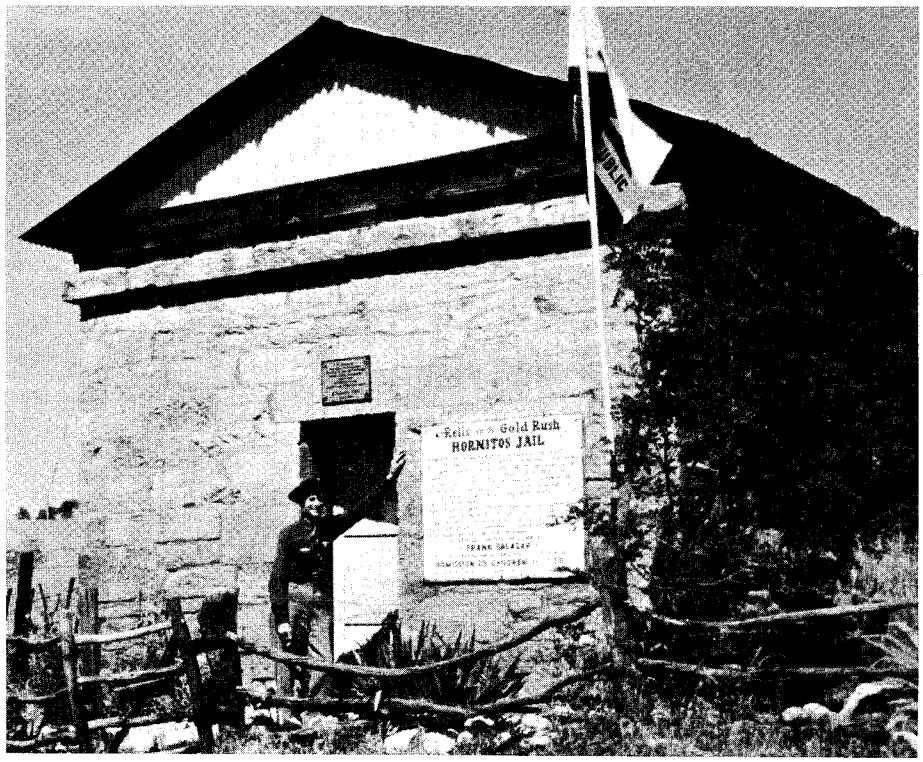
But whether or not justice was being served, the fact remained that they were human, almost naked, and cold. The dawn wind swept down the valley and sent tiny whirlwinds of snow cascading upon them. The girls in their flimsy nightgowns were freezing, and set up a clamor for someone to build a fire. Had the weather not been so raw, the outcasts might have gone on farther, and I would have no story to tell. But Dona Sesaria, one of the girls who lived until 1907, remembered all details. She was one of the fandango girls who worked for Rosita Martinez, known as "Rosie" all the way from Quartzburgh to Jackass Hill. Rosita was only eighteen years of age and a flaming beauty. She had been fortunate in being fully dressed when the exodus began, and had picked up a bearskin coat as she was leaving.

ONE OF HER girls was known as La Patricia. She was a tiny thing, only sixteen years of age and *encinta* four months. She sang beautifully, her favorite composition being the *Song to Celia*, rendered, of course, in Spanish. She was petted by the others because of her condition, and they clustered about her now as she shivered in her nightgown. One of them, the *gringo* girl Temple, sought to comfort her, and called out to Rosita, "Have someone build a fire. La Patricia is freezing."

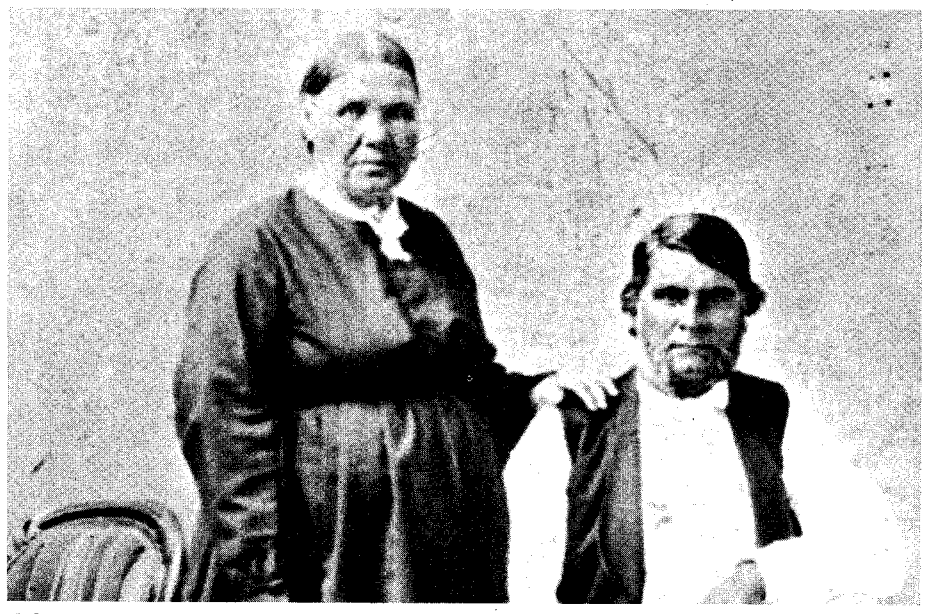
Rosie came over to the group, took off the bearskin coat and tucked it about the unfortunate girl. Then she turned and screamed at a bearded highwayman. "Carlos Apodaca—*bastardo*, build fires in the *hornitos!*"

Scattered about on the rocky banks of the creek were a half-dozen structures made of flat stones held together by adobe. They resembled in all details small outdoor ovens—*hornitos*. Apodaca had been disarmed by the Vigilantes, and Rosita knew it, and he in turn knew that she carried a knife hidden in the bosom of her dress. He began to gather dry twigs from the lee-sides of boulders, but at this instant Reyes Montano, a murderer several times over but very religious, approached one of the contrivances, lifted the capstone, and looked inside. Then he turned, crossed himself and exclaimed in a voice that all could hear, *"Tumbas!"* At this, Apodaca stopped gathering firewood, and many of the outcasts were heard to murmur that it was desecration to disturb the *lapida sepulcrals*.

Rosita quickly put a stop to this foolishness. "You, Apodaca, build the fires," she cried, "or I'll try my knife on those red flannels. Montano, you talk like a *padre* while you would willingly cut the throat of a *bebe*, and ask the *Madre* for forgiveness. Those in their



The old stone jail, now a museum, is where the Chinaman's head was beaten to a pulp against the inside walls. Many a murderer and horse thief spent their last days here.



Valentine Ruiz and wife. Ruiz was "murder" on horse thieves and brought in Cherokee Bill for a celebration. Below, reprint of the invitation to an activity in the square.

PUBLIC NOTICE

All citizens of Hornitas are respectfully invited to attend the HANGING of CHEROKEE BILL. HORSE THIEF. Meeting at Rattlesnake Ikes Saloon. MINERS COURT. May 12th., 1851 7 O'CLOCK - NIGHT.

Thomas Early - Sheriff

Hornitas Times - Printer

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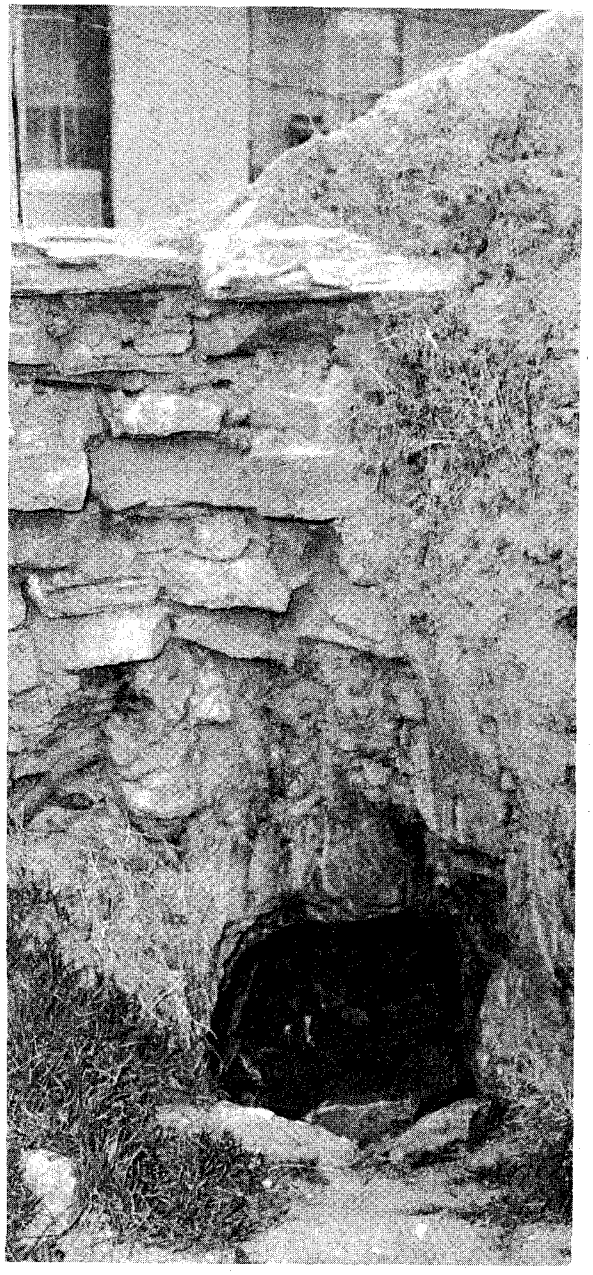


graves will not mind a little warmth—most of them are in hotter fires at this very moment."

Dona Sesaria herself went over to La Patricia, lifted the heavy coat, and helped her over to the *hornito* where now Apodaca was warming himself over the flames. "Never you mind, *mi nina,*" she said, "no one will ever turn you out in the cold of winter again. Rosita says we will build our town here and call it Hornitos, the place of the little ovens. Here you may be sure that your *bebe* will be safe from the *gringos.*"

The beginning was very poor, despite the brave words. With no weapons, the highwaymen could do nothing. Their mouths watered as the great caravans to the gold fields came up from Walker's Pass and lumbered on unmolested. They needed food; one man had hidden a small pistol from the Vigilantes, but upon his first sally out for game he fell victim to a grizzly. A little food was procured from a neighboring *rancho* by the girls. Vicente Gomez, a horse thief, was successful at his trade and brought in an old swaybacked mare, which was butchered.

The outcasts threw up brush huts and lean-tos, and kept fires going after their sulphur matches were all gone. The women at the *rancho* had been kind, and donated some of their old clothing, but everyone knew that life could not continue in this way. By March, the men had taken up the last notches in their belts and were ready to leave the girls behind and head for greener fields.

WHEN HOPE was lowest Gomez, the only man who had been worth his salt, came through in a big way. He was washing his *camiso* in the creek one day when the sun, striking through the water, threw a flashing beam into his eyes from a large stone on the sandy bottom. He waded out into the stream, picked up the stone, and found that he was holding a pure gold nugget weighing twenty pounds. Further search revealed that the creek bed was loaded with gold. Hornitos was on its way.

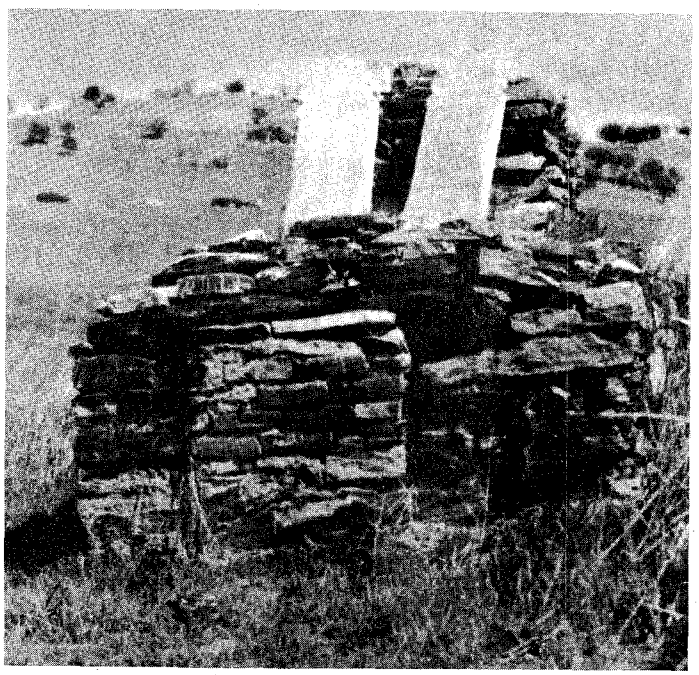
Working the placers feverishly, the outcasts piled their fortune in a brush hut, put up their claim notices, and sent the lucky Gomez north to file them legally. With his pockets full of nuggets, the horse thief went to the *rancho* and bought a horse and saddle to take him on his journey.

Sarah Temple was selected to go to Quartzburgh to bargain for food by the wagonload. It was thought that she, of all the girls, would not be recognized. "Tell them you're with a wagontrain leaving the mines," Rosita told her. Reyes Montano, who was always doing good deeds when not stabbing people with his bowie knife, carried thirty pounds of gold to the edge of town for her, and waited in a clump of trees until she was safely on her way with it.

Three hours later she came over the hill overlooking the *hornitos*, driving a buggy. Behind her rumbled wagons containing food, whiskey, blankets, clothing and firearms, and following closely were a stream of people in rigs, on horseback and on foot, headed for the brush huts of those who were rich but starving. Sarah had failed to follow Rosie's suggestion and had told the truth. Colonel Thorn stood in his doorway at Quartzburgh, thinking of the Fates that took care of sinners. He knew that before many years Quartzburgh would peter out, and his would be a ghost town.

The outcasts were now riding on the wings of fortune. From being highwaymen, murderers and pimps, they had graduated to being town fathers. Stone and adobe buildings went up like magic. It being a Mexican town, everything was built around a central plaza, where public hangings and like entertainment were furnished free. Underground fandango halls were built, and houses where the girls could entertain. Within a two-year period there would be thirty-four saloons, twelve hotels, and 2,000 Chinese residents filling a four-block square with

Left, mouth of the escape tunnel used by Joaquin Murietta. Notice the rock strata which caused early inhabitants to bury above ground in the "little ovens" (below left) which gave the town its name. Juan Contreras, coffin maker (below right) substituted mahogany, rosewood, silk and satin for such primitive practices.



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Oriental games of chance and opium dens. Rosita, being the town's founder, became a woman of influence, and put up a two-story building with living rooms on the second floor where barred windows checked the ardor of amorous Romeos!

IT WAS during these early days that my forefathers arrived at Hornitos. My grandfather, Francisco Salazar, was a freighter as well as a miner. Zacharias Gonzales, my great-uncle, opened a blacksmith shop and saloon, and built the first underground dancehall. Juan Contreras, my great -granduncle was the coffin maker and he had a lot of business. Before he came, a coffin was made by cutting down a tree, sawing a log from it, splitting the log down the center, and hollowing out both sides. The body was then placed inside, and the two halves again joined.

When Zacharias Gonzales arrived, he found a blacksmith already established at Hornitos. He was a young *gringo* named John M. Studebaker, who had come overland from the East with a wagontrain. He was there when La Patricia had her baby girl, and one day he saw her carrying the baby past his open-air shop.

"*Doncella,*" he called, "you are too frail to be carrying that baby around over these rough stones. I will build a carriage for you." To this end he bent his best efforts, building a frame and four heavy iron wheels; the following week it was finished. Juan Contreras the coffin maker constructed a body for the mahogany vehicle, lining it with satin and making a little top for it. La Patricia wept when she first placed her infant in it and saw how easily it could be wheeled about. Rosita and her girls made up a purse of gold, but the *gringo* and Contreras refused payment.

Studebaker told Contreras, "Wheels are what men need. Wheels will lighten men's burdens." As soon as he had made a stake, he left Hornitos and went to Hangtown, where he started a wheelbarrow factory. Miners welcomed the innovation. Studebaker later became the largest of fifty wagonmakers in the country. The wheelbarrows changed to wagons; the wagons changed to automobiles; and La Patricia's baby-buggy was the beginning of it all.

The first hanging in Hornitos was that of Cherokee Bill, a half-breed Indian. Valentine Ruiz caught him in the act of stealing a horse from the *rancho* where Ruiz was foreman, and it was a great surprise to the residents when Bill was brought in alive. The foreman usually brought only the thief's horse (having buried the thief). It was soon known, however, that Ruiz hadn't gone soft, but had merely acceded to a request from Sheriff Thomas Early.

The sheriff thought it would be a good lesson to other thieves if Bill were hanged in public; accordingly a strong gallows was erected in the plaza and the public was invited. Cherokee went to his death without a plea for mercy. Juan Contreras, the coffin maker, built his going-away box out of rough lumber.

No excuse was considered valid for stealing a man's horse. Few killers were arrested, tried and hanged for anything but a brutal murder, for if a man lost his life in an altercation it was considered that if he had been a little quicker with knife or gun, the other man would have been the victim. Many killings at Hornitos were multiple affairs. Great-uncle Gonzales told of some of them. *(Continued on page 52)*

Amelia Navarone, NOT a dancehall girl, helped rear Frank's father, Nicholas Salazar. Amelia was also well acquainted with Joaquin Murietta. Below, Frank Salazar who has done much to preserve the history of Hornitos, holds the hat of Murietta, a prize in his collection.

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THE

IN THE EARLY NINETIES in what was called Pott Country in Indian Territory (now Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma), a strange case occurred in which circumstantial evidence played a leading part and almost cost an innocent man his life.

Nicholas Stutesman, whose background was hazy except for the fact that he had once been a practicing physician, lived in the town of Tecumseh. His career had probably been like many other men's of that day and place who had come from a fairly good background in the East but became restless, drifted west, lost family connections and became caught up in a new environment.

Stutesman was appointed United States marshal under the Cleveland Administration, but lost the job when McKinley took over. He had had his share of trouble, both official and otherwise, and had killed several men.

On a few occasions, he had almost lost his own life. The most notable incident occurred when Dr. and Mrs. Stutesman and Bill Jones and his wife were camped on Coal Creek. During breakfast an altercation arose between the two men. Stutesman started to draw but Jones was too quick for him and fired first. With the Doctor shot through both arms, the fight was over. Jones would have finished him right then and there had Stutesman's wife not begged for his life.

Not long after, he was in as great peril from a web of circumstances so complicated that it came near ending the career of an innocent man. The case was covered by the local newspapers and the following news item taken from the *Daily Oklahoman* of July 3, 1896, explains how the matter started.

"YESTERDAY morning about 3:00 o'clock Aaron Haning was shot and fatally wounded . . . . The Haning brothers ran a saloon at Keokuk Falls and Aaron Haning was sleeping in the saloon. About 3:00 o'clock . . . he was awakened and called to the door. As he opened the door the shot was fired, entering the back of the head and coming out at the top . . . near the forehead. How much money Mr. Haning had is not known, but it is thought to have been considerable as their business was very profitable. However, all of the money was taken. A woman living nearby heard the voice calling Haning to the door, the shot fired and then horses running away toward the south. Dr. Stutesman was the first man to reach the wounded man."

Local officers began investigating the murder but nothing of a definite nature showed up, although suspicion pointed to Dr. Stutesman, and his enemies egged it on. On July 29, 1896, *The Daily Oklahoman* reported:

"New evidence has developed in the killing of Aaron Haning at Keokuk Falls, and this evidence, if not controversed, fastens without doubt the crime on Dr. Stutesman.

"A man named Howard, who is in the Federal jail at Fort Smith, Arkansas, tells the following story . . . . An arrangement had been made between Howard and Stutesman to kill Haning for his money. Stutesman, Howard and Haning were in the Haning Saloon at a late hour. Haning turned and reached in a drawer for a pistol scabbard of which they had been talking. Howard spoke to Haning with the intention of drawing his attention from Stutesman. Haning turned toward Howard, and Stutesman fired the fatal shot. Officers have gone after Howard."

Adding to the chain of reported "evidence," we find the following in the *Oklahoman* of July 30, 1896:

"Howard, the accomplice of Dr. Stutesman in the shooting of Aaron Haning, was brought to Tecumseh last night. When Stutesman learned of Howard's confession, it is stated that he gave up and confessed to the shooting. He stated that he believed that Haning had considerable money but he only had $11.40. There is some fear entertained that Stutesman will be lynched and he probably will be removed to another jail soon. Monday night there was an attempt made to organize a mob but it failed."

In such a fashion, the papers of that day arrested, tried, and convicted Doctor Stutesman without the aid of a court. Luckily for the accused, Fate was to take a hand in coming events.

PUBLIC OPINION was set against Stutesman. He had been the last one seen with the murdered man in his saloon and had been the first to reach the victim when he was dying on the floor. The bullet taken from the dead man's head was a .38 calibre. When Stutesman was arrested it was found his gun contained one recently fired shell.

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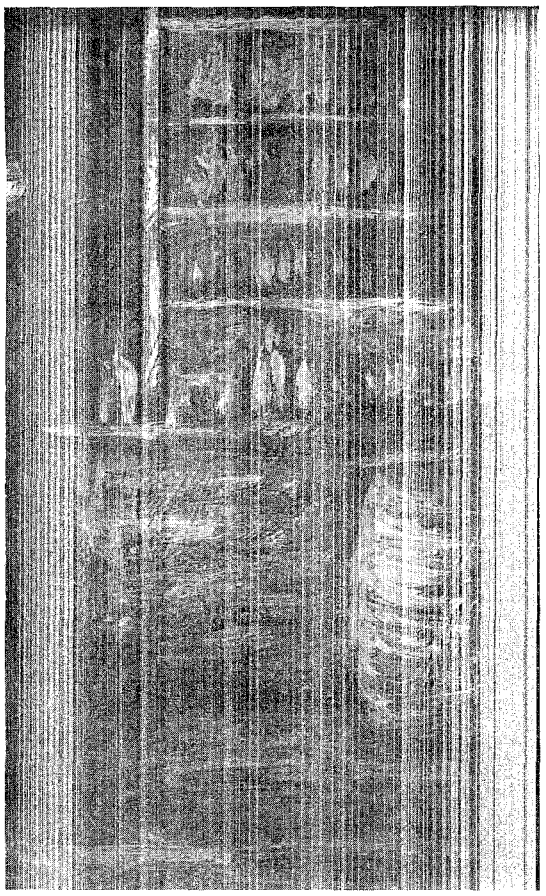

Circumstantial evidence ruled the roost on the frontier. A man could swing while his lawyer was still digging up evidence!

By NAT M. TAYLOR

Illustration by Joe Grandee

STUTESMAN CASE

Stutesman was known to be a fearless man and a killer, but one strange fact was disclosed by the examination of Haning's body. The killer had not been satisfied with merely shooting his victim in the head, but apparently had inserted into the bullet wound some kind of instrument and by twisting and prodding had scrambled the dead man's brain as one would scramble an egg. This was one of the facts that had a great deal of bearing on the case later.

Stutesman's preliminary examination was held in Tecumseh, Monday, August 3, before Judge Ruggles. He was placed in jail without bond to await the action of the grand jury. There was much uneasiness among Stutesman's friends lest the accused be taken from the jail by a mob; his enemies feared he would be released from jail through some technicality of the law. In due time the jury returned a bill charging the doctor with first degree murder.

By this time feeling against Stutesman ran so high in Pottawatomie County that his attorney, Horace Speed, who had formerly been United States District Attorney, applied and received a change of venue to Oklahoma County where the case was eventually tried. The prisoner was transferred to the jail at Oklahoma City and that ended the mob threat.

The case was called for trial April 25, 1897, almost a year after the murder. Judge Gray was the presiding judge. Horace Speed had charge of the defense; Judge Brown did the prosecuting. An air-tight case was built up against the accused. The first witness for the prosecution was August Vefling, who testified that he was the first man to reach the saloon where Haning was lying on the floor breathing his last after Stutesman had given the alarm.

Another witness was James Deal who had charge of the saloon keepers' livery barn and horses. Deal testified he had seen Haning and Stutesman together in the saloon late on the night of the murder and that when Stutesman told him about the murder the next morning, he had offered all of the money he had, $25, if Deal would say that he had stayed all night with him (Deal).

Another witness was Deputy Sheriff Jap Henry, who testified that the doctor's wife, Bertha, had told him that the doctor had done the killing. On being called to the witness chair, Mrs. Stutesman corroborated what Henry had said, but cross examination by the defense brought out the fact that Henry and Mrs. Stutesman were unduly familiar and had been staying together at a local hotel.

Then came a witness by the name of Mrs. Carleton, who said she had heard a voice call Haning, heard the shot, then horses galloping away. She also swore that she thought she recognized Stutesman's voice.

IT SEEMED the chain of circumstantial evidence against Stutesman was complete and beyond any reasonable doubt by the time the doctor got a chance to tell his own story.

"The Haning brothers and I had been friends for years and have always had the utmost respect for each other. Some time ago Aaron Haning had trouble with a bunch of horse thieves known as the Beaty Gang. In order to get even, they had threatened to steal some horses from his livery barn. In a roundabout way Aaron learned that they were coming on a certain night, which happened to be the night of the killing. Knowing I was experienced in such matters, he employed me to guard the horses that night, giving me orders to kill the first man who tried to bother them. I spent the whole of the night on guard in the barn with the exception of a few minutes when I went to the saloon for a drink of whiskey. That is when I was seen there.

"The thieves did not show up during the night. Early in the morning when I reached the saloon I found Haning shot and dying and I gave the alarm. However, I knew, with my reputation and the enemies I had, that I would probably be accused of the killing and that is the reason I made Deal the offer I did, as I thought in so doing I could prove an alibi. In regard to the recently fired shell in my gun, I fired at a rabbit on the afternoon before the killing."

Severe cross-examination by the prosecution failed to shake the story.

The trial aroused widespread attention. In his final plea, Horace Speed, who was a splendid orator, spoke for six hours. Judge Brown's argument for the prosecution was said by local papers to have been the best ever presented to a jury in Oklahoma County up to that date.

The case went to the jury on the morning of April 30, 1897. Deliberation went on for eight hours and at the end of

(Continued on page 46)

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ASAHEL CURTIS

Photographer of the Gold Rush

By WILLIAM J. BETTS

Pictures from Asahel Curtis Negative Collection Courtesy Washington Historical Society

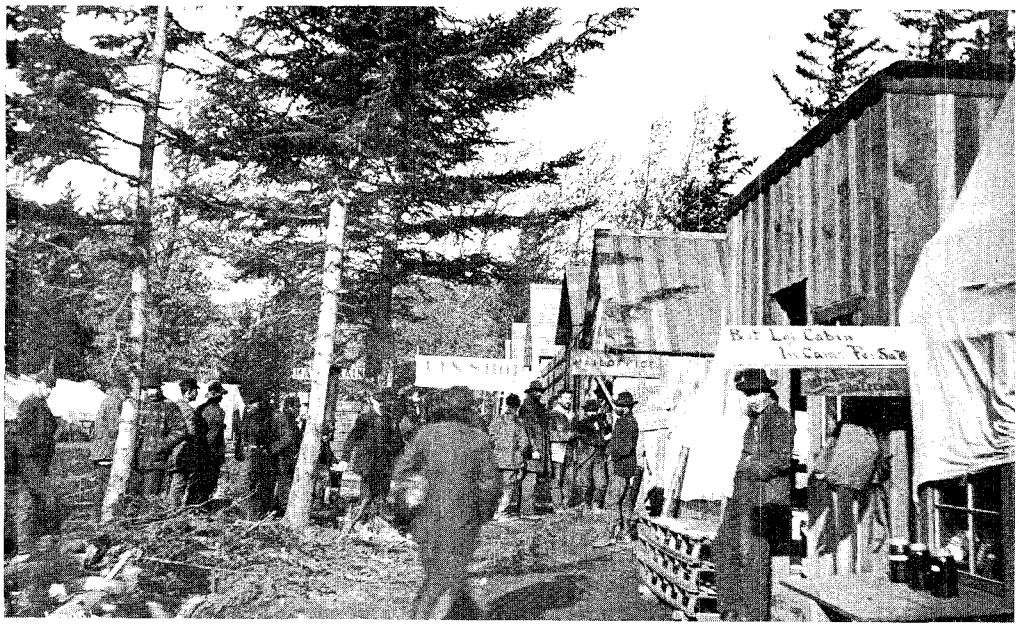
He had an artist's eye and an awareness that history was being made all around him. Thirty thousand negatives and glass plates have preserved for all time the spirit of those days . . .

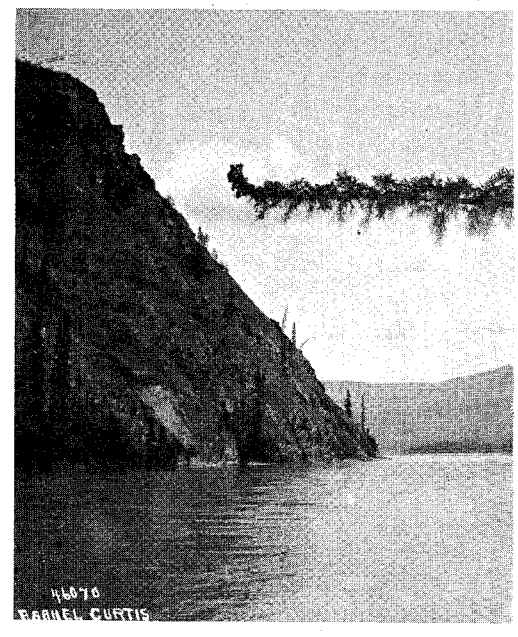
THAT WONDROUS metal, gold, has ever enticed men to endure great hardships for the sake of a chance at wealth. The Klondike Rush of '98 attracted doctors, lawyers, draymen, laborers, men from every walk of life to the fantastically rich diggings just south of the Arctic Circle. Many of the stampeders to Yukon Territory had little knowledge of mining and nearly all were ill equipped to suffer the privations that going to the diggings entailed.

One man who traveled to the Yukon and was prepared as far as practical experience was concerned was Asahel Curtis, a Seattle photographer. In Wisconsin where he was born, the winter sometimes became as frigid as the north Canadian country. Later, when his family moved to the State of Washington, he often made long hikes into the Cascades and the Olympic Mountains. Curtis knew how to keep warm when the thermometer dipped below zero and how to pack supplies up steep mountain trails.

At the time the *SS Portland* steamed into Seattle with returning miners and over a ton of gold, the country was in the

Skagway in the fall of 1897. The men below are lined up at the Mail Office, last place to receive mail before heading over White Pass.





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Far left, Rachel Curtis at a stop along the Skagway Trail in 1897. Wesley Young's party above at the foot of White Pass. Two men in this group lost their lives a few hours after this picture was made.

grip of a great depression. To men long out of work, news of the gold strike offered hope that if only they could get to the Klondike, they would become rich.

Curtis also was fired with the gold fever, but like so many of his fellow townsmen, he was feeling the pinch of hard times. The salary he made in his brother Ed's Seattle studio barely paid his expenses.

Just as it seemed most hopeless, the money problem was solved. A local newspaper commissioned Curtis to cover the rush to the Klondike with his camera. He sailed for the north in the summer of 1897.

CURTIS WAS essentially a photographer first and a gold seeker second. Although photography was over sixty years old at the time of the gold rush, it seems very primitive to the modern cameraman who can carry enough equipment and film in a small gadget bag to last him several months. Curtis had to pack everything he would need for a year into the Yukon country—not only food and clothing but camera, glass plates, chemicals, and even a portable darkroom. Not a small undertaking in any age.

Many Klondikers wrote about their experiences but only a few brought back a photographic record. If the old Chinese proverb is true that a picture is worth ten thousand words then Curtis left the equivalent of millions of words in his negative file.

In Skagway there were no wharfs at which ships could dock to unload cargo or disembark its passengers. Cargo was put onto lighters; passengers went ashore by whatever means were available. The lighters were floated toward shore as far as the depth of water would permit, then at low tide teams and wagons removed the cargo. Sometimes supplies were left right on the beach at the mercy of the incoming tide. Many a miner found his outfit in ruin on returning to the beach after a hasty trip to a saloon.

Skagway was a new town, a tent city that seemingly mushroomed overnight at the headwaters of the Lynn Canal. Thousands of men waited there to go over the Skagway Trail through White Pass to Lake Bennett from where they would eventually reach the Yukon by boat, if they were lucky. It was into this bustling frontier community that Curtis arrived in late summer.

It took time to organize a party, to get an outfit ready to hit the trail. Skagway was like a giant bottle, its bottom facing the beach, its neck northward. Impatient goldseekers funneled into the bottleneck waiting for the trail to clear.

There was danger in the delay. Many a would-be miner met with disaster from the opportunists who flocked to the mushrooming Alaskan towns to prey upon the greenhorn. Skagway was probably the worst of all, having neither police nor soldiers to protect the individual from the lawless.

It was in Skagway that the gambler, Soapy Smith, became all powerful by organizing a bunch of hoodlums into a crime syndicate. If they could not get

Left, lining a boat up the Yukon River below Dawson. Below, a scene along the Dawson waterfront in 1898. Miners paid for purchases with gold dust.

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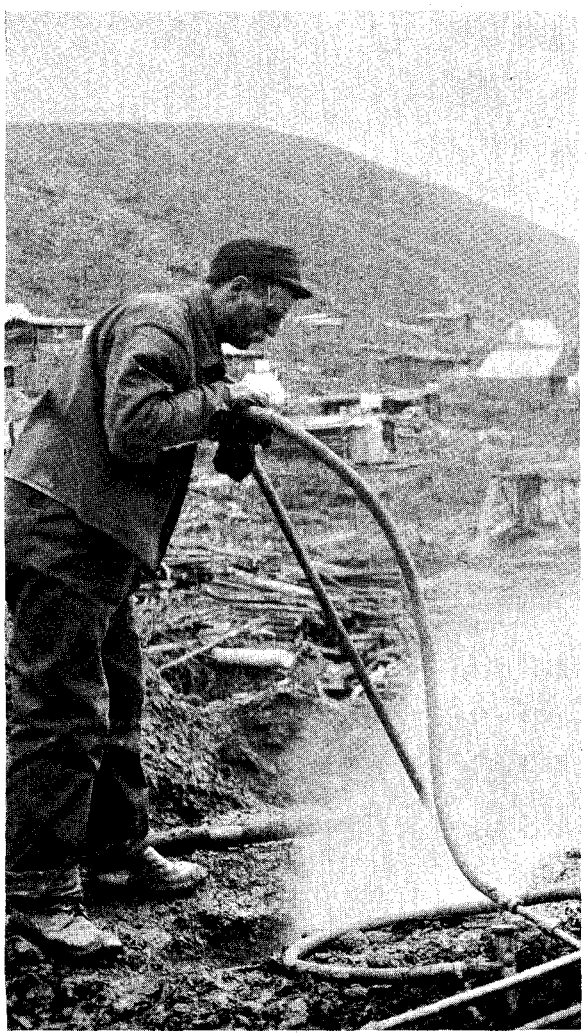
The burning of the Dawson business district (above) was said to have been caused when an irate dancehall girl threw a lighted lamp at a rival. It was later built back better than ever. Below is a picture showing the first application of steam points to thaw frozen ground. Until 1899, miners had to build fires for this purpose.



the suckers' money by some shady gambling game they got him drunk and robbed him. When the law did finally come to Skagway it was in the form of a vigilante committee.

Waiting in Skagway meant only one thing to Curtis—pictures. He strolled about town with his camera and tripod across his shoulder. There were the lighters being unloaded at the waterfront, men waiting for mail from the States, the streets of Skagway with their newly erected buildings and tents, the Skagway Trail. It may be that Curtis deliberately delayed hitting the trail for the Yukon in order to catch as much of the scene as possible.

WHEN the photographer and his partners were finally ready to negotiate the hazards of the trail, the first snow had already fallen. It made no difference to the packers that the trail was hazardous, but all were aware of how late in the season it was. Newly formed ice on the lakes would not support the weight of both men and equipment. Curtis and his party were faced with waiting until the ice became safe or following the lake shore.

The urgency felt by some of the stampeders caused them to throw caution to the winds and take a chance on the new ice of Summit Lake. One of the men, Si Hamilton, broke through and was drowned. Only the day before, Curtis had taken a picture of Hamilton and his party. He learned later that two other men lost their lives by drowning.

The lateness of the season forced the Curtis group to winter at Lake Bennett. The long months were spent in whipsawing lumber from spruce that grew sparsely on the surrounding hills. Boats were built from the green lumber for the last leg of their journey. Every would-be miner had come prepared to build boats; in addition to whipsaws, he brought nails, oakum and pitch.

As soon as the ice left the lakes and rivers in the spring of 1898, men were streaming north. They sailed down Lake Bennett to Marsh Lake and to the headwaters of the Yukon. If they were lucky and got through the Miles Canyon and Whitehorse Rapids, they arrived at Lake Lebarge which carried them to the juncture of the Yukon and Teslin Rivers. From there it was comparatively easy going until they hit Dawson.

Many lives were lost in Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse. Some of the gold seekers hired professional river men to get their boats and equipment through; still others portaged around the dangerous rapids.

During the time Curtis waited at Lake Bennett he was busy taking pictures. Every phase of the stampede was recorded: men whipsawing lumber for boats, hauling logs for wood or mixing hot cakes. Pack horses, dogteams, and the dangerous, yet facinatingly beautiful, country itself were caught on film.

We can follow Curtis and his 5x7 view camera the whole way to Dawson by the pictures he made en route. He shot men in boats as they ran the rapids, fighting the white water to keep afloat—graphic evidence of how really rough it must have been for the greenhorns seeking the fabulous golden North.

When the stern-wheelers came to the lakes and the rivers, much of the danger as well as the backbreaking toil was eliminated from water travel. Curtis photographed every phase of early water transportation in the North.

Dawson was a mushrooming city on the banks of the Yukon, where so many dreams were dashed only to be reborn in the great diggings south and east of it. Curtis and his party arrived there safely. *(Continued on page 50)*

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GUNS OF THE OLD WEST

Photo courtesy Winchester Western Research

THE SPENCER

Sixth In A Series

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

ON MARCH 6, 1860, U.S. Patent Number 27,393 was granted to Christopher M. Spencer for the twenty-seven-year-old inventor's seven-shot repeating rifle. The exact wording on the application read as follows:

"My invention consists of an improved mode of locking the movable breech of a breech-loading firearm whereby it is easily opened and closed and very firmly secured in place during the explosion of the charge. It also consists of certain contrivances for operating in combination with the movable breech for the purpose of withdrawing the cases of the exploded cartridges from the chamber of the barrel and for conducting new cartridges thereinto from a magazine located in the stock."

Briefly, Spencer's revolutionary new repeater was a 7-shot lever action arm, the tubular magazine within the stock loaded from a trap in the butt-plate. J. O. Buckeridge, author of the documentary story of the Spencer, *Lincoln's Choice*, describes the action in these words:

"The breech-block, a quarter-circle of steel with a groove on top, was hinged to the box-like frame by a screw at its lower front corner. Whenever the block was lowered by the lever attached to it, a heavy coil spring in the magazine pushed a cartridge onto the groove. The groove served as a cartridge carrier or track. The single motion of raising the lever eased the cartridge into the rear of the barrel and closed the breech. All that remained was to cock the hammer and pull the trigger. A flick of the lever opened the breech, ejected the empty, and lined up a fresh cartridge."

The Spencer's magazine, being within the stock, could not be damaged if the weapon were dropped or accidentally struck against a rock or tree—most important, neither could the copper-cased cartridges. The finger lever served also as a trigger guard; in the patent drawings, a spring-catch locked the lever against accidental opening, but Civil War Spencers do not have this feature.

The main disadvantage of the new rifle was the awkward fact that it was slow to load—one cartridge at a time. This serious drawback was later corrected with the introduction of Blakeslee's patent cartridge box. This handy device carried ten tubes of cartridges, each tube holding seven cartridges and each tube loadable as a unit.

Spencer's big problem was to convince top military brass of his rifle's practical value. Brigadier General James W. Ripley, Chief of Army Ordnance until after Gettysburg, rejected the odd-looking repeater without giving it a second glance. Ripley was "old Army" in every sense of the word, favoring muzzle-loaders for Federal troops and even advocating the use of smooth bores over the rifled musket. To Ripley's scornful refusal to see any merit in a weapon he scathingly termed a "new-fangled jim-crack" may be credited the fact that Spencers did not get into the hands of Northern soldiers in large quantity until after his replacement as Chief of Army Ordnance.

THE BATTLE of Gettysburg found 3,500 Spencers in the hands of Federal cavalrymen. Jeb Stuart's famous cavalry, 10,000 strong, clashed with the four regiments of the Michigan Brigade led by General Kilpatrick on June 30, 1863, at Hanover, fourteen miles southeast of Gettysburg, to start the action. Flamboyant George Armstrong Custer, recently promoted to Brigadier General, was in the forefront of the fighting that historic day at Hanover. His Spencer-armed Fifth and Sixth Michigan Regiments, aided by the First West Virginia Cavalry, poured out such a volume of fire that Stuart's gray-clad legions were forced to swing wide of Lee's main army to Carlisle, thirty-five miles to the north.

Thus, on the eve of the crucial battle of the war, Lee was deprived of "the eyes of my army," dashing Stuart and his hard-riding, fanatically dedicated troopers. Stuart did not reach Gettysburg until the evening of July 2, too late for his weary cavalrymen to turn the tide of battle for Lee and the Confederacy.

On July 3, the third and last day of the struggle, the deadly Spencer played its usual role of "stopper," checking and finally shattering the stubborn Gray advance. The gallant Confederate soldier, with his archaic muzzle-loader, was outclassed.

President Lincoln became keenly aware of Chris Spencer and his repeater after Gettysburg, and invited the inventor to bring his rifle to the White House for a personal demonstration. The meeting took place on August 17, 1863, and Lincoln showed that he was a good shot by grouping six out of seven shots in or near an improvised bulls-eye at a range of forty yards. Spencer himself fired seven rounds at the reversed target, beating the President by a small margin.

Spencer returned to the White House for another test of his rifle the next day. When he left, it was with the thrilling conviction that President Lincoln himself liked his gun well enough to recommend it highly to Army Ordnance. The young inventor's intuition was correct. "After that," he wrote jubilantly, "we had more orders than we could fill from the War Department, as well as the Navy, for the rest of the war."

Over 106,000 Spencers were contracted for by the war's end—94,196 carbines and 12,471 rifles. Thousands more saw service, of course, counting the large number purchased by battle groups and individuals, and those that armed volunteer and militia organizations.

THE MURDER of President Lincoln by the crazed actor, John Wilkes Booth, on April 14, 1865, not only robbed the nation of its great leader and the stricken South of its best friend, but also deprived the Spencer of its most influential backer. With Lincoln dead and Andrew Johnson in the White House, Army Ordnance quickly reverted to the single-shot Sharps and Springfield.

The bankrupt Spencer firm was sold at auction on September 28, 1869, to Winchester Repeating Arms Company. The 30,000 Spencers remaining in stock were sold to the Turkish Government; all other properties and assets went to Winchester. The name "Spencer" was dropped from all future firearms manufactured by the Winchester plant, yet the unique loading system of the Spencer was retained and utilized by Winchester when the company produced the first self-loading rifle—the 1903 Model .22 caliber made famous by the great Texas marksman, Ad Topperwein.

Ironic is the fact that Custer, who won fame in the Civil War with his Spencer-armed cavalry, might have been an indirect casualty of the failure of the Army to continue using the Spencer. Armed with .45-70 Springfield carbines, more than 200 of Custer's Seventh Cavalry, along with their yellow-haired leader, died battling 2,000 Sioux warriors at the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876. None knew better than weapons-expert Custer that the Springfield had a fatal weakness in the ejecting mechanism; the heads of the cartridges were apt to be pulled off by the extractors after the guns had been fired steadily for any

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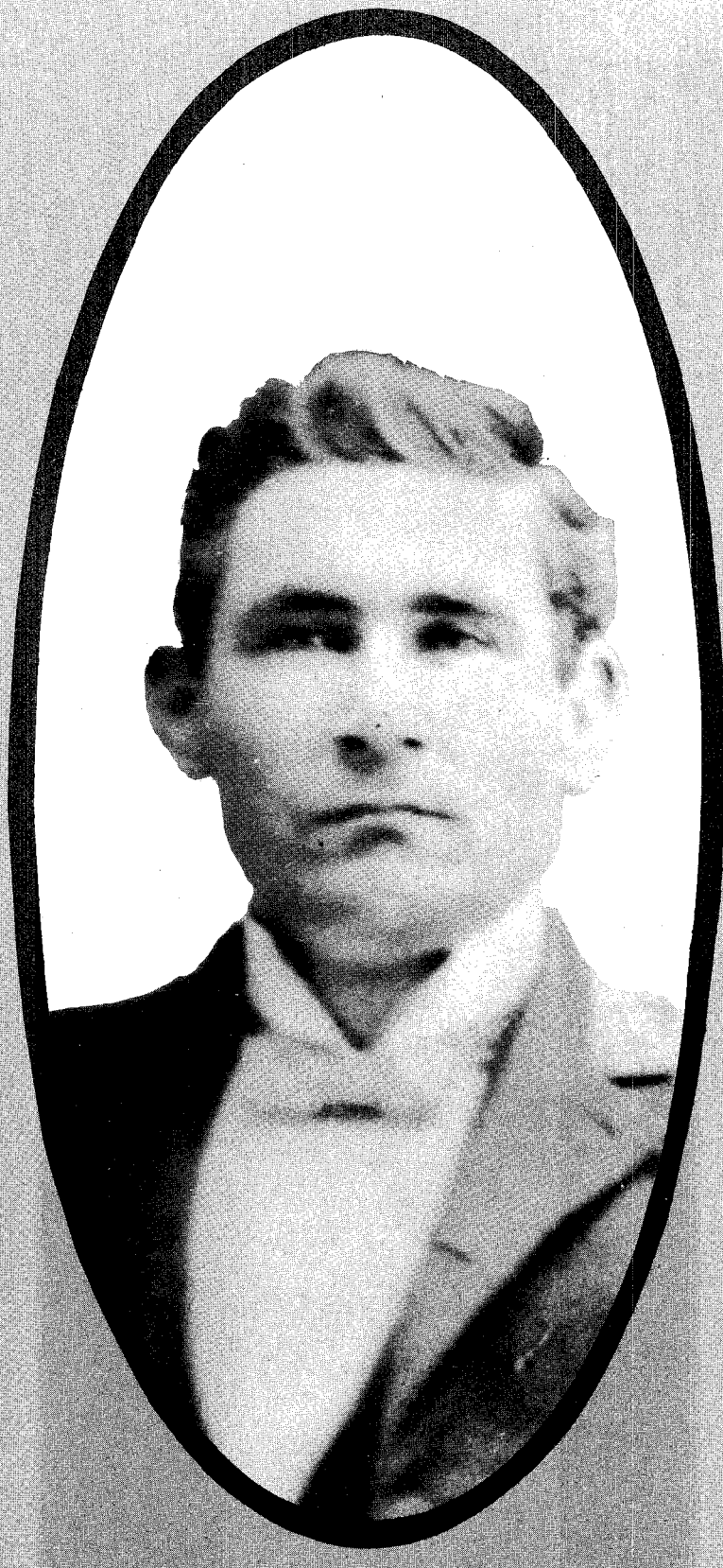

Dr. I. J. Bush

Catherine Dunn

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A SOUTHERN BELLE and A GRINGO DOCTOR

By JESS COX

Photos courtesy the author

From a rose path in a Louisiana garden to a mountain trail in Mexico, with Villa's personal surgeon jogging along beside, isn't an easy transition.

WHILE RESEARCHING the activities of the notorious Mexican Revolutionary leader, Pancho Villa, on the Juárez-El Paso border, one of his favorite stamping grounds, I found a trail that led to Catherine Louise Cynthia Dunn, aged eighty-eight, and still teaching piano in El Paso. Among the many outspoken, rugged individuals I have interviewed, this little old lady is outstanding.

What brought me to Miss Dunn's door was a news story of a tea held by several generations of grateful pupils in honor of this remarkable woman who for over sixty years has been hopefully dispensing musical instruction in the border city from its uncultured, gunslinging days right up to the present time. The article mentioned that "Miss Dunn" (her professional name) had been married to Dr. I. J. Bush, personal physician to General Francisco Villa, and designated by Pancho as Surgeon General of the Mexican Insurrecto Army.

I was already familiar with Dr. Bush through his book, *Gringo Doctor*, and old-timers' frequent references to the adventurous physician's part in the turbulent affairs across the Rio Grande. Once he helped "borrow" the cannon from El Paso's plaza in the middle of the night and "lent" it to the rebels south of the border!

The dainty little lady who opened the door of the old-fashioned brick house had a soft voice, indigo blue eyes, masses of graying hair threaded with honey tones, and a very gracious manner.

"Yes," she assured me when we were seated in front of the fireplace, "I remember Pancho Villa. I never really trusted or liked him as my husband, Dr. Bush, did." She smiled apologetically. "Of course, I was a young bride fresh from Louisiana, and the whole country seemed rough and wild to me, especially Mexico."

As she talked, the feeling came through and stayed with me that in this frail old woman lives a spirit of courage seldom encountered. Sheer guts, a Joan-of-Arc type of personal bravery, is apparent throughout the long, adventurous life of the southern belle who married the "Gringo Doctor," and came West with him.

When Catherine Dunn, about eleven years old, was in school back in Louisiana, she lived clear across town and had to walk. Sometimes she was late. One day her teacher, Mr. Overby, made her stand up in the middle of the room and repeat, "A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar, I used to come at ten o'clock but now I come at noon."

Catherine was deeply humiliated. Cheeks afire, lashes lowered, she stood before her classmates. It was too much for southern chivalry. A boy got up and came to her with a big apple which he handed her.

Overby ordered, "Throw that apple out the window!"

"Don't do it!" the class shouted back, and the boy who'd given Catherine the apple said, "No! Don't do it!"

Overby jumped to his feet. He was furious. He took a step toward the frightened little girl and suddenly fell to the floor. He lay face down, and blood began to spread out from under his head. Nobody in the room moved; the children sat frozen.

Catherine alone ran to his aid. She lifted his face and held his head on her lap. Then other teachers and the janitor came and took charge. They sent Catherine home to change her dress.

Her uncle, a prominent lawyer of the town, arranged to send Mr. Overby to the recently abandoned Indian-fighting outpost of Fort Davis in Texas, where the desert climate could perhaps cure the principal of the tuberculosis which

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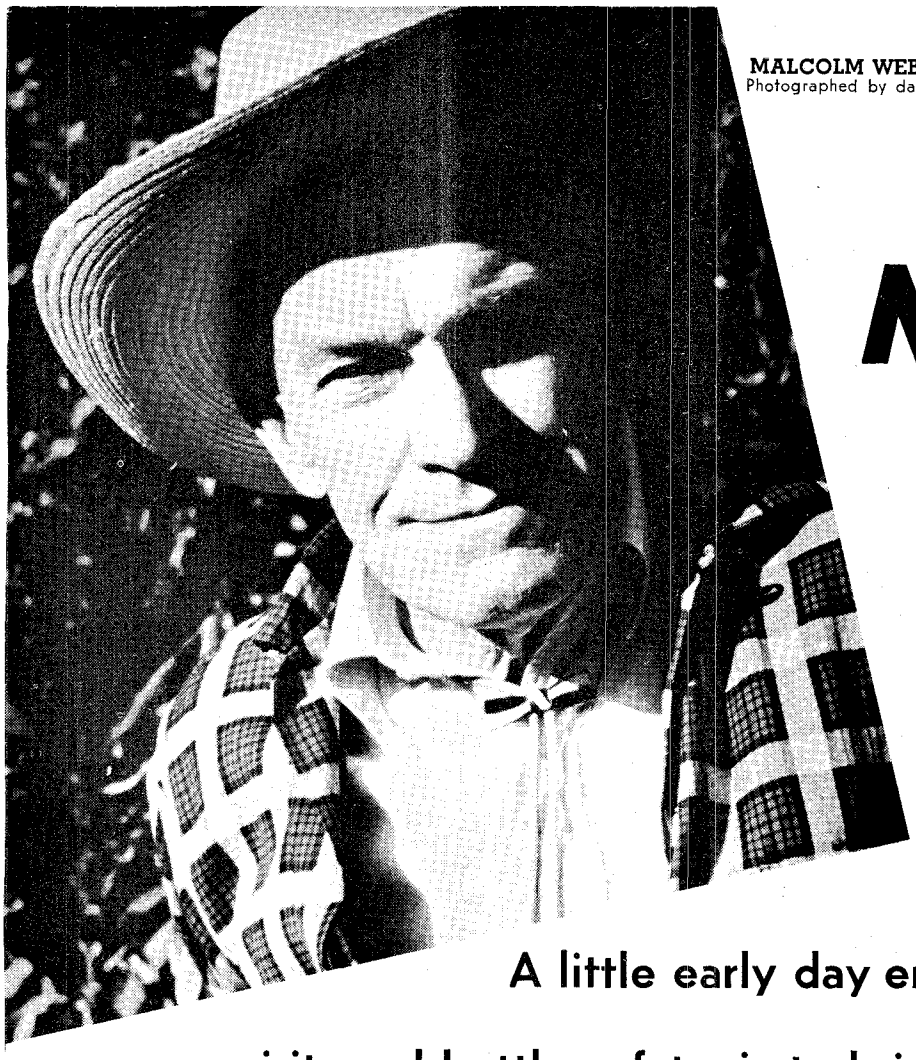

MALCOLM WEBBER
Photographed by daughter

MEDICINE SHOW

By KAY HAUGAARD

A little early day entertainment to revive the spirit, and bottles of tonic to bring back the vigor of youth

THE OLD drum-beating ballyhoo of the Medicine Show has vanished, but here and there some of the old-time troopers can still be found. Malcolm "Jack" Webber, who describes himself as "a garrulous old gaffer" is one of the fraternity and loves nothing better than holding forth on that extinct bit of Americana he knew so well. He has written of his strange life in *Medicine Show* published by Caxton Printers, Inc.

Pushing back his jauntily checked sports cap he scratched his white thatched head with careful concentration. "I never did know exactly what was in that 'belly wash' we peddled, but I do know that a couple sips of it were very relaxing."

Webber concedes that modern antibiotics, tranquilizers and their like are probably a jump or two up on the remedies sold by the Ton-Ko-Ko Show but insists that their remedies were on a par with many of the pills and potions sold by the medical profession of the day.

Telling of the strange circumstances that led to his joining the show, he said, "It all started with that girl my mother bought from the Indians. The family was on a buggy ride over in the Nations, as we used to call Indian Territory, when my mother spied this white girl among the squaws. She was not a war captive; the Indians and whites were at peace. She was a sort of slave though."

He shook his head and laughed. "Mother made up her mind she was going to get her away from those Indians and she did too—bought her from the chief for $50. That was a lot of money."

The girl grew up in the Webber household as one of the family and finally married a medicine show "doctor." Young Webber was fascinated by her stories of tent show life and before long he had wangled a job with the Ton-Ko-Ko Company.

The show was a small one that toured Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. It was owned by a self-styled "Doctor" Wellington who had an impressive diploma from Rush Medical College. If it weren't authentic then the good doctor had been taken for every cent he paid that printer in Kansas City to make it up!

It was a strange and liberal education for a boy of eighteen, a world that dealt with its problems by its own peculiar standards with no regard to how at variance with the rest of the world they might be. Young Jack soon found himself in work harness with bigamists, counterfeiters, dope addicts, even a cold-blooded killer. The show was also a great attraction to "grifters," the men with a racket, and "trailers" with their semi-legitimate concessions and games.

"Perhaps there are some honest men who trail tent shows," said Webber with a cynicism born of experience, "but if such exist, I never met one."

One of the sources of Webber's skepticism was the dentist who joined the show at Salina. "Painless" he professed to be and painless he was. In fact, he left his patients in such a happy, rosy glow, and so generous was he with his medication, that it wasn't too difficult to discover that dentistry was just a sideline to his real pursuit of peddling "happy pills," "snow," or "junk." He left the show just in time. Being a quiet user of the stuff, as some of the troupe were, was one thing, but according to the complex ethics of the pill show, forcing it on others was an unpardonable breach of good manners.

THE MEDICINE SHOW was a kind of backwoods vaudeville, bringing entertainment to small towns and villages. Entertainment was the chief attraction but the medicine sales kept the pot boiling. A lot of good jobless talent gravitated to the medicine shows. Not all of these troupes were little apples. A certain "Doctor" Rucker carried a hundred performers with his outfit and put on complete plays which compared favorably with many stock companies of the day.

The Ton-Ko-Ko was a variety show with entertainment composed of a brass band, contortionists, acrobats, dancing girls, a strong man, a fire eater and a hermaphrodite.

Because it was a comparatively small show everyone had to be jack of several trades. When he first started, Webber would don a grey duster and take his place in the band, beating a smart and sassy snare drum. He'd done that in his home town. But Ton-Ko-Ko had recently lost its Strong Man, "Iron Man" they called him because he worked with chains and bars, and as soon as the manager cast his eyes on Webber's well-muscled young body, he had another job for him. It wasn't long before he was billed as "Atlas, Man of Muscle."

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Ben Fish Photo Collection

In the old days when a medicine show rolled into town it didn't take long for a crowd to gather.

In describing his work Webber admits sadly that most of it was fake stuff to impress the "rubes." The real feats of strength that nearly snapped him in two left the audience unmoved. "It's like wrestling. If it's honest, it's dull as sawdust."

In each performance he would "bend" a heavy iron spike. The spike was wrapped in a towel (which he explained was to protect his hands), then after much groaning and grunting, he would carefully manipulate a pre-bent one into place under the protective shield of the towel.

The "Iron Jaw" trick involved holding a long bar between his teeth. A committee of men was selected from the audience to bend the bar while Webber held it between his teeth. The trick was in selecting a bar so long it was ready to bend of its own weight. "I'd hold it in the middle with my teeth and the men would bear down on either side. If the pressure on my jaw became uncomfortable, I'd take hold of the bar as though to steady it."

Webber's most striking act was actually on the square. It consisted of twisting a large metal comb in his long hair and attaching a rope to it which was then hooked to a team of horses. Then he would catch a loop in each elbow from a rope running to another team faced in the opposite direction. The horses would be pulling against each other and the the strain would be on his hair and arms. It was a feat not many men could endure and it was always popular with the audience.

AS HE reminisces, certain incidents come sharply to mind—like that first stand at Keiffer, Oklahoma. The town wasn't much more than a loose collection of shacks gathered around a few oil wells. Oil was the town's primary industry, but drinking, gambling and prostitution ran a close second.

The show hadn't been in town long when a big gusher caught fire. It exploded into a glowing, spitting monster towering over the town. "What a never-to-be-forgotten sight it was to see the daughters of joy streaming from their houses in all states of disarray wearing, at best, only their revealing 'work clothes'. It was enough to take a man's mind off the fire for a time," Webber said with a chuckle.

Then there was the "Clem" at Sapulpa. "Ever hear of a Clem?" Webber asked. "Bet you think it's some duck's name. Well, it's an old-fashioned free-for-all between the show troupe and the town rubes. It began when the rubes started throwing rotten eggs smack dab in the middle of the Tutweiler family's act. They got fed up and finally Pa Tutweiler yelled, 'Hey Rube,' that old battle call of tent and circus men for generations. Then they went to it with chairs, tent stakes, prop battle-axes and a few pipe wrenches some of the oil workers just happened to bring along. There was some repair work for Doc that night as the show speeded out of town but we left more damage than we took away."

Without doubt the biggest star of the show was the silver-tongued slicker himself, that gracious old alcoholic in a high, black silk hat; that rogue with the mien of a southern colonel, Doctor Wellington. Although his only right to the diploma hanging in his wooden railroad car office was the fact that he bought it fair and square, he never hesitated to perform even difficult surgical operations. Just in case the law should cast its eye his way, he always kept a licensed doctor with him. He'd find some old sot or hophead who was on his way down the drain and could be had for little more than room and board, or some young fellow just out of school whose ideals were not too exalted. But regardless of who they were, Doctor Wellington always performed the operations. More frequently than not the patient lived. In fact his failures were probably no higher than those of the average respectable doctor.

Wellington had been, in his early youth, a butcher's apprentice and his artistry with the knife was soon recognized. He had knocked around all over the world including the Solomon Islands where he was practically forced into surgery. The natives were without any kind of medical help and he became an assistant to one of the missionaries.

It was surprising the number of prominent people who came to him. His most usual patient was, of course, the damsel in distress. The doctor, with typical southern gallantry, seldom failed to send her away in a better frame of mind. Once, when the assistant was ill, Webber was called in to help. "It was interesting," he said, "I would just nod

(Continued on page 46)

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Illustration by
Al Martin Napoletano

By JAMES E. HARVEY

A YOUNG BOY LEARNS THAT THE TRUE MEASURE OF A MAN IS NOT MADE BY THE NUMBER OF YEARS HE HAS LIVED OR THE AMOUNT OF HAIR HE HAS LEFT ON HIS HEAD. MEN, LIKE BOOKS, CANNOT BE JUDGED BY THEIR COVERS

WHEN I was just a kid I knew some interesting men of sixty or sixty-five and I liked to listen to those old fellows talk. They had roamed the West when it was really wild. They were different from men of their same age today. Those old men had lived in the open, hit the rough spots, and led a hard, rugged life. Any young punk who tried to push one of them around made a sorry mistake. They weren't easy. Lewis Fleagle was such a man.

I lived with my family fifteen miles west of Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Lewis ran a sawmill near us. I went to work for him when I was a little past fourteen. Like most boys, I thought I knew just about everything worth knowing, but Lewis taught me a lesson that has stayed with me all these years: it is good to be careful about passing judgment on a man; there is always a chance that you can be wrong. Before Lewis got through with me, I began to wonder if I was really right about anything.

Lewis was a big man and bald, except for a fringe of hair which was snow white like his long chin whiskers. His clear blue eyes had a look of confidence and he spoke sharp and to the point when he set me straight on something.

I immediately took a dislike to him and thought he was about as crummy an old man as I ever had the misfortune to meet. I even considered slapping his face but decided he was so old, it would be a shame to jump him.

Then one day I went down in the saw pit with a shovel to clean out some sawdust. The big circular saw was running overhead. Lewis followed and dragged me out by the collar. I tried to break away and fight back, but that vise-like grip held, and he grabbed me by the seat of the pants and the nape of the neck and gave me a heave that sent me rolling.

He stood there shaking his finger at me. "What was you trying to do," he stormed, "get your fool head cut off? Never go in that pit again till the saw is stopped." From then on, I forgot about jumping Lewis. I didn't want him to get hold of me again. He was like a bear.

As time went by, he proved to be right time and again, and always kept his word. Gradually my feeling toward him began to change and I felt sorry for the old fellow, he had to work so hard. Many things went wrong around the mill, and he always took the blame. When equipment broke down or someone caused trouble, he'd say, "Fine mess!" That was all.

I often told my folks, "That old guy is going to kill himself. He's doing enough work around that mill to wear out a young guy."

My dad would just laugh. "Don't worry about Lewis," he'd say. "He can take care of himself."

LEWIS PROVED that to me about a year later. The sawmill had been shut down all winter. Spring had come but snow still lay in drifts.

Lewis came along one day on horseback leading a saddle pony. He asked me to go on a trip with him. He was going over on the Dry Fork to see Ed Davis about running the saw for the coming summer and would be gone two or three days. Mother put us up a lunch and we left.

I looked him over as we rode along —his logger's laced boots, Levis tucked inside them, red shirt open at the neck, an old and slouchy felt hat. Too bad he's so old, I thought.

As the sun sank behind the timber-covered mountains, we rode into Ed's place. It was just a big log house, with a barn and some corrals by a small creek. To me the sight was depressing. The yard was strewn with junk, old lumber and tin cans. A broken-down wagon was nearby; windows were broken out of the house. The place had an abandoned look.

We dismounted and went inside, as the door was not locked. The floor was covered with rubbish and the room smelled of rats. An old cookstove sat near the door and in one corner was a wooden bunk with what was left of a mattress. The cupboard was bare.

"Fine mess!" Lewis muttered.

You said it, I thought, and boy, was I hungry! At the barn we had better luck. There was hay in the loft for our horses.

After feeding them we returned to the house, my spirits at low ebb. I was worrying mostly about Lewis. Having to go to bed without any supper was liable to make the old guy sick after a hard day's ride.

Lewis rummaged around and finally found a piece of candle which he lit and set on the table when darkness settled over the country. He swept the junk out of the house with an old broom and dusted the mattress. Then we sat on the bunk and he told stories of his life in the Old West when he was young. Believe me, I listened! That old man had been places and done things.

The candle burned low and went out. We lay down on the bunk, but I was too hungry to sleep. It was a long night as I lay and listened to Lewis snore and then when it seemed I had only dozed off, he shook me.

"Come, Jimmy," he said, "I've got the horses all saddled and ready to go."

The sun was shining and I noticed Lewis' grey pony was streaked with dust. The sorrel I rode didn't look much better. We mounted and hit the trail again.

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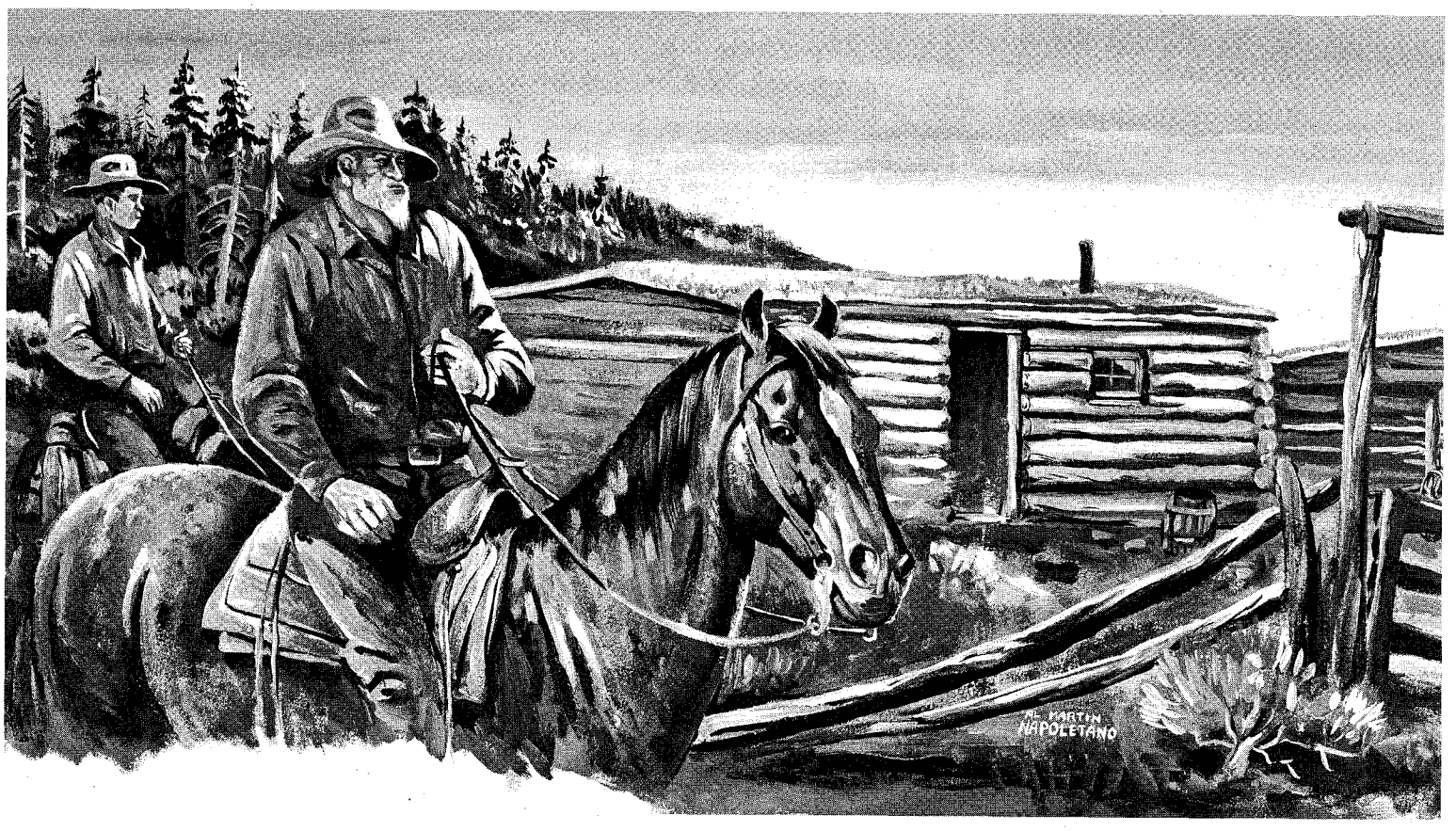

"As the sun sank behind the timber-covered mountains, we rode into Ed's place."

"BILL WILSON lives beyond those mountains yonder." Lewis pointed to some dark timbered mountains in the distance. "He's a good sawyer. We will go by and see him. It's not much out of our way."

Somehow the idea gave me a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, and a sense of foreboding came over me. Suppose we find this guy gone, too?

Lewis looked at me searchingly. "You sick?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I'm fine."

"It's only about twenty miles," Lewis added cheerfully.

Along in the afternoon we were riding through flat, rolling sagebrush country. A big timber hawk flew up out of the brush, circled and lit in a dead tree nearby.

"She's got a nest somewhere," Lewis said. "I'm going to find it."

He dismounted and hunted around through the brush, and sure enough he found her nest. There were two eggs about the size of a hen egg.

"Can you eat a hawk egg, Jimmy?"

"You bet I can, Mr. Fleagle. I could eat the hind leg of a coyote. Shoot that old hawk and cook her, too. I'm hungry."

"I tried a hawk once, long time ago," Lewis smiled. "I didn't like it."

He went over below a snowdrift, got some mud and packed the eggs in it, built a sagebrush fire, let it burn down, and roasted the eggs in the coals.

When he took them out and peeled off the baked mud, they peeled like they had been boiled. I ate part of mine, and I got a taste out of that egg. Oh boy, in fancy I can taste it yet! Maybe some of you have sometimes been up in an old loft or someplace where there was a strong moldy smell. That's the way that egg tasted. I laid the other half down.

Again Lewis gave me that searching look. "Sick?" he asked.

"No," I answered, as I wiped the sweat from my face with my sleeve, "but if I eat the rest of that egg, I sure will be. You're welcome to it if you want it."

He picked up my part, still eyeing me. Lewis knew good and well that I was about all in. After he ate the egg, he just sat crosslegged, his laced boots battered and scarred, and poked at the dying fire with a stick for some time. Then those clear blue eyes rested on me again.

"Do I still shoot that old hawk and cook her, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Not unless *you* want to eat her," I said, "I've had all the hawk I want."

He smiled and rose to his feet. "Come, let's go."

Before long we were in the mountains Lewis had pointed to. Timber, underbrush, fallen logs and boulders—some of the ground was so rough and steep we had to walk and lead our ponies.

Soon I was all in and lagging. I had quit feeling sorry for Lewis and was worrying about myself. Time and again the old man stopped and waited for me to catch up. "It's not much farther," he'd say by way of encouragement.

Darkness was settling over the country when we rode up to the top of a ridge and looked down on a big log house, some corrals and a log barn. This place, too, had a dilapidated, deserted look and my spirits fell.

The house was full of rubbish as the other one had been, but this time there was no bunk or stove. The place smelled of skunks.

Lewis struck a match and looked around. "Fine mess!" he said.

I kept quiet. I felt sick and wished I were home. There was no hay for our horses.

During a miserable night I thought would never pass, I lay on the floor awake and listened to Lewis snore. I heard small animals in the house, and was scared stiff. I once knew a man who'd got bitten by a skunk and died of hydrophobia. I didn't want that to happen to me.

I nudged Lewis with my elbow a few times. He quit snoring and asked, "What do you want?"

"Skunks in the house," I told him.

"Go back to sleep and don't worry, they won't bother you."

Soon he was snoring again, and I found myself hoping I would be a tough old guy like Lewis when I became his age. Nothing ever seemed to bother him.

I WONDERED if I could ever make it home. It would take two more days, I reasoned—and two more days like the past two would just about finish me. At daybreak we were on our way again.

"We are heading for home," Lewis announced as we rode along. "We will go by Crawford's coal camp on Deep Creek. It's a little farther, but we can make it tonight. It's always closed for the winter, but I think we will find something to eat there."

"I hope so," I said weakly. "I could eat something all right."

He seemed a little anxious. "You all right, Jimmy?"

"Yeh," I bluffed, "I feel fine."

Along in the afternoon I could see high timber-covered mountains ahead.

"Crawford's is beyond those mountains," Lewis pointed, and my heart sank. More brush and fallen logs. More steep country walking and leading. Late in the afternoon we were in those mountains and it was just what I expected.

About dusk we rode into the Crawford coal camp. The cook house was not locked and there were plenty of groceries—ham, bacon, flour, syrup.

At the barn we found hay for our worn out horses. After taking care of

(Continued on page 49)

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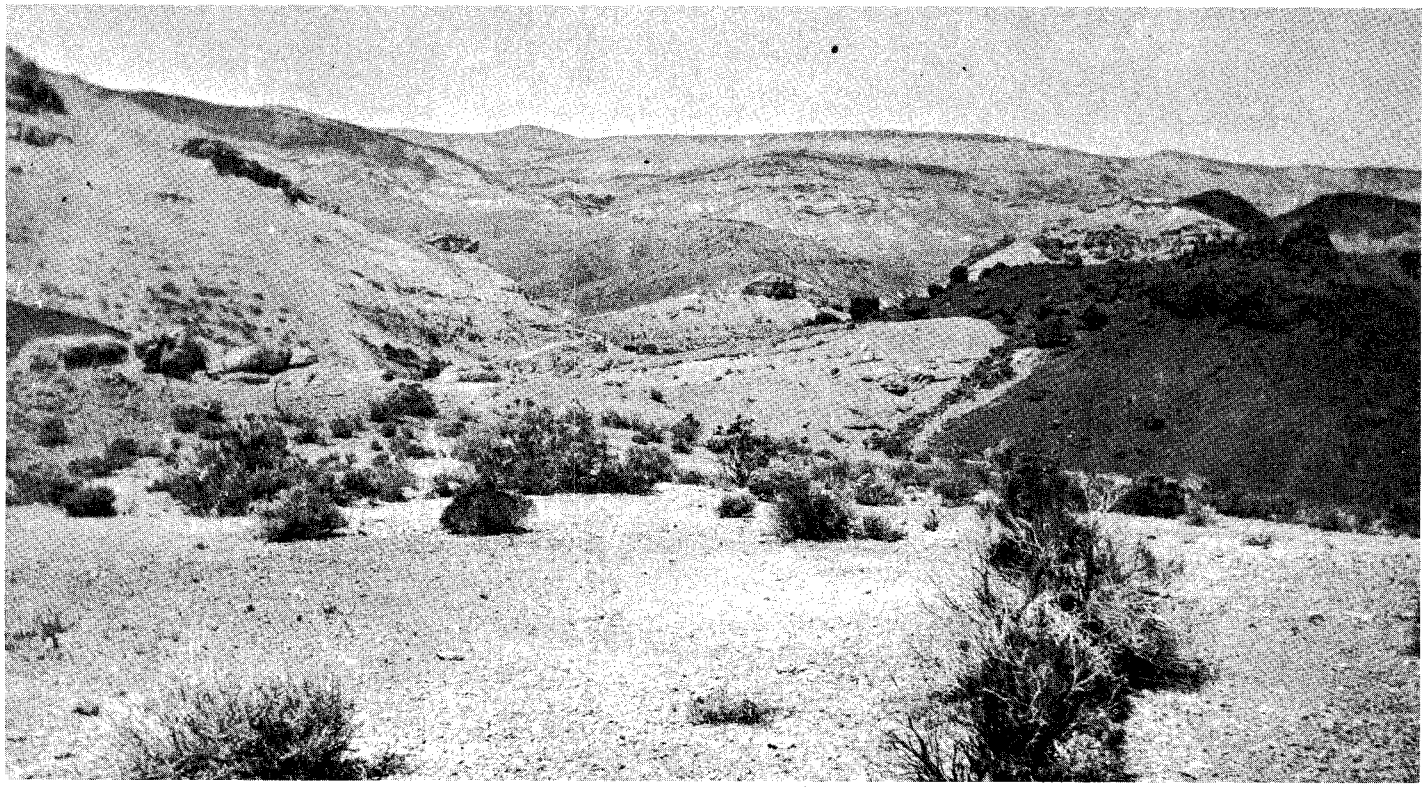

A Nell Murbarger Photo

Looking west from Roaring Ridge in the Mojave. In one of these gullies may lie a rich treasure.

LOST INDIAN MINE

By MARTIN ENGELS
as told to
TOM MOSS

Just one person might have been able to gain the Indian's confidence—a white girl almost as mysterious as himself. Now, nobody knows . . .

THERE'S a funny thing about lost mines—any old-timer can tell you about a lost mine in a particular district, who found it and why. But the way it was found and lost always seems to follow the same pattern. No one who had plenty of water or was in good health, ever found a mine, lost it, and found it again. Men who found lost mines were invariably ill, or their wives were ill, or their burros were played out, or they were dying of thirst, or they were just about to catch a stage or train in a big hurry. They found very rich ore, looked around, got landmarks fixed in their minds, rushed on wherever they were going—but when they came back couldn't find it again.

I have mined and prospected for many years. I have prospected in areas where there were supposed to be lost mines but I never went out looking for one. In the first place, outcroppings of ore are common; it's not too much of a trick, even today, to find a little bunch of ore. Dig on it ten minutes, twenty minutes, an hour. Drill a hole maybe and put in a shot. You might get a handful, a bucketful, even a sackful of good ore before the vein peters out and goes into low grade. That's that.

Now, if you had found an ore cropping and couldn't go back to it you'd have a lost mine. It might become a famous lost mine, depending on the stories told about it. I have found, in my years of prospecting, what would have made excellent lost mines. I dug on them, dug them out, and I'm still poor.

There is a lost mine, however, that I believe really exists. In the early twenties in the little mining town of Garlock in the upper Fremont Valley in California, quite a few men were around mining and prospecting. The Holland Mine was operating in Iron Canyon.

Late in the fall an Indian came into camp. You only had to take one look at him to see the man was sick. The old prospectors said, "That Injun sure looks peaked."

I talked with him and several other boys talked with him. He had all his worldly goods on his back. He told us he had worked over on Kern River until work got scarce. From his ancestors he knew of a little gulch in the Black Mountain country where there might be some gold. He walked most of the way from Kern River to Garlock, coming up through Kelso Canyon, by Sageland, and crossing over Piute Mountain. Leaving Dove Springs, he had hiked on down into Red Rock Canyon where there was a reservoir which supplied water for patching chuck holes in the old dirt road.

The reservoir was marked by a big sign, "This Water Is Poison. Not Fit For Human Consumption. Do Not Drink. Contains Arsenic."

The Indian could speak English but evidently could not read it. He took a big drink of the water and it made him ill. Eventually he caught a ride and got into Garlock. He was one sick man. An old house known as the "Billy Mitchell cabin" became his temporary home. It was tight, had windows and a door. For several

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weeks the Indian looked more dead than alive. He was a big man, probably in his early thirties, but had lost a lot of weight and was thoroughly dehydrated.

AT THAT TIME there was a young fellow in the district, known as The Kid. He prospected some and had worked for a mining company or two. Silver went dead and work was hard to get. The Kid got a job with a motion picture company in Hollywood, went down there and went to work, but he had prospector's gold fever. Anytime he got a chance he'd drive up to Garlock to see how things were going and to talk with the boys. Sometimes he'd bring his girl friend with him.

This Indian was sitting on the porch in front of John Norton's store one day when The Kid and his sweetheart drove up in a studio car. They went in and visited with the Nortons for awhile.

The girl remarked to Norton, "That Mexican out there looks like he is ill."

"He's an Indian," the storekeeper explained, "who drank some poison water down in Red Rock Canyon and it made him deathly sick. I'm kinda worried about the fellow. He don't seem to be snapping out of it like he should."

"It looks to me like a few good steaks would do him a lot of good," the girl suggested.

"Yes, but he's a funny case. Generally Indians will take anything you give them but this one is very proud. He's been livin' on oatmeal and beans up there for a month."

The girl went out on the porch and started talking to the Indian in Spanish. "Let's talk English," he smiled. "I think we'll both do better."

They had a bit of conversation, but when she tried to question him about what he ate, he made some excuse and she had to let it go at that. Before she and The Kid left that afternoon, she gave John Norton $20 to pay for the Indian's groceries.

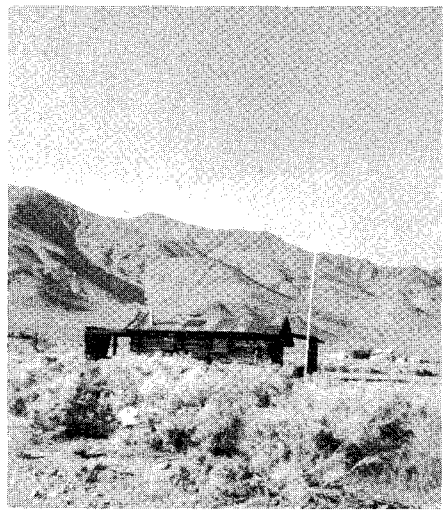
After she left John called the sick man in and said, "That little girl left $20 here and she wants you to go to feeding yourself."

Of course, $20 doesn't sound like much now but at that time it would buy a lot of grub. For some reason the Indian accepted the favor and started eating. You could see a big improvement in him in a week. He got some strength back, some color in his face, and that mummy look left him. He did all right.

ONE DAY he disappeared. The night before, he had been talking with the boys; the next morning he was gone, no Indian. About a week later he came into camp, went down to the store, bought some more grub and paid for it with gold. In a day or two, he disappeared again. On the next visit there was more gold, probably $40 worth. The third time he showed up he had some nice nuggets. Norton bought them for $100.

In a storybook you can go out and dry pan placer gold, pan out $1,000 a day. It doesn't take long in a storybook. In reality, it just doesn't happen. You must have a dry washer or you must have water where you pan to make any money in placer. You simply cannot dry pan in placer and get gold enough to make it pay. But the Indian was doing it.

Of course, some of the boys got curious. They tried to trail the Indian. Old Tex McDonald (he was half-Indian and half-Irish or Scotch) tried it. Some of the other boys did, too—Monty Short, Bob Short and Old Man Brymer. The Indian would take a certain trail, go up to a little gulch known as Marty's Gulch and fade out of sight. Marty's Gulch is rough, rugged and rocky. It would have taken better trackers than those prospectors to follow that Indian.



Photos by author

Left, John Norton's abandoned store building in nearby Cantil, California. His store at Garlock no longer stands. At right, a deserted home in Garlock.

Finally the Indian disappeared for good. We didn't see him anymore, and we didn't see The Kid or his girl friend either for quite awhile. Hot weather came on and you can feel it in that part of the Mojave.

One day in the fall The Kid and the girl drove into camp and went into Norton's store to get a drink. She immediately asked Norton, "What became of my Indian friend?"

"Funny thing," old Norton answered, "that fellow came in here and sold me quite a bit of gold. One day he just left out. I don't know where he went. He left something for you."

Opening his money drawer, John took out a nugget worth $30 or $40 and handed it to her.

The girl laughed, "I didn't expect him to pay me back. I was glad to do it. The poor fellow was starving."

"The Indian said to give it to you. It's your share of the grubstake."

Well, that's it. The Indian brought the gold down, I saw the nuggets, I saw some of the gold he sold to Norton. You don't dry pan placer gold and make a living at it. Yet the Indian did, and more too. Someplace in that rough and rugged country, from Marty's Gulch down through Colorado Springs, and over into the foothills of Black Mountain, there's a gulch that's truly rich. It would have to be for a man with only a pan, pick and shovel, handling dirt in that crude method, to bring out the amount of gold he did.

A lot of boys have hunted for it. I never have. It would take a lifetime to try each one of those little gulches. There is a chance you might stumble on it, but in a tough country, practically without water, it doesn't strike me as an easy way to solve your financial problems.

Day by day, brick by brick the little town of Garlock, California slowly wasted away

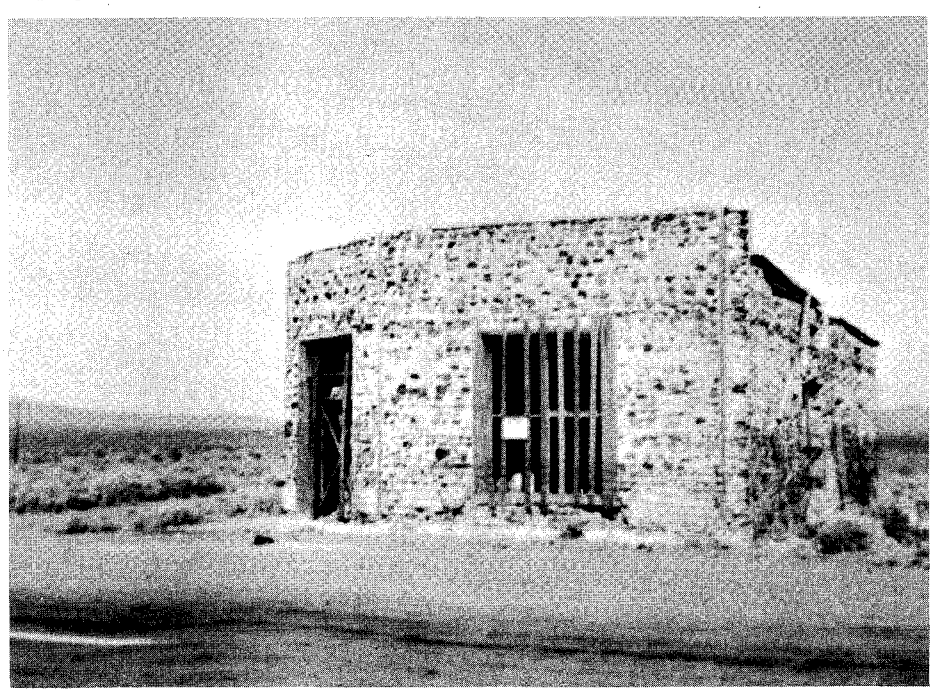


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Illustration by Robert Blewitt

HUMOR . . . WESTERN STYLE

By WILLIAM S. FURNO

WESTERNERS WERE never so occupied that they passed up the opportunity to enjoy a bit of fun. Humorous tales are legion in the annals of the frontier, and some of them are worth repeating. If it appears that the humor of our pioneers was at times misplaced, just remember that what we may consider taboo was then classed as wholesome entertainment. It was simply humor—western style.

In the early days of Butte, Montana, a preacher arrived in town filled with determination to spread the Word of God in the wilderness. The strapping six-footer, who was as strong as an ox and a mule combined, set up a tent and each night preached the gospel eloquently, loudly, and at length. His best efforts met with small success, however, because a powerful rival, a day-and-night saloon across the street, diverted converts from his tent.

The injustice of the situation became more than he could stand, and one night he decided to put in a few licks, so to speak, in behalf of the Lord.

"Excuse me a minute," he told his scanty congregation abruptly.

The preacher stalked out of the tent, was gone for a few minutes, then reappeared. Across his shoulders he carried two drunken miners; in either hand he dragged along a couple more; and bringing up the rear were six individuals, in various states of disrepair, who had looked on the wine when it was red. Smiling grimly, the minister seated the battered drunks in the front row and strode to the pulpit.

Without cracking a smile he announced, "My text for tonight's sermon will be, 'I have taken the Lord's way, for it is the way of peace and good will.'" He paused and added, "And if those drunken bums in the front row try to walk out on me, I'll lambaste them within an inch of their ornery lives, so help me!"

IN TOMBSTONE, Arizona, court was in session, and a fancy lawyer from back East summed up his case before the jury. The man had spoken with great eloquence, but it was a moot point whether the judge, jury, and others in the courtroom had understood words of such length and obscurity. At this juncture, a burro beneath a window of the courtroom set up an incessant braying, and Marcus A. Smith, attorney for the opposition, sprang to his feet.

"Your Honor," he interjected gravely, "I object."

"On what grounds?" the judge asked.

"Because it is unfair for both attorneys for the opposition to speak at the same time!"

The burro stopped braying, the fancy lawyer grew red in the face, and the summation was finished abruptly.

In Tombstone, also, a man was considerably shot up in a street brawl one day. When the coroner's physician arrived and examined the remains, he announced judicially, "I find that the body assays rich in lead, but it's too badly punctured to hold whiskey!"

A bit robust and callous? Think nothing of it. Two lifelong friends, named Bradshaw and McIntyre, were business partners in Tombstone. One day Bradshaw entered a local haberdashery and bought a black, green, and red striped shirt that was so loud even the canine population yapped in a frenzy of fear at the sight of the garment. Clad in this resplendent garb. Bradshaw paraded proudly up and down Allen Street, and soon attracted the attention of nearly everyone in town.

At the time, the early Eighties, a popular song was entitled, *Where Did You Get That Hat?*, and instantly the ditty was altered to fit the occasion. When hilarious citizens began singing, "Where Did You Get That Shirt?", Bradshaw had a hard time controlling his temper.

"I'll kill the next so-and-so that makes fun of my shirt!" he threatened.

McIntyre had been laughing harder than the others, and it appeared as if he could not control his mirth. Pointing a finger at his partner, McIntyre sputtered, "Where in hell *did* you get that awful shirt?"

Highly indignant that his own partner should poke fun at him, Bradshaw

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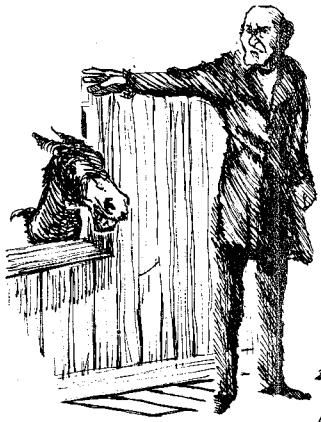

Frontier humor often packed as much kick as frontier whiskey and it took a pretty rugged character to take either one straight

completely lost his head. Drawing his gun, he shot McIntyre through the mouth, which happened to be wide open with glee. Tombstone took a philosophical view of the killing, as exemplified by the remark of a bystander.

"Brad was a bit too handy with his gun," this individual stated, "but Mac ain't got nothin' to complain about. He took his trip to the pearly gates enjoyin' a good joke an' nearly splittin' his sides from laughin'."

Miss Nellie Cashman, who ran the Russ House at Fifth and Tough Nut Streets in Tombstone, was so admired and respected that to the miners her slightest wish was law. One night at supper Miss Nellie served beans to a drummer, and he at once loudly and rudely demanded that she produce something more fitting for his cultivated taste. Beans were all right for thick-headed miners but he was accustomed to better things.

A bearded miner rose from the table, unlimbered his artillery and stepped over to where the drummer sat. Shoving the six-gun under the salesman's ear, the miner stared down at him menacingly.

"Eat them beans, stranger," he ordered coldly, "and like every damned one of them!"

Let it be said in passing that the drummer ate the beans to the last one, hastily and apparently with great gusto.

STILL ANOTHER incident had its beginning in Tombstone. An Easterner bought a burro and shipped it to Philadelphia for his small son to ride. The receiving clerk in the express office, who had never seen a burro, noted the word on the bill of lading, but he supposed his colleague in Tombstone had misspelled it. In checking over carefully the consignment from Tombstone, he found no article of furniture and wired a report to the clerk in the Arizona city that read, "One bureau short, one jackass over. Please advise."

In Dodge City, Kansas, Marshal Wyatt Earp dozed on a bench in front of his hotel. A ragtag nester came out of an alley with a moth-eaten saddle under his arm, and the marshal opened one eye to examine the seedy individual. You can imagine Wyatt's surprise and indignation when the nester threw the saddle on the back of Midnight, the marshal's black horse, and calmly proceeded to cinch it up.

"Hey!" Wyatt shouted. "That's my horse you're saddling, mister."

The nester stared at Midnight in astonishment, and rubbed his stubbly chin.

"Your hoss?" he said, as if greatly surprised. "Well, if'n that don't take the rag off'n the bush! All the time, I thought it was my nag, Sally."

Removing the saddle from Midnight, the nester threw it on the back of an old white mare, the sorriest horse tied at the rack.

"Yes, sir," he went on affably, "I thought I was saddlin' Sally. They shore look alike, don't they?"

The nester rode out of town on his stumbling old nag, after having nearly succeeding in appropriating the horse of Wyatt Earp, one of the most alert and efficient marshals Dodge City ever had.

Landusky, Montana, was wild, woolly and uncurried, and its citizens were as rough and tough as their town. Pike Landusky and a man known as Red Tompkins were at odds, and generally engaged in a fist fight every time they chanced to meet. One night when the two arch-enemies came face to face in Bailey's Saloon, they backed off like two strange tomcats meeting themselves coming around the corner of a barn. After calling each other a few choice names, they let fly and indulged in a regular Pier Six brawl.

Entertainment was scarce in Landusky, and everyone appeared to be enjoying the fight except one drunken cowboy at the bar. He stared at the combatants with a jaundiced eye and made uncouth noises with his tongue.

"Aw, g'wan!" he bellowed. "Neither of you can fight your way out of a paper sack!"

Immediately, by mutual consent, Pike and Red ceased socking each other and converged on the cowboy. After giving him the beating of his life and throwing him out in the street, they resumed their pastime of butting each other's brains out.

KURT WALLER, a notorious killer and hold-up man, was inordinately proud of his black broadcloth suits, and was never sadder than when one of them became soiled. One day in 1889, clad in his best, Waller held up a stagecoach which he thought was carrying a gold shipment from Tombstone to Benson. Kurt ordered the driver to raise his hands, and was promptly obeyed, but the shotgun messenger, hidden in a pile of blankets on top of the coach, popped up and threw down on the bandit with a sawed-off shotgun.

To the messenger's surprise, the outlaw dropped his gun and elevated his hands high.

"Don't shoot," he said calmly. "I'm Kurt Waller."

"Hah . . . yellow, like all the rest of your kind," the messenger sneered.

"You are mistaken, my good man," Waller said haughtily.

"Then why didn't you cut loose at me?"

"Are you crazy? And have my new suit messed up by that shotgun?"

Ben Moses, caught stealing a sack of gold dust in a Dallas, Texas, express office, was lodged in jail and brought to trial. Ben had committed a number of successful robberies and he hired Lewis Sargent, an attorney, to defend him.

At the trial Sargent proved himself to be one of the most persuasive pleaders ever heard in that neck of the woods. During the course of his impassioned appeal, Sargent drew tears from one and all. Ben Moses, a poor, innocent victim of circumstances, was in the toils of the law, Sargent said, because of the inefficiency and myopic vision of the arresting officers.

The jury did not even leave the box to render a verdict of not guilty. Everyone was satisfied that justice had been done, and Moses was the most impressed of all.

Later, when a friend asked pointedly if he had actually stolen the sack of gold dust, Ben grinned a bit smugly. "Well, now," he replied, "before the trial I recalled being in the express office and trying to go south with the sack of sugar. But when Mr. Sargent got up in court and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was nowhere near the express office, I knew that it must have been some other feller and I was as innocent as an unhatched mosquito!"

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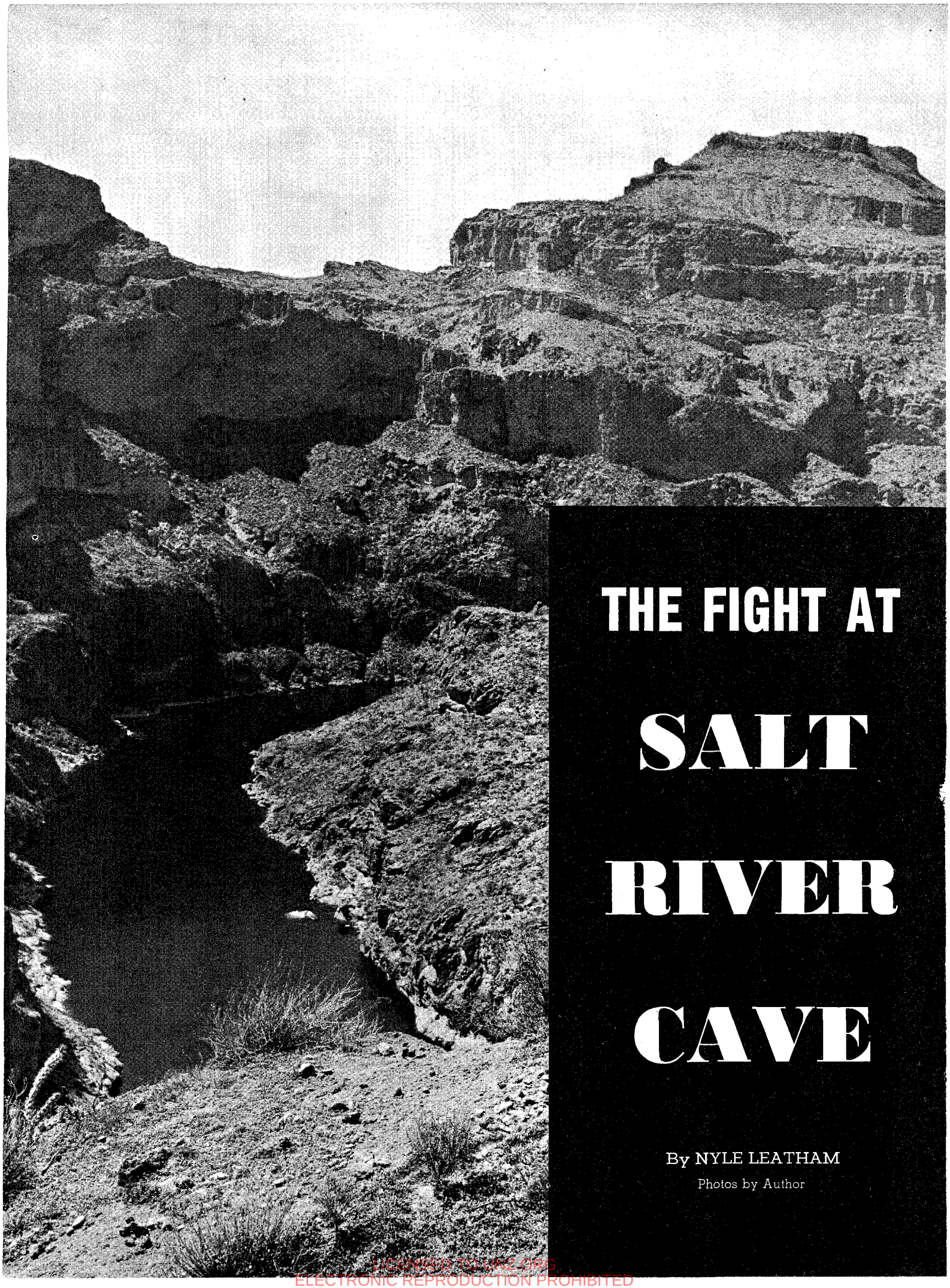

THE FIGHT AT SALT RIVER CAVE

By NYLE LEATHAM

Photos by Author

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From a secret cave on the Salt River the Apaches laughed as they eluded the soldiers until that fateful day their laughs turned to screams of death and the hiding place became a tomb

IN THE WINTER of 1872 the campaign against the Apaches was on in earnest. Bands of fierce warriors had raided the valleys of the Salt and Gila Rivers in southern Arizona and then vanished into the rugged Tonto Basin country.

General George Crook, military commander of Arizona Territory, was respected by the Indians because he kept his word and treated them fairly (an uncommon practice in that day), but the Apaches had traditionally made their living by warfare and they were not to be changed overnight. Crook had promised a devastating retaliation if attacks on the settlements continued and the Indians left him no choice but to order his troops into the field. His plan was for detachments from the different forts to drive into the heart of Apache country converging on Tonto Basin, then to work their way out in different directions sweeping all before them.

The Apaches knew every rock and cactus that existed in the maze of canyons but Crook's strategy included an answer to that. The soldiers were guided by Indian scouts some of whom were themselves Apache warriors dedicated to bringing peace to their people in a white man's world by helping to subjugate renegade bands.

It was a bleak Christmas Day when two detachments of troops met and joined forces somewhere in the vicinity of the present site of Roosevelt Dam. Major Brown with his two companies of Fifth Cavalry and thirty Apache scouts had come over the freezing heights of the Pinal Mountains from Camp Grant to the south. They had already had several brushes with the enemy and accomplished part of their assigned mission by destroying the village of Chuntz, though the occupants had escaped.

Captain James Burns was in command of the other force which consisted of forty enlisted men and nearly one hundred scouts from the Pima Tribe. In six days' march from Camp McDowell to the west, they too had seen action, having destroyed an Apache *rancheria* high on the slopes of Four Peaks Mountain. In the fight six Apaches were killed and two, a squaw and a small boy, captured. The woman was sent into Camp McDowell but the boy remained with the soldiers and became a great favorite. They called him "Mike Burns" after the Captain, and in later years he was sent to school.

On the evening of December 27, 1872, Major Brown briefed his officers on the main object of the expedition. It had long been known that somewhere in the canyon of the Salt River the Apaches had a concealed hiding place. An Apache scout named Nantaje had volunteered the information to General Crook that he had once lived in a cave which fitted the description.

He had agreed to lead the soldiers there but on his own terms. Only the most able men were to make the attack, carrying little except their arms and extra ammunition. The trip over the ridge of the Mazatzal Range and the descent into the gorge was to be made at night on foot with each man wearing moccasins to insure a minimum of noise.

It was not without misgivings that the major and his picked men set out along the treacherous trail, knowing only too well how vulnerable was their position if discovered or if Nantaje were leading them into a trap. Anxiety increased when the scouts discovered what appeared to be a very fresh human footprint on the trail. Upon striking a light under a blanket and closely examining the track, it proved to be that of a great bear, but the relief felt then did not last long, for lights were seen ahead in the canyon.

Scouts soon returned to report finding a freshly vacated camp. Whether the soldiers had been seen was not known but there was little now to do but go on. To the soldiers on the dangerous trail the journey into the gloom of the canyon must have seemed a descent into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

AS THE MEN neared their objective, Nantaje advised Major Brown to send some of his best shots on ahead because a smaller party would have a better chance to approach undetected. Fifteen volunteers led by Lieutenant William J. Ross accompanied the Indian. Moving cautiously around the face of the cliff the advance party came upon a weird scene. High upon the precipitous canyon wall, perhaps 200 feet below the crest, was the indentation of a wide but shallow cave. Before the cave in a narrow open space, a party of warriors danced around a small fire, their shadows making monstrous contortions against the overhanging cliffs. It was a party of raiders just returned from the Gila settlements. A few squaws had been aroused to prepare food while the men performed a dance of ablution as prescribed by their religion.

It was easy to see how the band of Nanni-chaddi had so often been able to elude pursuit and from the security of this retreat, laugh silently as they watched the frustrated soldiers struggle through the rugged canyon below.

Ross and his men crept in quietly to within a few yards of the cave while the Apaches remained intent on their singing. There was a whispered command: ready! aim! fire! Six of the dancers died in that deadly point-blank fire. The others in complete panic retreated to the rear of the cave which was now to become their tomb.

Not far away the main command heard the volley. In the confines of the canyon and the still of the night, it sounded to them as thundrous as a battery of six-pounders. Aware only that contact had been made but having no idea what the situation might be, Major Brown immediately ordered Captain Bourke to hurry ahead with the first forty men of the column as reinforcements. It was great good luck that none of these fell to their death in the scramble around the near vertical mountainside but they successfully joined forces with Ross, bottling up the Apaches before they had recovered sufficiently to mount a counterattack.

Soon the remainder of the command arrived and took up secure positions. Half were posted in flanking positions behind rocks thirty or forty yards back from the cave. The others formed a second line fifty yards below. Just as Major Brown arrived on the scene, one of the Pima scouts died, a victim of his own bravado. In disregard of orders he exposed himself and was instantly shot and killed by an Apache sharpshooter in the cave.

Then the soldiers heard a shout of defiance from beyond the right flank and turning saw a single warrior outlined against the graying sky. One of the Apaches had slipped through the rocks from the cave and thinking himself at a safe distance stopped to throw back a few taunts before making good his escape. The soldiers knew if a single messenger got away to alarm other scattered bands, they would have to fight their way out of the mountains foot by foot. Blacksmith John Cahill raised his rifle in a flash and fired. The figure on the high rock crumpled in death.

Once certain that his men were well placed, Major Brown directed interpreters to offer surrender to the garrison in the cave. Twice they did so and each time the answer was a shout of derision. Then the Apaches were called upon to send out their women and children for whom there was an assurance of kind treatment. Again there were taunts and insults and the answer that the Apaches would fight to the death rather than surrender—that it would be the soldiers who would furnish a feast for the vultures!

FOR A SHORT while there was quiet while each side took stock. The Apaches were very well supplied and in an excellent defensive position. A natural rock wall about ten feet high dropped off from the outer edge of the floor of the cave into a steep sloping gully. A frontal charge would be suicide. The soldiers were greater in number and for the moment in control of the situation but Major Brown knew the advantage was temporary. They had no supplies and the danger of reinforcements coming to aid the defenders of the cave would increase by the hour. The situation called for immediate and drastic action.

The major then had an idea. The men

(Continued on page 60)

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BUTTE'S NIGHT OF HORROR

WILLIAM RUTLEDGE, III

THE MOST tragic night in the annals of the boom that exploited the "World's Richest Hill" into a copper bonanza was headlined by newspapers in January, 1895, as "Butte's Night of Horror."

About nine o'clock on the sub-zero January evening, the fire department was called to a blaze in the warehouse district on the southern outskirts. Soon the Butte Hardware and Kenyon-Connell warehouses were in flames and every fireman and every piece of equipment was on the scene to battle the conflagration.

Less than an hour after the first alarm, a major fire was raging and crowds of people were gathering in the area or watching from their homes on the hillsides. Suddenly a pillar of flames shot several hundred feet into the sky, billowing out much like a present-day atomic blast. It seemed to stand still for a moment; then the town was shaken by a tremendous explosion. Windows were shattered; miners workng deep in the mines felt the concussion and rushed to the shafts, thinking the explosion had occurred underground.

A second explosion, more devastating than the first, rocked the town. Bits of bodies of firemen and spectators, along with fragments of fire-fighting equipment and hardware goods within the warehouses, rained down on the town. One warehouse had been heavily stocked with dynamite for use in mining operations; the other, packed with iron plates for use in railroad construction. The combination was deadly. Pieces of metal were found as far as three miles away.

The entire southern section of Butte was engulfed. The fire chief's hat was found, drenched with blood, but his body was never located. Dismembered bodies were hurled around to such an extent that identification was impossible. Only one horse of the fire department survived and that horse became a city pet, wandering the streets as a favorite of the citizens until its death.

Estimates of the toll were fifty to sixty dead and hundreds injured, fifteen of whom were classified as critical in the Sisters' Hospital. Mayor Dugan immediately set up a relief committee and an investigation was launched as Butte began to recover. Storage of explosives within the city limits was illegal. The main storage depot of the Butte Hardware Company was outside the boundaries, but orders for explosives were filled at the main warehouses and taken to the depot until customers called for them.

PATRICK LARGEY, a prominent citizen with financial interests in the Butte Hardware Company, gave liberally of both his time and money to speed the repair and aid the injured. Arrangements were made to provide the wounded, including a miner named Thomas I. Riley, with a modest income for the remainder of their lives. But Riley, who had lost a leg, brooded and came to the decision that Largey was to blame for the disaster.

Some weeks after the explosion, Riley hobbled into Largey's bank and snarled, "I want $10,000!"

"Well, so do I," Largey replied with a professional smile.

"I mean it!" Riley roared. "You've got it! I want it! It was your dynamite that blew my leg off! I want $10,000 and I want it now!"

Largey stirred uneasily. "You're being taken care of, Riley. Go on home. You can't hold me up for $10,000!"

"You won't pay me?"

"No," Largey assured him.

"Then you'll learn how it feels!" Riley shouted, pulling a gun and firing. Largey died almost instantly. Riley was satisfied to spend the rest of his life in the state prison.

Other leading citizens received threats from victims of the blast. In view of what had happened to Largey, many rich and prominent families liquidated their interests and departed from Butte.

OLD WEST*

THE LONELY ONES

By Doris Eastman

LIFE must have been indescribably lonely for the women who accompanied their husbands to homesteads on the prairie land in what was to become North Dakota.

Even today, as you drive along a modern highway safe in the knowledge that you will be reaching a town soon, those stretches of flat prairie can touch you with a feeling of isolation.

What then of the woman who was forced to live in those vast spaces, seeing no one but her own family for days, sometimes weeks? On occasion, she would be left entirely alone when her husband went off to town to get supplies. She could stand at the door of her small home and look miles across the prairies, where often there was not even a tree to break the monotony.

Monotony was a worse enemy than the Indians because there were comparatively few Indian raids. A good many scares, however, were reported by women whose windows were suddenly darkened by a brown face pressed against the pane. Their larders were more in danger than their scalps. Robbed of their hunting grounds by the whites, Indians came to homes where, to the dismay of housewives, they would consume much of the food supply.

When there were neighbors it often turned out that they came from different countries. The English-speaking woman and the Scandinavian, for example, had difficulty in exchanging those bits of talk that a woman needs.

Little wonder that one writer speaks of coming up to a little sod shack where he saw a young woman come around the side of the house, then go in quickly and shut the door.

"This was, as everywhere on the frontier, a sign that isolation had made her timid. The etiquette of the new country was as rigid in its way as that of milady's parlor. In such cases it was the rule never to get out and go to the door, but just to sit in the buggy and shout a greeting and thus give her a chance to get over the shock of seeing somebody."

A woman on the frontier felt especially alone when one of her children became sick. (With all our modern medicines to help us and with a doctor in reach, we still find ourselves very much alone when our children are fighting for their lives.) In those early days there were several illnesses which were almost certain to end in death—typhoid, diphtheria, pneumonia. A mother, closed in her one or two-room house on the prairie with the knowledge that her child had little chance to live, was lonely indeed, even with her husband at her side. Cemeteries which dot the prairies of North Dakota have many small stones to tell the story.

THE WORK which was required to keep her home and her family going, of course, filled hours. Those crude houses did not require the elaborate house-cleaning schedule that we go through today, but even the simplest task required hard physical labor.

Diaries and letters of that early period often bear the words, "We melted snow to wash clothes." Washing clothes not only called for a strong back to bend over the tub and board but was prefaced in the summer by carrying water from a well, and in the winter by bringing snow into the house and melting it in a boiler on the range.

Then came the monumental task of drying the heavy garments. In the summer the woman had only to think about the dust storms or rain which might come up while her clothes were hanging out on the lines. In the winter she had to hang them all over the house and bear the steaming, stuffy rooms until they finally dried.

Heavy irons had to be watched carefully to see that they were taken off the stove before they became too hot and that as much ironing as possible be done before they cooled. Spring must have been the happiest time in the life of the pioneer woman who came to the Dakota prairies.

Soft spring winds melted the snowdrifts which had kept her imprisoned through the long winter, releasing her from the four dingy walls of her home. Wild flowers of Dakota were beautiful to behold and plentiful; the dark corners of her home and her soul could be enlightened with the yellow, blue and pink blossoms.

For someone who had struggled perhaps to keep just one house plant alive during the winter, this colorful display magically re-awakened the dreams with which she and her husband had come to this land. She could forget, standing amid that first profusion of wild flowers, the grimness of winter, the heat, the dust, the grasshoppers and the loneliness which would come again and again in this land she and her family hoped to make their own.—Reprinted from *The Fargo Forum.*

THE RISING PADRE OF ISLETA

By Lou L. Waid

IN AUGUST, 1960, the coffin of an unidentified priest buried for centuries below the floor of San Agustin de la Isleta, a mission fifteen miles south of Albuquerque, New Mexico, was uncovered for at least the fourth time.

A pathologist, an archeologist, a photographer and representatives of the

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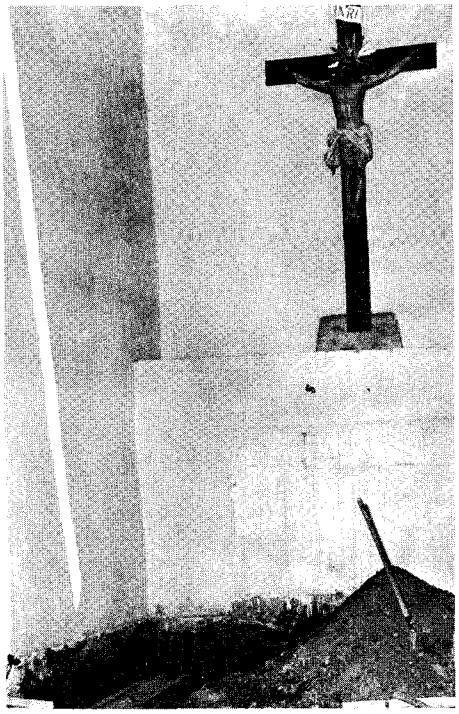

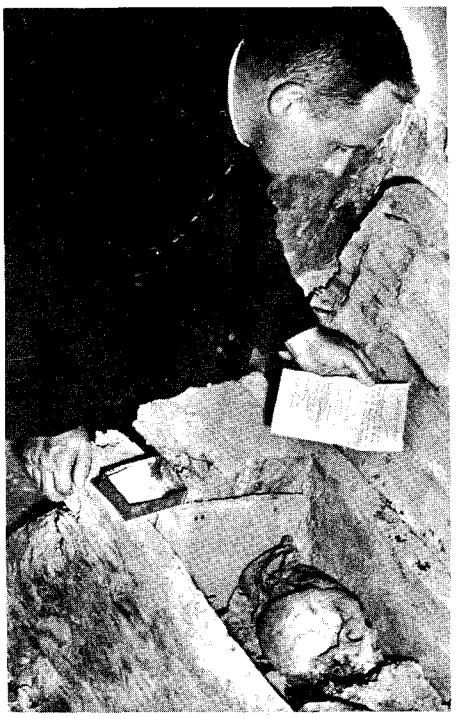

Photos courtesy the author

The century-old cottonwood coffin containing remains of the unidentified priest is shown here as it appeared when uncovered recently.

The ray of light shown on the left wall of the sanctuary in the Isleta church points to the position of the coffin and marks the time of its uncovering at 10 a.m. in the August, 1960, investigation.

Reverend Fred Stadtmueller examines the contents of a tin box found in the coffin. It contained copies of the reports of the 1895 and 1948 investigations.

Catholic Church were on hand to witness the opening of the coffin. When the lid was lifted, a portion of skull, the fragments of a priest's stole and a still partially mummified body lay in the cottonwood casket.

Three centuries of Indian legend have kept alive interest in the man buried in the Isleta church. For many years it was said that periodically the coffin pushed through the floor of the church and came into view, signifying a year of prosperity and happiness for the people of Isleta.

Until recently the legends had been somewhat forgotten but new interest was aroused when the right hand was reported as being remarkably well-preserved. (The right hand is used by a priest in bestowing blessings and giving sacraments.)

Upon investigating, the right hand, found folded across the body, showed the same decomposition as did the left. In one corner of the coffin, a small metal box revealed documents which recorded the examination of the grave in 1895 and again in 1948.

Had the padre remained underground like ordinary men, no special significance would have been attached to his grave. But the body refused to stay down and stories attributing this unusual happening to supernatural powers developed.

At first the Catholic Church believed the rising of the coffin was a tale originating in the natives' imagination. The people, however, remained firm in their belief ". . . that on a certain day the coffin in some mysterious way pushes itself up through the earth to the surface, and the remains of the saint are exposed, being very well preserved, dry as a mummy, with long dark whiskers and even with the clothing in a remarkable state of preservation. Fragments of this clothing are supposed to have worked many extraordinary cures."

Then, in the early 1800s, the Father stationed at the Isleta mission reported that the coffin ". . . by slow degrees has been raising itself up from the very depths in which it was buried so as to arrive at the surface of the earth."

The church authorized an investigation to determine the cause of the unnatural occurrence. "The body was reported . . . so flexible . . . that it lent itself to the action of extending the arms for sleeves to go on." A scar or wound was noticed on the left side, behind the ear on the lower part of the cranium. A parchment was found in the box with the numbers 177–. The body was returned to the coffin and buried in the same place.

THERE ARE no records concerning the coffin until 1889, when strange noises were heard in the church on Christmas Eve. The natives said it sounded like someone kicking on the floor. The altar moved and the frightened Indians rushed pell-mell out of the church.

Disturbed by such wild tales, Archbishop Chapelle named a second commission to investigate. In 1895 Father Docher of Isleta with a group of citizens and a Catholic commission met to disturb the rising padre once more. The same cottonwood box was uncovered close to the surface. As before, "the body was found in a mummified state . . . and around his neck what appeared to be a stole of a purple color, is in a very good state of preservation."

Unable to understand why the body was in such good condition and at a loss to explain the coffin's repeated trips to the surface, the commission called on natives to verify old stories.

Diego Abeyta "whose age appeared to be ninety years" was recorded as saying that when he was yet a young man the body of the Father came out of the ground and a wake was held for one whole night before it was buried anew. The cadaver was then complete and held a book in its hands.

José Chihuihui, aged fifty, said that when he was a young man ". . . the body had come up above the ground and he saw it complete and dry."

From these testimonies and the words of the priests, there seems little doubt that the coffin actually rises but no investigation has answered why. Neither has anyone been able to account for the mummified condition of the body.

Theories have been offered to scientifically explain these mysteries. One explains that the Rio Grande, which now flows on the west side of the pueblo, at one time branched during extremely wet years and surrounded Isleta. Perhaps the changing water level pushed the coffin up farther each year until it reached ground level.

Other authorities argue that this is not the answer, because in 1928 Father Anton Docher was buried next to the legendary rising coffin in the sanctuary of the church. Father Docher's body, exposed to the same conditions and in the same soil, has never been known to rise.

The natives have their own answer. They say that the padre continues to rise because he cannot find rest after suffering a violent death. Who is buried there and what kind of death did he suffer? No one can be sure.

Friar Francisco Padilla, who accompanied Coronado's expedition into New Mexico in 1540, was set upon by hostile Indians and killed. For many years the Indians of Isleta claimed that this was the man buried in their church. It would have had to have been a good deal later, for there was no church in Isleta until 1613. *(Continued on page 56)*

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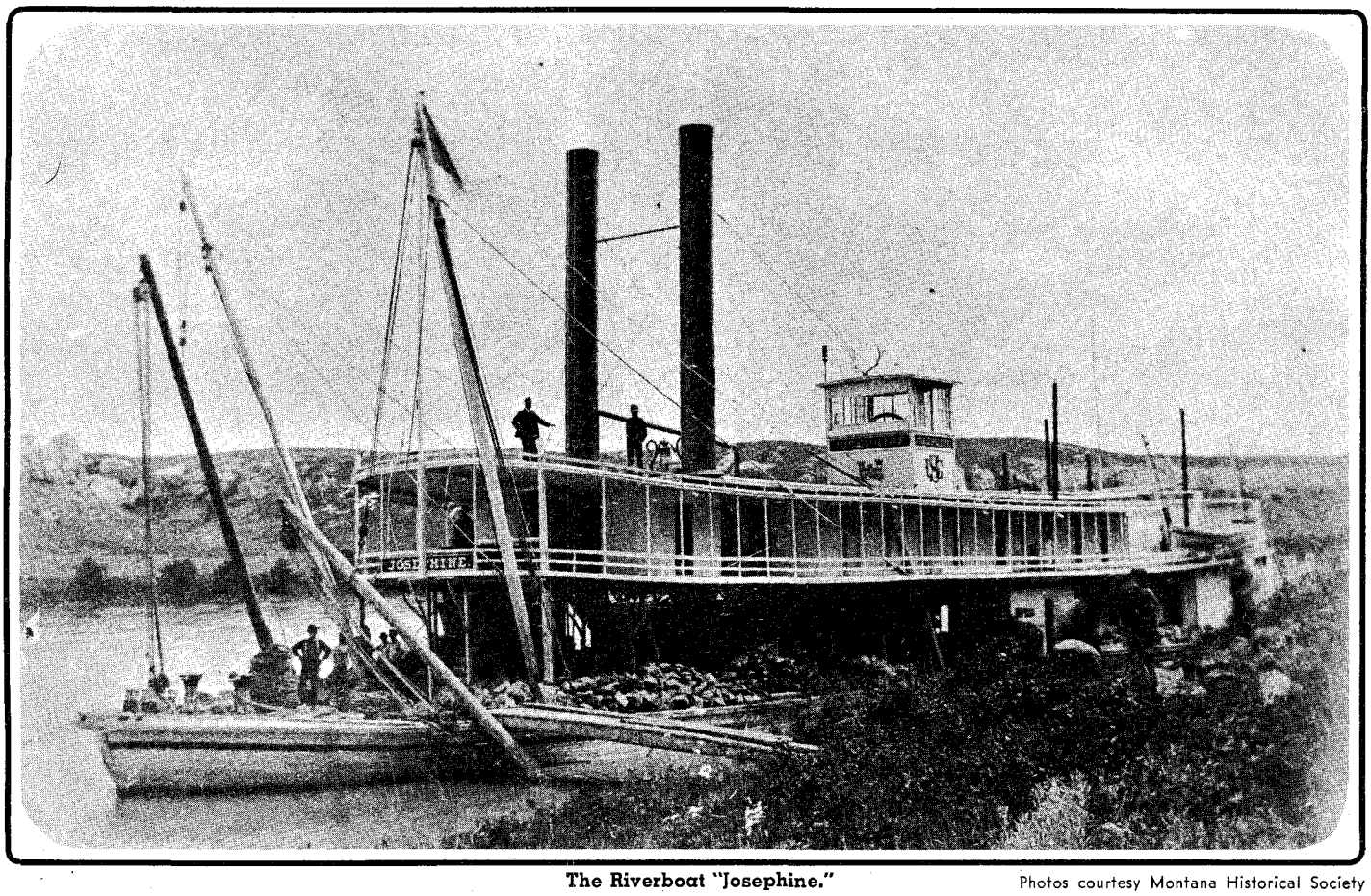

The Riverboat "Josephine." Photos courtesy Montana Historical Society

SIEGE AT FORT PEASE

By FRED B. CLARKE

At the little stockade a handful of men held out for eight months. Just 250 miles away were soldiers, ammunition, food—but in between there were Sioux watching and picking them off one by one.

IN THE EARLY Seventies Montana Territory was a great expanse 600 miles from east to west and 300 miles from north to south. Mountains filled the west where the search for gold had lured many adventurous men; the eastern portion was rich prairie land interspersed with turbulent rivers. There great numbers of buffaloes, wolves, beaver and other fur-bearing animals made it truly a trapper's paradise. There were no white inhabitants living between Fort Ellis, near the little village of Bozeman, Montana, and Fort Buford in Dakota, some 600 miles away.

In 1874, Major F. D. Pease, a former government agent for the Crow Indians on the Missouri; Z. H. Daniels, a trader; and Paul McCormick, who was interested in cattle and freighting, decided upon an expedition into Sioux country to trade with the Indians and hunt and trap for hides and furs.

Whether the Sioux would greet the party with war or peace was a somewhat doubtful question, but Major Pease, relying upon his experience with the Indians, was of the opinion that they would not be hostile. In the event his expectations in this regard proved true, the trade in buffalo robes was certain to be brisk, and profits from the venture enormous. To minimize the danger if the Sioux proved hostile, Major Pease in 1874 departed via Salt Lake City for Washington to arrange with the Government to send soldiers up the Missouri and then up the Yellowstone River to meet the expedition. The War Department agreed to cooperate.

In the early spring of 1875 Grant Marsh, Captain of the steamboat *Josephine*, was ordered to take aboard two companies of soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Forsyth, to proceed from Fort Buford in Dakota up the Missouri, then up the Yellowstone as far as navigation would permit. Marsh reached a point about four miles above the present town of Billings, Montana, 483 miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone where they tied the steamboat to a large cottonwood tree on the south side of the river and awaited the Pease expedition.

After ten days during which the water in the river kept getting lower, a conference was held by the officers and a decision made to return to Fort Buford in what is now western North Dakota. Captain Marsh ordered that the name of the boat and the date be carved on the cottonwood and for years it was known as the "Josephine Tree."

IN JUNE the Pease party of twenty-eight crossed the range from Bozeman to Benson's Landing, three miles below the present town of Livingston. There they built three boats. Some of the men rode horseback, others kept to the boats, but they met each night for camp. Their trip was made without great mishap except two boats were overturned and part of their trading goods as well as some ammunition was lost.

The men had been delayed in build-

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ing their boats. When Major Pease and Paul McCormick reached the Josephine Tree, the steamboat with the troops had already started on its return trip to Fort Buford. The inscription blazed on the tree trunk made known to the little party that they had been thrown entirely on their own resources.

The self-reliant band and its leaders saw no reason for abandoning their enterprise, and the boats proceeded down the Yellowstone. Near the mouth of the Big Horn River, now known as Pease Bottom, about 250 miles from Fort Ellis, they came upon a large Indian camp.

They learned later that it was made up of the squaws and families of 250 Sioux braves who were carrying on a campaign against the Crows. At the time, however, this was not known, and the party hastily landed and entrenched on the north side of the river. Next morning to their surprise, the Indian camp had disappeared. The unprotected women had been more frightened than the white men.

Pease and his partners decided they had proceeded far enough into Sioux country and selected a site for a stockade on the north side of the river, five miles below the juncture of the Big Horn River. Not knowing how soon the Sioux might return, or in what frame of mind they would come, the party worked feverishly.

The men put up an 8-foot wall, a double thickness of logs enclosing 18 inches of dirt around a 100-foot square and built houses to shelter them and their stores inside the enclosure. The fort was built a short distance from the river, 100 yards from the timber, and about three-fourths of a mile from the bluffs which they frequently used as a lookout station.

Two days after the fort was finished, Major Pease, accompanied by two men, left at night by boat determined either to overtake the troops or to go down the Missouri and on to Chicago in an effort to secure military aid. This threw the responsibility of leadership upon McCormick, who bore the title of "Commander of the Fort." Paul McCormick raised the American flag over the stockade which was called "Fort Pease" in honor of the Major, and mounted a cannon on a platform atop one corner.

THE TINY fortress was nearing completion when the Sioux braves, having successfully routed their Crow enemies, returned to join the rest of the band. Their approach was not noticed by the workers at the stockade, but one can imagine that the Indians were filled with consternation to find the squaw camp abandoned and a party of white men in the neighborhood. However, they made no immediate attack.

The first intimation of their arrival those at the stockade had, came that night when McKinsey, on guard, saw two Indians crawling through the sagebrush. McKinsey lost his head and fired a shot at the approaching redskins.

This shot is spoken of as probably one of the causes of the Sioux War which led to the annihilation of Custer's Seventh Cavalry. The two Indians instantly discharged their guns at the stockade and retreated. That marked the beginning of a siege that lasted eight months and resulted in the deaths of five men, as well as the wounding of nine others. The loss of life, the great suffering, the hardships and dangers endured by the survivors never could be forgotten.

The garrison lay awake all night prepared for an attack that never came. The next morning no sign of Indians could be seen, and McCormick decided to ride out and size up the situation. He suggested going alone but his friend, Jim Edwards, insisted on accompanying him. The two men left the stockade and rode out across the valley. As they followed a buffalo trail they half carelessly and half seriously discussed the best plan of defense in case they encountered hostile Sioux.

"If they surround you and you can't get away," advised Edwards, "lean over and shoot your horse behind the ear and then stand them off from behind his body." When the actual event took place a few minutes later, this scheme played no part in the actions of the two men.

They were about three-quarters of a mile from the stockade, riding through thick sagebrush that rose to the sides of their horses. Suddenly McCormick stopped with an exclamation. He had seen fresh tracks of unshod horses across the path.

"We'd better go slow; the Indians have been here this morning." The two men glanced around apprehensively, but perfect peace and solitude seemed to reign as far as they could see.

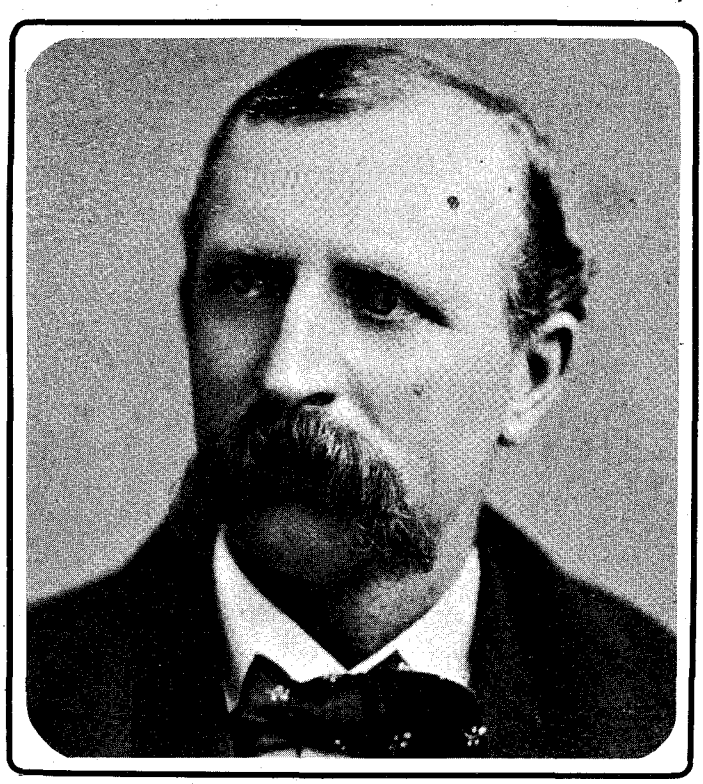
At that moment an Indian jumped up not twenty feet ahead of Edwards and fired point-blank at him, the bullet striking him in the breast. Immediately afterward Indians sprang up as though by magic in a long line on both sides of the two men. McCormick and Edwards had gone almost to the toe of a horseshoe-shaped ambuscade.

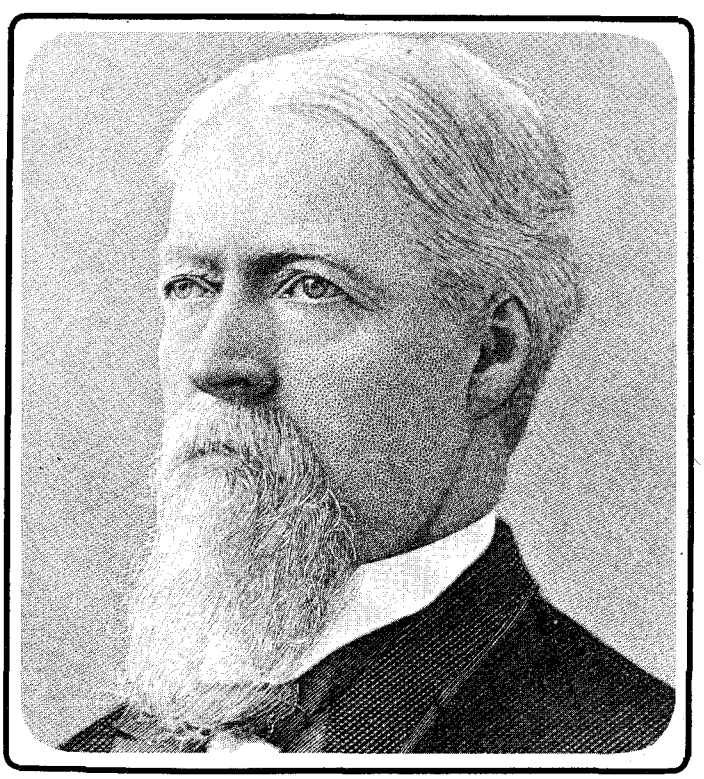
McCORMICK'S life was saved by the action of his horse. Startled, the animal reared up and fell backward, carrying his rider to the ground out of range of the first fearful volley. Edwards stuck to the saddle, and his horse wheeled and ran toward the stockade. Most of the Indians followed. When his body was found he had been scalped and even his beard had been taken. There were nine bullets in his back.

As McCormick's horse scrambled to his feet, the rider clung to him and managed to gain a place on the frightened animal's back just behind the saddle. An Indian pointed a gun at him from a distance of a few feet, but the bullet missed its mark although the powder burned McCormick's face. Several others shot directly at him and also missed.

(Continued on page 55)

At left, Major Pease, leader of the ill-fated expedition, and Paul McCormick who became commander of the fort when the Major rode out for help.





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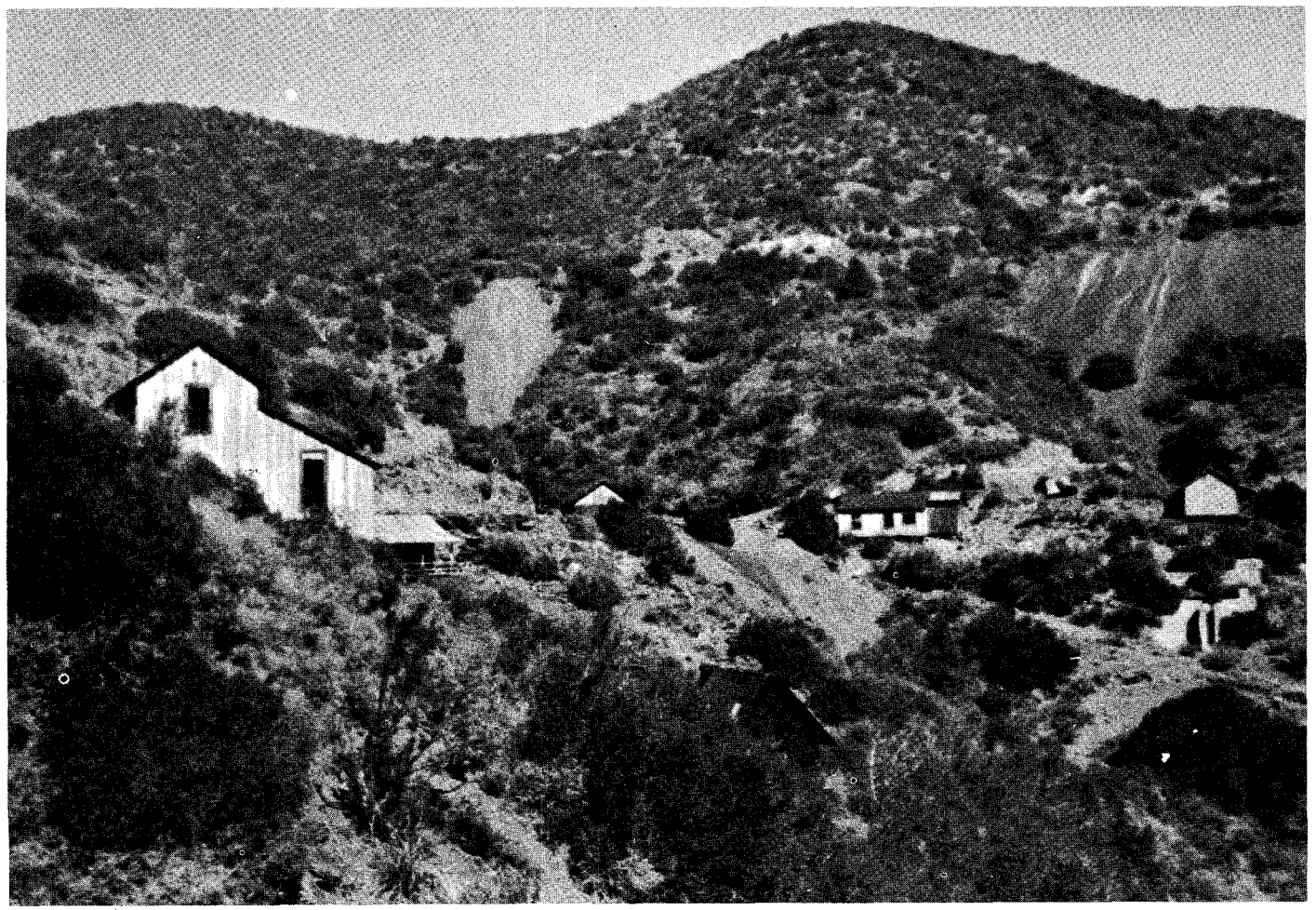

Alexandra with the old Swastika Mine in the distance.

ALEXANDRA

By TOM BARKDULL

Photos by author

First in a series of little-known ghost towns untrammeled by tourists and weekend explorers. Directions are clear and all you need is a four-wheel drive, stamina and a longing for yesterday

PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY on the steep slope of Peck Canyon in Arizona's Bradshaw Mountains broods the old and forgotten town of Alexandra. Named after the wife of one of the owners who laid out the townsite, Alexandra flourished as a mining community during that lusty era from 1878 to 1896.

Today there remain eleven of the ancient houses which eighty years ago were bright with light, gay with laughter, and warm with human companionship. Their windows are now gone and their doors hang from rusty hinges. The whispering wind scampers across the verandas, through the open doors, and rustles the faded wallpaper in the empty rooms.

Anchored to the side of the canyon, and accessible down a flight of rickety wooden steps, the pride of the village still stands. Vacantly but proudly this house gazes with reminiscence over the worked-out mines below. It will probably be your favorite, as it is mine, with its wide roofed porch hanging dizzily but securely a sheer thirty feet above the canyon floor. From this porch you will enjoy a panoramic view unsurpassed anywhere in the state. For a hundred miles there is nothing to mar the beauty of the mountains and high desert until they merge into the haze of the far distant horizon.

The mines are dead—the miners are gone—but near the center of town three tunnels still open into the canyon wall. These are all that remain of the operation which reportedly produced over $1,000,000 in silver for its owners. Twisted, buckled, narrow gauge rails lead into these portals and disappear into the gloom.

Alexandra lies a mile off the road between Mayer and Crown King. Four and a half miles after passing through Cleator, look to your right; high on the mountain slope, near the horizon, the old buildings are clearly visible. Attempt the rocky and rugged road to the actual townsite only if you are equipped with four-wheel drive. For those who do go all the way, I promise an unequaled glance into Arizona's romantic past.

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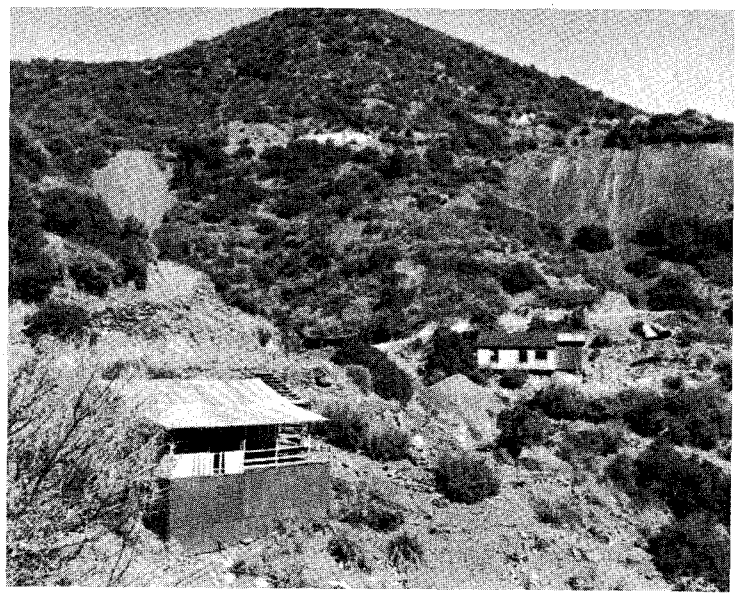
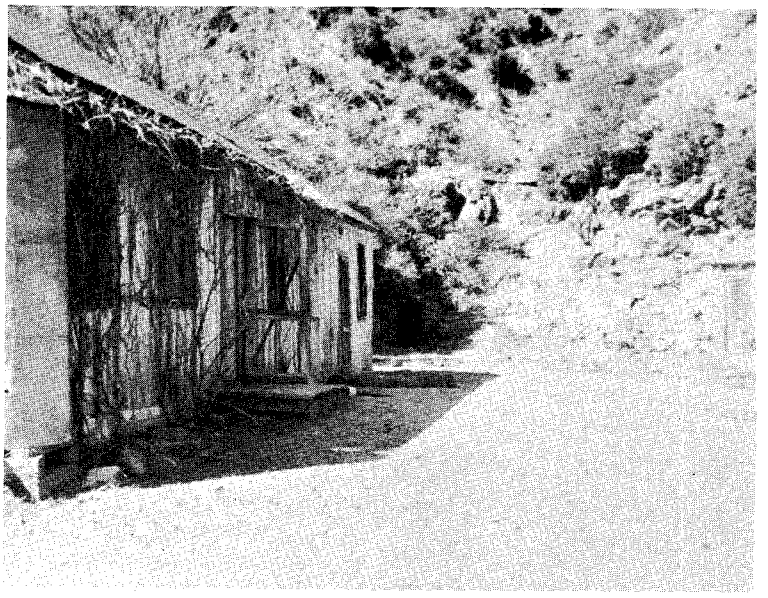
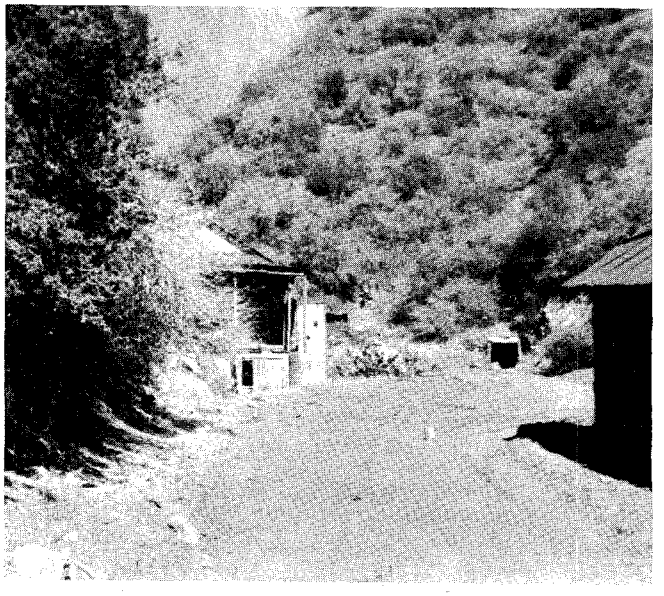


The house in the foreground is the one with the marvelous view. Below, looking northeasterly from the porch.

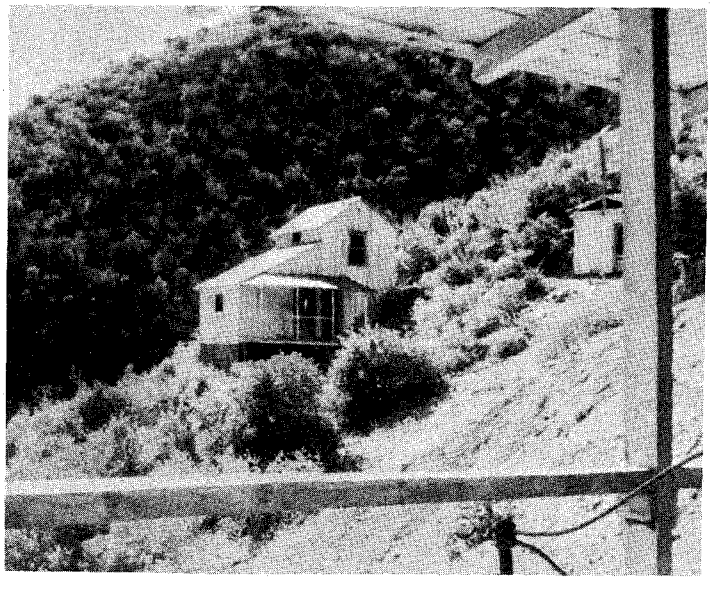


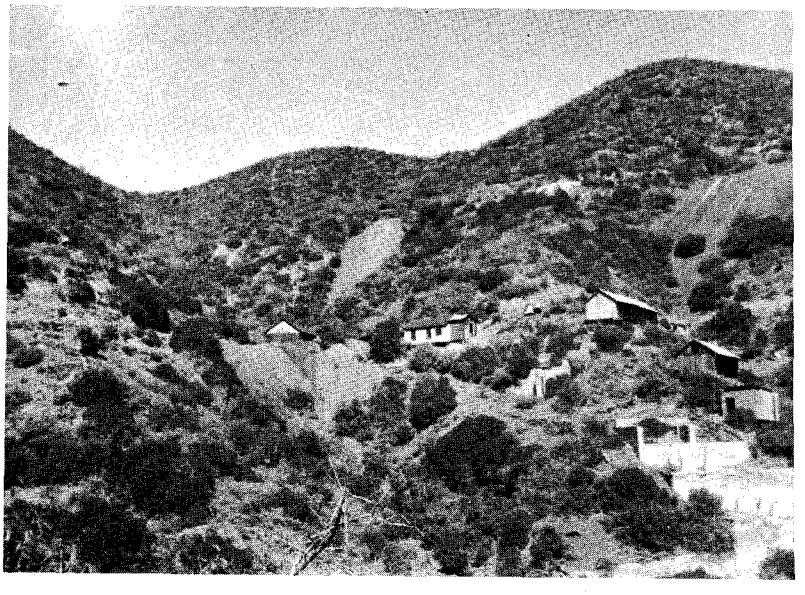
An old store building in Alexandra. Note tunnel portal just to the right beyond the store. A once busy street (below) is now silent and deserted.

A view of the neighboring house as seen from the porch above.



Another view of Alexandra with foundations that bear mute evidence to a thriving past.





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John S. Chisum

Cattle Kings

(Continued from page 12)

those who put up this enormous sum were the Earl of Aberdeen, Quintin Hogg, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord Thurlow, Edward M. Denney, Henry Setton Karr, and Sir William Ewart. The capital was, in reality, a loan, and the Americans never surrendered control of the ranch. During the life of the indebtedness, directors' meetings were held in London. The last of the debentures were paid off in 1909.

THE NEW state house was completed in May, 1888. The Syndicate had expended $3,224,594.45 on a beautiful structure 566.6 feet long, 288 feet wide and 311 feet in height.

The State of Texas gave the Capitol Land Syndicate a deed to the remainder of the 3,000,000 acres in 1888. Its home office was in Chicago where John V. Farwell was the general manager. B. H. Campbell, a cattleman of Wichita, Kansas, was employed as manager of the ranch. He was known throughout the state as "Barbecue" Campbell because of his brand which was "B Q."

Campbell began buying cattle with which to stock the ranch. When the time came to select a brand, numerous suggestions were considered. The object was to secure a brand that rustlers could not work into something else. Ab Blocker, who came north from Fort Concho with a herd of cows he had sold to the Syndicate, suggested the XIT. Most of the brands suggested were discarded when the cowboys could forsee the many ways thieves might burn them over. They struck a snag, though, when they tried XIT.

When Campbell saw how nearly impossible it was to convert this brand into something else he decided it was the best. Years after the ranch was founded, someone discovered that XIT could be made into a five-pointed star with a cross in the center, but there are few men today who can do it, even after knowing what to try. XIT is one brand rustlers rarely burned into something else successfully.

Most of the cows for stocking the ranch were bought from stockmen along the Colorado and Concho Rivers on terms that required their delivery at Yellow House Canyon near a spring that had been a camp for buffalo hunters.

Texas men were accustomed to roping and throwing cattle to brand them. Barbecue, however, built a chute, packed the cows into it so tightly they could only squirm, and branded them standing up. A straight bar about five inches long was pressed against the side of the bawling animal five times in making the brand. After the cattle were counted and branded, they were taken farther north and loose herded a few days. Since water was more plentiful in the north, the first herds went to Buffalo Springs and the Canadian River region.

A few cattle were bought from Colorado and Kansas ranchers, but most of the stock were Texas Longhorns. Buffalo Springs, near where Dalhart now stands, and Yellow House Spring near the present town of Littlefield, became headquarters of the first two divisions on the ranch.

The Syndicate bought 20,000 cows the first year and by 1886 had bought or contracted for 110,721 head of cattle. It was soon found that the ranch would not support Babcock's estimate of 300,000 head, but there were between 125,000 and 150,000 on the ranch during the decade following 1886. Cowboys were hired from the trail, and approximately 150 men were employed in the early days, the number being reduced a little when the ranch was fenced.

At first other ranchers had as many cattle on the XIT range as the company did. There was little natural protection for the stock, and cows drifted badly when blizzards swept across the plains.

Fencing a ranch of this size was a big undertaking. Bill Metcalf got the contract for the north and west side and cut most of the posts in the Canadian brakes a short distance east of the XIT. Barbed wire was hauled from Springer, New Mexico, the nearest railway point, 175 miles to the west. Metcalf built 260 miles of fence.

J. M. Shannon put up most of the fence on the south and east sides of the ranch. He hauled his wire from Colorado City, Texas, and it cost the Capitol Land Syndicate $110 a mile to get this part of XIT enclosed. This was real fence, however, with five wires and a post every ten feet. Cross fences were built as the years went by, and by the late Nineties the great ranch was divided into 94 pastures. For fences alone, $181,000 had been spent.

THE COMPANY was still buying stock when the Farwells began to suspect that all was not right at the ranch. They sent George Findlay, a trusted employee in their drygoods business at Chicago, to investigate. Findlay could neither shoot nor ride. Many of the XIT cowboys were known to be pretty tough, and Barbecue Campbell was not afraid of the devil himself. If there were any dirty work going on at the ranch, it was almost certain that the drygoods man from Chicago would find himself in a dangerous situation, but Findlay tackled the job.

(Continued on page 44)

Old L.S. Ranch in 1884. Left to right: First man named Vivian; George Jones, with dog, later secretary to Pat Garrett; man at corner not identified; John Drufee by tree; names of first two sitting, not known; third sitting, Ed McAllister, ranch superintendent; next standing, Sam Beauford; men with arms locked, Frank Valley, Ed King and Fred Chilton . . . all three killed soon after midnight, March 22, 1886 in Old Tascosa, Texas; next two, not identified; last man, John Lang.

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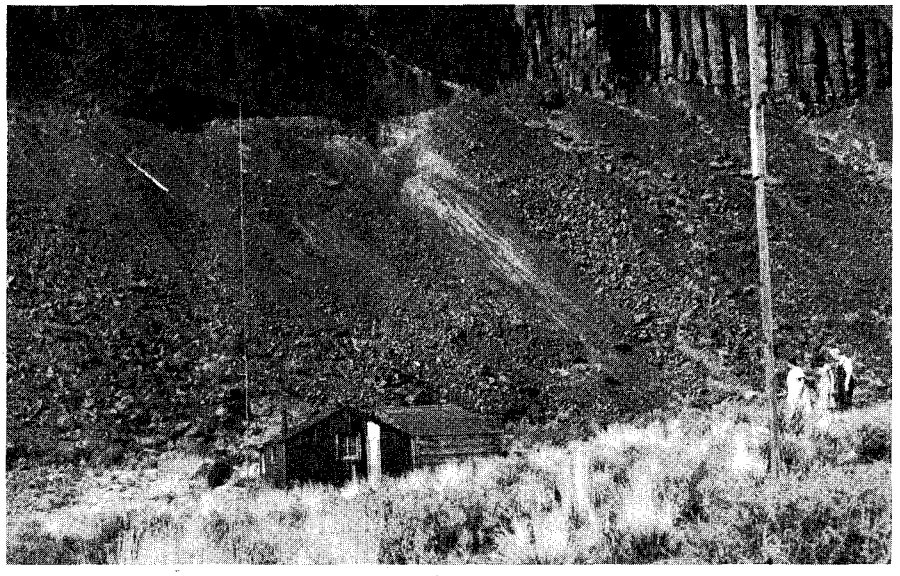

The shack above sheltered one man searching the columned cliffs for buried gold. The cave halfway up the cliff is where saddles buried in 1876 were recently found. Abandoned metal troughs (below) used to chute rock and dirt from a suspected burial spot of the treasure.

COLUMBIA RIVER GOLD

By ROBERT H. RUBY

Photos courtesy author

Someplace in the rock cliffs is a mining party's cache——unless one of them a long time ago made his way back and was able to find the particular view that served as a landmark

WANTED—Information leading to the exact location of the Columbia Basin gold treasure in the State of Washington. The reward for the finder is $85,000 on the pre-1900 market.

The repeated telling of the tale has mixed some fancy with fact but much remains of the story of the gold worked from the shores of the Fraser River and hidden among the basalt cliffs along the mid-Columbia in 1876. The treasure grave is about eight miles south of Quincy in the area of potholes resulting from irrigation of the plateau above.

The gold sacked in deerskin bags was abandoned with saddles and some personal belongings of miners out of fear of approaching Indians who were hostile.

Renegade Indians from the Northwest tribes had begun moving to the Columbia Basin in protest of white settlers' and miners' encroaching on their lands. The mining party returning to the Willamette Valley in Oregon was sensitive to the discontent of the redmen who were harassing Chinese placer miners along the shores of the Columbia.

A map was sketched showing the burial spot of the gold and belongings before the miners fled from the Indians. However, only one of the party of four men, one woman and a young girl was to return; that was the latter after she was grown and married.

MRS. ELIZA TUTTLE journeyed from Salem, Oregon, several summers in succession beginning in 1909 to search for the gold with the aid of the map her father left, and memory of the treasure's location as described by others before their deaths soon after reaching Oregon. Mrs. Tuttle's visits, financed with borrowed money, are substantially recorded and recalled by a few old-timers. She remembered her father told of standing atop the rock-columned cliff above the burial spot and observing the view of the river (recently covered by Wanapum Dam). Straight west the river view was obstructed by rock cliffs. Upstream and down, a ribbon of blue water could be seen. Since Mrs. Tuttle's visits others looking for the treasure have sought to use this as a key but have failed because numerous benches of rock cliffs give similar views.

Most people forgot about the lost treasure until one day trapper Bud Webley made a discovery. At the mouth of a cave half-way up a ledge of rock wall on the north of a cul-de-sac among the cliffs lay a leather strap from a saddle. It had been unearthed by a coyote clawing at his trap. Instantly Webley remembered the story of the gold. He dug excitedly and found other items—but no gold. However, Mrs. Tuttle had said the saddle and other items were hidden apart. How far? Webley was going to find out. With the assistance of another trapper, he dug for a season but met with no success.

The whereabouts of the map or of Mrs. Tuttle is unknown. She moved from Salem years ago. It is unlikely she found the treasure, for had she been lucky she would have undoubtedly repaid the old gentleman who financed her operations and who was in a Salem nursing home when last interviewed.

It is also unlikely that Webley found the treasure for he lived as always without any indication of wealth for the remainder of his life.

There is another facet to the story which might hold a clue. The mining party had a half-breed guide. He was the one who advised the miners that they should hide their gold and possessions to keep the Indians from taking them and to make themselves light for a getaway. Could the guide have returned for the gold?

Forgotten now is the name of the man who came to Trinidad (near Quincy) and hired William Haverlo soon after the latter had moved there in 1902 to drive him daily to the area while he searched for gold. Haverlo does not remember the man as having been aged. The Trinidad hotel owner, W. D. Van Slyke also recalled the man but not his name or address for the hotel and records had burned. Haverlo cannot remember that the visitor gave any indication of having been successful in his search.

There have always been those who felt that the treasure still lies among the rocks. A group of Wenatchee businessmen pooled their resources in the late 1930s and invested in a scientific search with detection equipment. Calculations to determine the increase in depth of sub-surface objects by soil

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Cattle Kings

(Continued from page 42)

He went to Montague, Texas, and secured the assistance of A. L. Matlock who had a reputation for fearless prosecution of cattle rustlers in that part of the state. The two men began their investigation at the Yellow House division. They found several bad characters working on the ranch and suspected that they were stealing. Cows that the company had paid a good price for were found to be stunted animals from the tick-infested region of East Texas. It was a hard job to buy 100,000 head of cattle and have all of them be first class animals, and the low grade stock that Findlay found may have only been scrubs that were almost certain to have been included in transactions of this magnitude.

Campbell and his men became angry as hornets when they found Findlay and Matlock "nosing into things." Some of them tried to start trouble, but Findlay and Matlock refused to become involved in any kind of argument. Findlay made his report to the Farwells and received a telegram to take charge of the ranch and run it as though it were his own. Campbell left for Wichita, Kansas, and most of the cowboys quit or went on a strike. Findlay discharged those who seemed unruly and started the big task of building up another organization.

THE GREAT XIT now had a drygoods merchant for a general manager. Cowboys told tales of how Findlay, watching a steer chewing its cud, declared that he knew there was something wrong with the animal because it had been chewing half an hour without taking a bite of anything! But untrained as he was, the greenhorn manager issued a set of new and stringent regulations which were posted at each division headquarters. They made it an offense punishable by discharge for any cowboy to carry a pistol, dagger or knucks. No employee was allowed to have any cattle on the ranch. No puncher could keep more than two horses of his own, and he was not allowed to feed company grain to these. Employees were forbidden to shoot antelope or capture the wild horses on the ranch. Visitors were allowed to spend only one day at a division without paying board and room. Two Texas Rangers were employed to run down cattle rustlers and to take care of any cowboys who might become too tough for the foreman to handle. The XIT ceased to be anything like a typical cow ranch. It became efficient—and it lost a lot of good will.

A. G. Boyce took over in 1887 and continued the reorganization begun by Findlay. Registered Durham, Hereford, and Polled Angus bulls were introduced to breed up the native Longhorns. The ranch was too large for one man to supervise, so it was split into seven divisions. Each had a foreman. They were Buffalo Springs, Spring Lake, Middle Water, Rito Blanco, Ojo Bravo, Escarbada, and Yellow House. The Buffalo Springs division in the extreme north consisted of 470,000 acres, while the Yellow House division in the south had 275,000 acres. Other sections ranged between these in size. In the early days of the ranch, Buffalo Springs was general headquarters.

The managers soon discovered that cows and calves did better in the South where the climate was milder. Buffalo Springs was reserved for the big steers. Cattle raised on the high, cool plateau of the Panhandle were far superior to the long, lean animals of the Gulf Coast and would put on weight when taken north to the Dakotas or Montana. Steers would make a better growth if taken north when young, and even a grown animal would put on as much as 200 pounds. The Capitol Freehold Land and Investment Company founded ranches in South Dakota and Montana. O. C. Cato was made manager of the Montana ranch; George Findlay spent most of his time trailing steers from Texas to the north.

From 25,000 to 30,000 calves were branded each year on the holdings in Texas. In addition to XIT on the right side, the year the animal was born was branded on the shoulder. The number of the division where the animal was raised was placed on the jaw. This number enabled Boyce to judge the value of the various divisions, the efficiency of the division foreman and simplified identification. The ear mark was a swallow fork in the right ear.

THE LAND of Montana belonged to the United States and was subject to homestead in small tracts—it could not be bought as in Texas. The grass on government land, however, was free to all, and the Capitol Freehold Land and Investment Company controlled the range north of Miles City by getting the watering places. Fallon was the chief shipping point for the Montana ranch.

The high, cold Buffalo Springs division of the XIT in Texas was reserved as a steer pasture. Young steers were sent there to get acclimated to the cold they were soon to encounter in the North. At first they were sent to South Dakota. Fifteen thousand head were sent to the Black Hills in 1889; the next year 10,000 were sent to a ranch between the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers in Montana. In later years the steers went to the ranch sixty miles north of Miles City. George Findlay received the cattle from Boyce in Texas and delivered them to the Montana manager, Cato.

It took three months to trail the cattle from Buffalo Springs to Miles City. The trail ran through Lamar, Colorado, and Lusk, Wyoming. Steers were usually kept on the Montana ranch two years before they were sent to the Chicago market. Cowboys on the XIT in Texas were paid $25 per month and board. Those on the trail received $35 a month.

Much of the XIT in Texas was far from water. In order that all parts of the great ranch might be grazed, numerous wells were drilled. By 1900 there were 335 wells and windmills on the ranch. The Yellow House and Spring Lake divisions became the home of the cows and calves.

Rustlers could not change the XIT brand with any success, but over along the New Mexico line they stole large calves and branded them as mavericks. They even drove XIT cows back into the hills of New Mexico and watched them until the calves were old enough to wean. Then they separated the calves from their mothers and proceeded to put their own brands on them. The Escarbada division next to the rough country of the Canadian in New Mexico suffered most from thieves.

Not without cause, the Capitol Land Syndicate accused some of its neighbors of being rustlers. The little cowmen said the XIT outfit was overbearing and trying to run the whole country. There was a lot of hard feeling and even some murders. When someone was killed or hanged back in those early days people did not talk about it. There were always friends on both sides, and discussions generally led to more trouble. Boyce finally solved the rustling problem by making the Escarbada division a steer pasture.

The Ft. Worth and Denver railway built through the XIT in 1887, and J. J. Hagerman built the Pecos Valley line from Roswell, New Mexico, to Amarillo, Texas, a few years later. Traversed by two railroads, the land was then ready for colonization. This great ranch, the largest in the world, was placed on the market in 1900 and began to break up into smaller ranches and farms. By 1903 approximately 1,500,000 acres had been sold. The largest sale was that of the Yellow House division. Major George W. Littlefield bought it for $2.00 an acre.

The last XIT cow was sold in 1912. After that date the great ranch became purely a colonization project. Offices were opened at Farwell, Texas. There Judge James D. Hamlin, with a score of assistants, engaged in converting the range land into farms. Land offices were also opened at Dalhart and at other towns that grew up on the ranch. The census of 1900 placed the inhabitants of the area at 787.

Among the rapidly growing towns on land formerly part of XIT Ranch are Dalhart, Channing, Vega, Bovina, Amherst, Olton, Muleshoe, Farwell and Littlefield. Ten counties, Dallam, Hartley, Oldham, Deaf Smith, Parmer, Castro, Bailey, Cochran, Lamb, and Hockley have taken the place of the seven divisions of the XIT.

C. C. SLAUGHTER'S LONG-S

From a Bareback Cowboy to Owner of a Million-acre Ranch

WHEN C. C. Slaughter, founder of the famous Long-S Ranch on the south part of the Staked Plains, started in the cattle business he was too poor to buy a saddle and had to ride bareback. This cowboy, who eventually owned a million acres of land and became the largest individual taxpayer in the Lone Star State, was born February 9, 1837, in Sabine County, Texas. His father, George Webb Slaughter, divided his time between farming, ranching, practicing medicine, and preaching as a circuit rider.

In 1857 the family moved to Palo Pinto, at that time on the frontier of West Texas, and started ranching with 600 head of Texas Longhorns. Indians frequently raided the community, and more than once the Reverend Slaughter took his gun along while holding services at the little Baptist church in Palo Pinto.

Christopher Columbus Slaughter, generally known as C. C., had now reached the age of twenty and was anxious to do something for himself. He bought a load of cow and buffalo hides and freighted them to Jefferson, where steamboats gave connection with the outside world. On his return, he brought merchandise that he peddled in Dallas and Palo Pinto. Profits from this and other trips were small, but it brought young Slaughter experience in salesmanship that proved valuable in future operations.

The Reverend Slaughter needed his son on the ranch, however, and soon employed him at a regular salary. The wages were small, and sometimes pay was slow. When payday finally came, C. C. debated whether he should buy a saddle or buy cattle. In the end he took a few cows and heifers for his pay.

(Continued on page 64)

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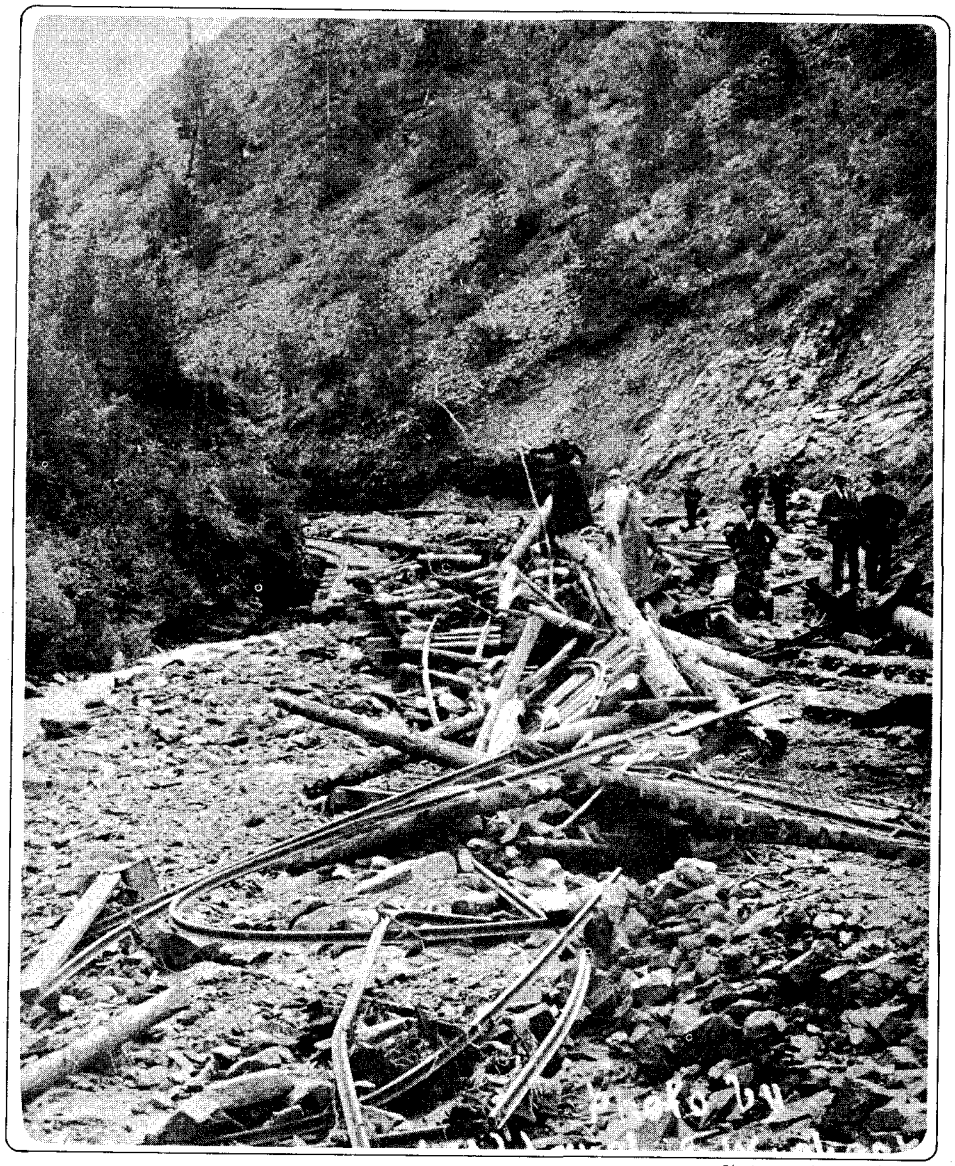

Photo courtesy Paul Talley

Deadwood Central Railroad tracks after the roaring 1890 washout by Gold Run Creek.

THE STAGEBARN CANYON FLOOD

By MILDRED FIELDER

"They barely reached the higher hills when they saw the mountain of water coming down the canyon—trees and rocks in its roiling face, houses crumbling like paper before it, timbers rushing with the churning waters like straws in a whirlpool."

JUNE 12, 1907, was cloudy in the morning but not threatening at first. When the rain began Ed Boylan brought his team from the field where he had been re-seeding from alfalfa to oats, unharnessed them, and turned them to pasture. All afternoon the rain fell with unabated intensity, keeping Ed in the house.

Boylan's farm was in the flat valley a few miles from the mouth of Stagebarn Canyon. The canyon had an excellent stand of trees, and a number of families lived there while their men cut timber. For the past five years the Black Hills & Fort Pierre Railroad had run from the small town of Piedmont, South Dakota, into Stagebarn Canyon to get that wood. Along the slopes of the hills, logs had been cut into lengths suitable for mine timbers or railroad ties and stacked in ricks. The first signs of trouble were seen by the Canyon families.

As the rain fell, the day became darker. In the Huddleston home high on the sides of Stagebarn Canyon, Mrs. Hash, Mrs. Huddleston, and her married daughter, Ida Fockler, were in the kitchen. They heard a "funny noise" and looked out the window to see a handcar coming down the narrow gauge track at full speed, the men on it making desperate motions. Somehow the women knew it was a flood.

Ida, then a bride, remembers that they had only time enough to get to the higher hills before they saw the mountain of water coming down the canyon, trees and rocks in its roiling face, houses crumbling like paper before it, timbers rushing with the churning water as easily as straws in a whirlpool.

Floyd and Ned Schreckenghaust and their wives lived farther down the canyon. The men had just come from working in the timber and they were eating a late supper. With no warning the sound of the water roared in their ears. Ned did not realize that the water could be so close, so he ran next door to help some neighbors whom he knew to be without male help. Actually they had only seconds, time to open the door and head for the hills. Ned's wife, Lucy, did not wait for him to come back, but ran. Floyd's house was caught in the flood, and Floyd's baby son was sucked into the waters before they could save him.

The Enders house, too, met the full force of the flood. Mrs. Enders and her baby were helpless before it. Water snarled inexorably toward the flatlands. Down in the valley of the foothills, Ed Boylan watched the rain increase. Water began to roll out of the canyon about sundown. He watched it coming, never dreaming that it held so much violence, and as he stood by the door of the stone house which had been built on a rise, the water covered the ground around him with a front ten feet high. He glanced at his team in time to see them swallowed by the flood.

Twenty-four head of cattle were grazing farther over in the pasture out of line of the direct force of the onslaught. They would have been all right had one old cow with a calf not gotten scared and bawled distress. The whole herd turned and galloped to join her and were swept off their feet in seconds. They were still on the side currents, though, and most of them swam to safety.

Around Ed Boylan and the stone house the waters carried timbers from the canyon, pieces of houses, farm machinery, broken sheds, a windmill, fences, barbed wire. He recognized part of a log chute that had been built in the canyon to stack timbers along the railroad. Across the valley he saw the force of water take everything that it touched, always moving farther and deeper through the foothills toward the plains.

THE FLOOD spent itself quickly, but cleaning up afterward took years. People down the creek salvaged enough wood to last them for a decade. Except for the houses in the canyon not many of the farm homes were caught, but the water swallowed farm machinery and animals with ease. Railroads across the valley were completely demolished with the rails of the Northwestern Railway twisted and tossed as far as three miles from the rail bed. Mine timbers were found fifty miles down the creek. The narrow gauge track of the Black Hills & Fort Pierre was gone. All crops in the valleys were ruined; trees were uprooted wherever the water touched.

Boylan's cultivator landed seven miles down the creek, he says, but he never reclaimed it. The farmers and ranchers considered the situation and agreed that the only thing to do was keep what settled on their lands and forget what

(Continued on page 51)

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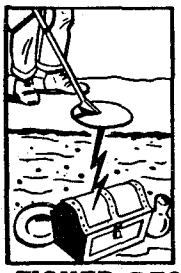

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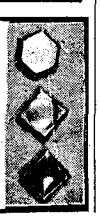

The Stutesman Case

(Continued from page 19)

that time a verdict of guilty was brought in. Nicholas Stutesman was sentenced June 10, 1897, to life imprisonment at hard labor.

The case was appealed to the Territorial Supreme Court and after being before that body for more than a year, it was finally reversed on the grounds that it was illegal for Bertha Stutesman, wife of the defendant, to testify against him. The decision was handed down in November, 1898, and a new trial was set for May, 1899, but two events were to occur in the meantime which would change the course of events in the life of Nicholas Stutesman.

IN THE WINTER of 1898 smallpox, the most dreaded of all diseases among the Indians, suddenly struck the Pott, Sac, Fox and Creek Tribes. The Government through its Indian Agent set up a rough detention camp at Fifty-two Springs. Here they cared for the stricken Indians the best they could under the circumstances.

Henry Store, a Creek, knew he was soon going to die, so he called for the sheriff. The officer was reluctant to come but finally did so, and Store poured forth a confession.

Store had long disliked the Haning brothers because on several occasions they had refused to sell him whiskey, and he did not like Stutesman because the doctor had once arrested him for being drunk. He resolved to get even with all of them at one time. In some way he overheard Haning make the deal with Stutesman to guard the horses and decided that this was his opportunity. He believed he could kill Haning in such a way that Stutesman would be accused, and laid his plans accordingly.

He gave a young Negro $10 to help him. They went into the saloon after having called Haning to the door under the pretext of wanting to buy a quart of whiskey. The Negro engaged Haning in conversation and when the saloon keeper's back was turned toward Store the latter shot him in the back of the head. Haning fell but apparently wasn't dead.

The murderer did not want to risk a second shot for fear of arousing the neighbors, so he picked up a twenty-penny nail that was lying on the counter, inserted it into the wound and twisted it around. He then took the nail and laid it above a window in the room.

After robbing the dead he and the Negro divided the money, rode about five miles out of town, and camped for the rest of the night feeling sure Stutesman would be accused of the murder. The next morning Store killed his accomplice and buried him in a small gulch to make sure that he would not tell of the crime.

Store died shortly after finishing his story and the sheriff began an immediate investigation. The nail was still lying above the window and a chemical analysis proved it was stained with human blood and brains. The officers then went to the vicinity where the Negro boy was supposed to have been buried and found a skeleton which was identified by the teeth.

A month after Store's confession, Mrs. Stutesman lay dying of pneumonia in a house of ill repute near Tecumseh. The doctor asked if she had anything she wanted to say and, after a bit of hesitation, she acknowledged she had been too intimate with Jap Henry, the deputy sheriff. He had persuaded her to say that her husband had admitted he killed Haning, and after she had once testified to that story, she had been afraid to tell the truth for fear her husband would be released and would kill both her and Henry. This deathbed confession was taken in longhand and sworn to.

When the time came for the new trial, the new evidence was presented to the judge, and on motion of the prosecuting attorney the case was dismissed and Nicholas Stutesman was a free man.

The Hanings had threatened to kill him if the court cleared him. The last we know of Dr. Stutesman is that his brother handed him his gun as he left the courtroom and he buckled it on.

Medicine Show

(Continued from page 27)

and look wise when called upon for a professional opinion. I didn't help at any operations, but I did stand by during some mighty intimate examinations."

The law never caught up with Doc and his illegal operations. He was as wily as a hungry coyote. For a time Texas was out of bounds to the show because of a law making it illegal for anyone other than a licensed pharmacist to dispense drugs. But Doctor Wellington was not to be fooled. He hired a down-and-out licensed pharmacist to travel with the show and stand on the platform when the medicine sales were in progress.

Webber's face creased into deep laughter as he recalled the time Doc got knocked down to size. "An Indian came to the show leading a skittish young stallion and insisted that Doc ride it back to the reservation with him. Doc couldn't understand the Indian too well and didn't really want to go but he was scowling so menacingly that Doc finally decided it might be more dangerous to refuse than to go.

"I kinda wondered if we'd ever see the boss again, but we did. And when he came back he was steaming mad. The Indian had taken him out to assist a mare at the birth of a colt. 'A horse doctor! Is that what he thinks I am?' he fumed. The good doctor was mighty upset. After all, even a fraud has a certain amount of professional pride."

In a strange way the doctor had a right to be proud. His successes were not blind luck, they were due to a very real skill, whether legitimate or not. There was even the time when he risked his life crawling under an overturned boxcar. It was in flames and pinned under it was "Squirrel Pete," one of the trailers of the show. Wellington crawled under with his bag and in those unfavorable circumstances applied knife, saw and ligature to amputate Pete's leg and save his life.

After such heroism, it seemed tragic that the old doctor had to die in such an ignominous fashion. He was driving, stone drunk, in his buggy over the railroad tracks when he was hit by a train. It spelled the end of Doctor Wellington and the Ton-Ko-Ko Medicine Show.

With a sigh of nostalgia for the brass bands and the gaudy, bawdy vaudeville of the sticks, Webber said, "Maybe it wasn't always good, but it was *real*."

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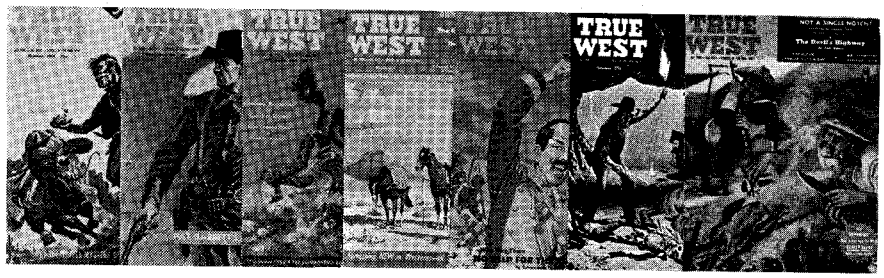

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A Southern Belle and a Gringo Doctor

(Continued from page 25)

was killing him. Overby did recover and made his home there, and several years later when Catherine, the bride, came to Fort Davis, she was much made over by her old teacher who always claimed she saved his life.

THEN THERE was the six-year-old Negro boy whom Catherine, back in Louisiana with Dr. Bush, found tied out in the brush. He was half-eaten by mosquitos, flies and maggots. The "law" did nothing. Other Negroes said he was from a bad family so they had tied the child up. Catherine took the boy with her when she and the doctor left for Pecos, Texas.

The people of Pecos criticized her severely for having the little colored boy, so when the Bushes left town, the doctor made Catherine leave their ward with the sheriff till she could find a place for him. However, with Catherine gone, the youngster turned wild and pulled a gun on the sheriff. They sent him, an eight-year-old, to the reform school. Miss Dunn has always resented that.

Soon after, Catherine found herself involved with bandits. Donations were collected in one of the larger mining towns of Mexico to build a church in the Mexican village where Dr. Bush and Catherine lived. The people in the village asked Catherine to go after the money as there was ill feeling toward them from some quarters in the mining town. She agreed.

A queer looking old hack with a Mexican driver and two spirited horses called for her on the appointed morning. They arrived at their destination about noon. Several large bags of silver pesos—about 3,000 in all—were placed on the seat beside her and at her feet, and so arranged that they were hidden by her spreading skirts. Although Catherine was hungry, she was so anxious to deliver the money safely that she ordered the driver to head for home without waiting for lunch.

Out of town she gratefully accepted several of the tortillas filled with meat and chili that the driver offered from the packet he carried. They were happily munching along when bandits burst out of the brush and ordered them to stop. The driver obliged, without even pausing in the eating of his tortilla. After all, hold-ups were to be expected. There were five robbers, ragged and rough-looking, wearing huge sombreros and heavily armed, all riding beautiful horses. Last to appear was their leader.

The terrified girl in the carriage looked at the handsome blond man approaching and thought she must be losing her mind. Surely this thief wasn't the young American whom she'd recently met socially in town!

For a shocked instant all expression was wiped from the man's face. Then he smiled, swept off his silver-trimmed sombrero, and spoke—and Catherine knew she wasn't dreaming.

"I see," he said pleasantly, "that we have stopped the wrong vehicle. All we will take from this charming lady is one of the tortillas she is enjoying."

Hastily Catherine offered him the tortillas she held. Her appetite was gone. The unperturbed highwayman selected two of the corn cakes and gravely returned the rest, waving the driver on. Several hours later Catherine thankfully delivered the silver pesos to the missionaries.

Catherine Bush in later years.

"I ALWAYS got on well with the Mexican people," she remarked. "Even Villa once paid me the high compliment of saying I was *muy simpatico*. I always tried to observe their customs."

Once a delegation of concerned Mexican citizens called on Miss Dunn and earnestly requested her to cease wearing divided skirts. Obligingly she basted the two halves of her full skirts together. Then, when the occasion demanded, out on the trail with her doctor husband, she would enjoy the modest freedom of the costume that offended the natives.

One vivid memory causes the gentle lady to blush even now. That was the time when on a church outing she accidentally sat on a bed of inch-long, vicious red fire-ants. They got up into her long, full bloomers before she was aware of their presence. Others in the party rushed the frantic young woman into town and to the drugstore for treatment, the women staying protectively by her side. Unluckily, Dr. Bush was out on call and the druggist, her old teacher Mr. Overby, had to treat her!

A real test of Catherine's adaptability came on one of the excursions with the doctor into the mountains of Mexico. It was to the south of Casas Grandes and over very rugged country. They traveled a trail that only sure-footed mules could follow. Most of the way they had to go single-file along a narrow ledge which was washed out from flash floods. At many places the trembling girl could see on the jagged rocks below, the bones of a horse or mule that had lost its footing.

After a night and two days on the tortuous trail they reached the crest of the mountain, utterly weary. And there, like a mirage, sat a rock and log house back some distance from the trail, surrounded by a real garden filled with shrubs, blooming roses and other flowers. They rode up to the door and were greeted by a *mozo* who said his master was away but he would want them made welcome. They needed no urging.

Catherine fell out of the saddle and was helped into a living-room that looked to her weary eyes like something out of a dream. There were shelves of Indian pottery and idols. The wide pine boards of the floor were covered with Mexican and Indian rugs. There was even a bear-

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skin rug. But the thing that made her heart leap with delight was a beautiful mahogany piano. After she'd bathed leisurely, rested and dined, Catherine played the piano until she could no longer hold her head up.

The couple stayed the night and after a hearty breakfast were preparing to leave when their host arrived. Beaming his pleasure at their presence, he approached his guests with outstretched hand.

Catherine, the born and bred Southern lady, stood mute with astonishment. The man whose hospitality they'd so enjoyed was a Negro. Furthermore, she recognized him as Flipper Davis, the first colored appointee to West Point, who had by his presence at the college caused her beloved brother, Beverly, endless anguish while both attended school. Also she had seen this same man while in service at Fort Davis where he had become involved in trouble with the military, been discharged, and disappeared into Mexico. Catherine gulped hard. Davis continued to approach her, poised, smiling, hand extended.

Dr. Bush whispered sharply into Catherine's ear, "Shake hands!" Almost fainting, praying Brother Beverly would never know, Catherine took a deep breath, held out her hand and managed a wavery smile. And so she solved her own little problem of integration.

CATHERINE was settled back in El Paso, courageously trying to bring classical music to honkytonk-loving citizens when things got hot along the border. Dr. Bush established a clinic where he doctored wounded revolutionists. He often went across the International Bridge and attended the wounded while bullets bit into adobe walls around him. Telling about it fifty years later Miss Dunn pointed out a small hole in the wall of her own studio-home. "That was made by a bullet from across the Rio Grande."

Throughout the years of their marriage Dr. Bush left his home many times to answer the summons of the Villistas from some camp hidden deep in Mexico, when their leader was more guerrilla bandit than famous general. On several occasions Miss Dunn went along. She could never keep from shuddering as her husband enthusiastically exchanged *embrazos* with the fierce, mustachioed Mexican chief.

"The first time," she recalled, "that Villa sent for the doctor and I accompanied him, I was simply scared to death. We went a long way east of Casas Grandes. Almost at our destination we had to cross a dangerous river at just the right spot. We got to one side of the ford and went down into quicksand. Villa was waiting across the river. He jumped in with a couple of his men and got us out.

"We stayed at the camp till late that night, with Dr. Bush busily treating the sick and wounded. There were over 300 men there. Pancho Villa begged us to remain, but we took our two *mozos* and left, and I didn't draw a free breath till we were miles away."

Miss Dunn finally settled permanently in El Paso. "Few of the people then were musically inclined," she said, "but I would visit the homes and if they had a piano, I'd give the children lessons." Her fragile, almost transparent fingers lovingly touched the well-polished old Ludwig which she has used for over fifty years. "Music is everything good. It is the voice of peace. I shall keep giving lessons as long as I live."

At eighty-eight who knows how much longer that will be? At any rate, the flame of courage and enthusiasm shining in the soft blue eyes of the adventurous Southern girl who married the Gringo Doctor is immortal.

Man of the Old West

(Continued from page 29)

them we returned to the house and Lewis went about baking biscuits and frying ham and bacon. He whistled as he worked.

I marveled at him because I was too tired to talk, let alone whistle.

At home the next day, Lewis told my folks of our trip. "Fine mess!" he concluded.

"How did Jim stand it?" my dad asked.

Lewis looked at me and smiled. "Just fine," he answered.

You old liar, I thought, you know better than that. I felt ashamed of myself when I thought of the bad opinion I had once held of him, and how I had treated him. I made up my mind I'd try to be as good a man someday as Lewis Fleagle.

One thing I learned for sure on that trip sixty years ago. If a man is a top guy, and some people treat him like he is poison, he need not worry. Just let them go their length. There's nothing they can do or say to hurt him, and they will change just as I did.

As I got to know him better, I liked him better. One of his sayings was, "Be honest; live today so that you can live tomorrow."

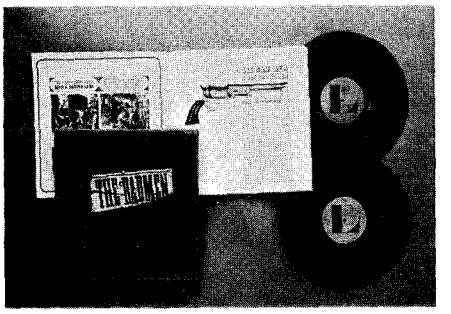
Columbia River Gold

(Continued from page 43)

build up and crumbled rock in the intervening years were made. One digger nailed together a cabin with boards ripped from Rudy Zehnle's abandoned homestead shack and lived in the cul-de-sac while he tore holes in the rock wall in his search for the gold. Zehnle has seen treasure hunters come and go since homesteading the mouth of the pocket in the cliffs before 1920.

The Wenatchee-financed operation continued through the early years of World War II until capital was depleted. The man who had lived in Zehnle's cabin moved to the Methow Valley and died within a year. Unless he kept working to throw off suspicion of a find the treasure in deerskin bags still lies hidden in the cliffs of the Columbia River.

THE BADMEN



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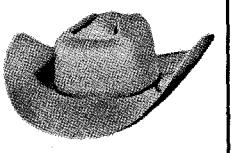

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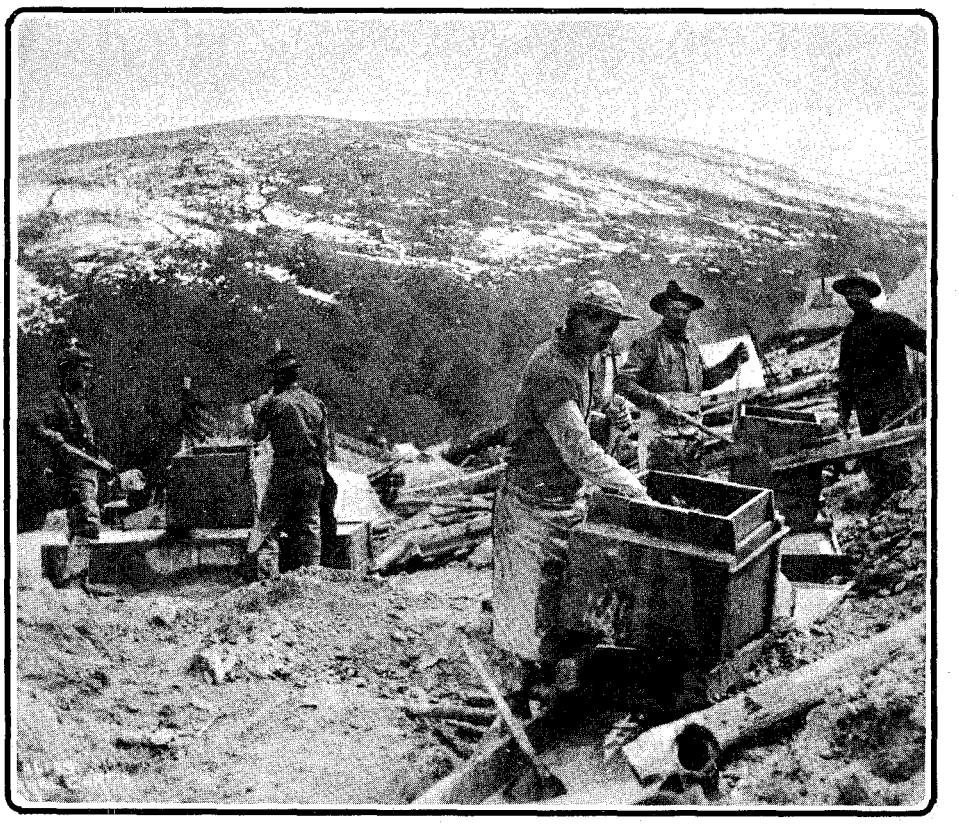

When spring thaws brought enough water, miners immediately worked gravel that had accumulated during the winter. These are operating rockers on Gold Hill, 1899.

Asahel Curtis

(Continued from page 22)

WE KNOW from the cryptic messages in Curtis' negative file (he left no diary or journal) where he set up camp. "Our location 60 above Discovery on Sulphur."

He and his partners tackled the frozen ground on their claim during the winter of 1898. They, like all the miners around them, worked hard. When they weren't digging into the hard surface, they were hauling wood for their heating and cooking, as well as their ground-thawing fires. There was no rich strike although they did make "wages."

As busy as Curtis was on his claim, he still found time to follow his photographic work. He followed the men into the deep shafts where they worked by candlelight digging out gold-rich gravel. The mines, the cabins, the miner sorting gold in coffee cans, mule trains loaded down with gold for Dawson—all became pictorial history. He was on hand when the first steam line was used instead of bonfires to thaw the frozen ground.

The great fire that destroyed the heart of Dawson was captured for all time by Curtis who, in some of his notes, the very few left by him, related how the fire started. A dancehall girl, in a fit of jealous rage over the affections of a newly rich Klondike miner, threw a lighted lamp at her rival. The fire caused by the shattered lamp could not be contained to the building in which it started and soon spread to adjoining buildings. Before the leaping flames could be extinguished they had leveled much of Dawson's business district.

It is said that the culprit who threw the lamp was banished from Dawson to Louse Town, as it was called, where ladies of the night plied their trade. Nothing is said as to the ultimate fate her rival met, whether she, too, was banished from Dawson or lost her life in the fire.

When gold was discovered on the beaches of Nome, Curtis left his claim and headed for the coast. He stowed his gear and photographic equipment on one of the many sternwheelers plying the Yukon and on the long river voyage was never idle.

If we were to catalogue the hundreds of pictures that Curtis made during his gold rush days we would be inclined to consider him a sort of super-man. Seemingly he was everywhere. He witnessed the building of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, photographing the laying of track up the steep pass as well as the engineering feat of bridging White River with steel and concrete. (Curtis called it the White River in his negative notes; it probably was the Skagway River, however.) He was up and down the Yukon and in every major mining camp, observing those hectic times with the skilled eye of a true historian.

When Curtis died in his studio in Seattle, March 7, 1941, he was sixty-seven years of age. He left a great wealth of pictures and negatives and glass plates. What a prodigious task it must have been to transport them all over the north and then safely back to Seattle! For some time this file, and other photographic accumulation of nearly a half century, gathered dust in the possession of his heirs. Luckily, several years ago, the Washington State Historical Society was able to acquire the collection, some 30,000 negatives and glass plates, as well as 60,000 pictures.

We are forever indebted to the man who, as a photographer-greenhorn miner, left us a permanent record on film of the historic drama of the Klondike.

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Stagebarn Canyon Flood

(Continued from page 45)

they lost. It was the simplest way of straightening the problems of ownership, if not exactly fair. Those living on the high lands lost everything; those below might have made some profit. They looked on the situation as a sort of trade with everyone's machinery mixed up, and took what the flood brought them with some thankfulness that they had anything at all.

Ed Boylan helped to dig out the bodies of Mrs. Enders and her baby a few days after the waters receded. Floyd Schreckenghaust's baby was never found.

Was the flood only through Stagebarn Canyon? No, Ed says. It was a cloudburst that covered the Black Hills. Between Rapid City and Mystic the Crouch Line Railroad had only five small bridges left out of a total of 110, with grades washed out and rails wrapped around trees.

The Rapid City *Daily Journal* reported: "The Crouch Line suffered a serious loss . . . and it will be some time before a train will be running. Mr. Crouch went over the road immediately but has not been contacted since."

The *Journal* noted other misfortunes as well, including the facts that Alfred Swarthout was drowned between Rapid City and Squire's Ranch "this side of Pactola" and four others were drowned near Stagebarn Canyon. Judge Levi McGee almost met the same fate while coming home from Sturgis. He started to Rapid City on the Northwestern train, and finding the bridge washed out, hired a man with a team to drive him the balance of the way. While trying to cross Box Elder Creek west of Rapid City the wagon overturned and the men barely escaped drowning."

Every stream and canyon in the Black Hills was running brimful that night and the next day, but Stagebarn Canyon and other valleys around Piedmont got their full share of it because of the drainage situation. The Black Hills covers an area approximately one hundred miles square, and the force of the storm covered the northern half. In that northern half, Stagebarn Canyon drains an area of about six or seven miles west of its mouth to Nemo, five miles north to the ridge above Little Elk Creek, and four miles south toward Black Hawk. Bear Butte Creek in Boulder Canyon, sixteen miles north of Stagebarn, ran the canyon half full of water when it normally runs only a small stream in the springtime with nothing at all later in the summer.

The Boylan farm lay directly in the face of the current as it roared out of Stagebarn Canyon, and the only thing that saved the house at all was that the few miles between the stone house and the canyon mouth allowed the water to spread.

The Black Hills can muster considerable rainstorms in this later era of the 1960s but most of us who have lived in them for many years have never seen the furious raging floods that were part of a weather cycle around the turn of the century.—Based on an account in *Railroads of the Black Hills*, South Dakota Historical Society, 1960.

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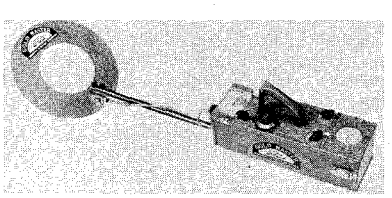

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Guns of the Old West

(Continued from page 23)

length of firing time exceeding a few rounds. After the battle, some dead soldiers were found with jammed Springfields clutched in their hands.

The Spencer with the longest service appears to have been, from the few available records, the Model 1867 Sporting Rifle, caliber .56-46. This weapon was in active service among hunters, especially in the West, many years after the other models were but fond memories or collectors' items.

Buffalo hunter, Jim "Rawhide" Wilson, who cherished his .50 caliber Spencer sporter for nearly forty years, was still killing bear, elk and mule deer with it in 1900.

Yet this was the same sturdy repeating rifle inexplicably discarded by U.S. Army Ordnance in favor of the Springfield—a single-shot arm. No wonder Chris Spencer complained of the density of "those Generals in Washington!"

La Patricia

(Continued from page 17)

One time a miner named John Ball got into a heated argument with two Mexicans in one of the fandango halls. The participants went out into the street and Ramon Valdez drew a bowie knife and stabbed Ball, who immediately shot him dead. Juan Salas, the third man, attacked the *gringo* with his knife and both went to the ground, one with a knife in his chest and the other with a bullet through his lungs.

As the three men lay, one dead and two dying, a Chinese laundryman came by and passed too close to Salas. The Mexican withdrew his bowie from Ball's body and cut down the yellow man. Before all were dead, citizens came up and pulled them off the street and sent for Juan Contreras to measure them for coffins.

Shortly thereafter at the same spot a *gringo* named White was shot in the back of the head and killed by Jesus Guiterrez. The Mexican heard an exclamation from above, and looking up saw Carmenita Montero, a fandango girl, watching him from an upstairs window. Before she could step back he aimed his revolver, fired, and she plunged to the street with a bullet in her heart.

ANOTHER quadruple killing occurred at Rosita Martinez' dancehall. Most of these halls had basements beneath the two-story buildings, and Rosie's was built in that manner. The dance floor itself was about thirty by forty feet, made of pretty red and blue four-inch squares of tile. The plaster walls of slick lime finish were adorned with mahogany paneling about four feet high. In one corner was a pit for a five-man orchestra, and a large wooden beam running the length of the ceiling supported a chandelier of whale oil lamps.

Rosita was a girl friend of Joaquin Murietta, and at this time Joaquin was visiting Hornitos and he and his men were at the hall. Rosie, who looked to Joaquin's comfort, had ordered an underground tunnel to be dug from the basement to a point on the hill where La Patricia was living with her child. From this exit it was only a short distance up the hill to a stone corral where Murietta and his men kept their horses, always under a strong guard.

When Joaquin and his men visited Rosie's place the usual patrons quickly made themselves absent, the doors were locked, and the favors of the hall were turned over to them. On this occasion, after the party had been going full blast for hours, Three-Fingered Jack, Joaquin's lieutenant, became drunk on *aguardiente*. Jack Garcia was a vicious murderer who had killed more than a hundred men, most of them Chinese.

On this occasion he had called on the orchestra for certain compositions which were either unknown to them or not of their preference, and his demands had been ignored. No doubt they thought that Garcia, being of the same race as themselves, would overlook their lack of interest, but this proved to be a deadly mistake. He marched the leader and one other into the street, drew his revolver and shot them dead.

While this murder was taking place, two of the fandango girls, Juanita Vega and Anastasia Melendez, engaged in an argument over the favor of one Claudio, another of Joaquin's lieutenants. He was a handsome man, and resembled Murietta almost as if he were a twin. After several venomous remarks had been passed between the girls they were supplied with bowie knives, and escorted to the plaza by the revelers. Facing each other, and spitting forth spiteful adjectives, the dancers were held back by two of the men until a starting shot was fired, and then loosed.

If it were supposed by the people present that the girls would fall tearfully into each other's arms, they were greatly surprised. As Juanita drove her knife to the hilt in Anastasia's chest, she received the blade of the latter in her stomach. Both fell to the ground and expired within a few moments, still spitting like cats. Claudio folded their arms on their breasts, stood up, stroked his mustache and said, *"Hasta luego, senoritas."*

Juan Contreras was called to the scene to measure and dispose of the bodies. He went first to the bodies of the two musicians in the street where they were piled atop each other, then to the plaza where a large crowd had gathered about the girls. He had known both of the pretty dancers, and prepared a double casket for them in which they were buried together. Joaquin paid for it, and it was the most beautiful casket ever seen in Hornitos until many years later, being constructed of rosewood and lined with silk. Uncle Juan pulled the knives from the bodies of the girls, and kept them for years.

JOAQUIN called for La Patricia when everyone had repaired to Rosita's place again, but she was not present. Dona Sesaria went through the tunnel to the little house on the hill and sat with her little girl while she went to the dancehall. It was said in whispers that Joaquin had known her years before the dreadful rape and murder of his wife, when he was but a peaceful miner. She, it was said, had cradled the head of the beautiful but ravaged Rosita in her arms and sang *Celia* to her as she died on that awful night.

Be that as it may, she came when he called, and when she emerged from the tunnel into the hall the outlaw chief picked her up as if she were a feather and carried her to the center of the room. *"Ben y canta para Joaquin, mi pajarita cantadora,"* he said, *"ben y canta Celia para tu amigo."* (Come and sing for Joaquin, little songbird, come and sing *Celia* for your friend.) She sang

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the beautiful composition of Ben Jonson twice and when she had finished he gave her a bag of gold and said *"Quando la pajarita necesita oro, Joaquin matara un gringo y traira mas."* (When the little songbird needs gold, Joaquin will kill a *gringo* and bring more.)

Joaquin was last to leave through the tunnel that night, to make certain there were no stragglers. When he came to the little house at the end of the escape route, he knocked at the door which he knew she always kept barred and called, *"Mi pajarita, es Joaquin."* She opened the door and stood there with her two-year-old daughter in her arms. Joaquin heard his men wrangling up at the stone corral, and knew that he must get there quickly to restore order. Quickly he kissed the baby, pulled a heavy revolver from his belt and dropped it just inside the door, and said, *"Buenas noches, doncella."* Then he hurried away. La Patricia went back inside, picked up the gun, and barred the door. Certainly Hornitos was no place for a lone girl, a sack of gold and a baby. She didn't know it, but she'd never again see Joaquin alive.

For a long time afterward, the people of Hornitos heard tales of Joaquin, of men he had killed, of raids he had made, and of the great herds of stolen horses he ran into Sonora. His main camp was at the Arroyo de Cantua in the San Benito Mountains, far south of the town of the little ovens. Then one day an incredible tale was circulated—that he and his terrible lieutenant, Three-Fingered Jack Garcia, had been killed by Captain Harry Love and a band of Rangers commissioned by the Governor to take the outlaw, dead or alive.

A trick was being played, they said. But on the 4th of August in that year of 1853 Captain Love and some of his men came to Hornitos from Mariposa. The head of Joaquin and the hand of Three-Fingered Jack contained in a ten gallon keg of brandy were placed on exhibition in the plaza. People came for miles around to see the gruesome objects. One of the first to view the head was La Patricia, standing with her little girl at her side. She looked at it wihout a tear and said, *"No es Joaquin,"* and turned away.

Rosita, the town's founder, came running to the plaza like a tiger when she heard the news. She had a man lift the head by its hair and turn it round and round and cried out, *"Los gringos estan jugando una juega! Esa no es la cabesa de Joaquin Murietta! Nadien conose a Joaquin mejor que la persona que durmio en su coma!"* (The *gringos* are playing a trick! That is not the head of Joaquin Murietta! Nobody knows Joaquin better than the one who shared his bed!)

Uncle Gonzales, who had known Joquin well, said that the head was a fake. He recalled that he had once asked him, *"Quando vas a parar de robar y mater, Joaquin?"* (When will you stop robbing and killing, Joaquin?) and the robber had replied, *"Quando ollgan que Joaquin esta muerto, el se va estar entreteniendo en su propia tierra."* (When you hear that Joaquin is dead, he will be enjoying himself in his own land.)

In spite of all the denials and doubts, however, Murietta had disappeared from the face of California. Ranchers who had lost horses, the Wells-Fargo office at Hornitos, and the great private mint at Mt. Ophir about twelve miles away were not molested again by the celebrated outlaw and his gang. There were other outlaws, but they did not cover so great a territory, and did not command a small army of desperate, vicious killers.

LIFE was not all murder and pillage in Hornitos, which in spite of the many races gathered there remained a Mexican town. Many old Spanish customs were kept alive, one of which was the Feast of San Juan, celebrated yearly on the 24th of June and featuring *La Carrera del Gallo*. In this a ten-dollar gold piece was tied to a rooster's leg, and the fowl was buried in the center of the street with only its head left above ground.

At the starting shot, horsemen thundered down the rocky *calle*, some on one side and some on the other, and as each came abreast of the fowl he reached down and attempted to pull it from the ground. Usually the head came off first and as each succeeding rider clawed at the earth another would secure a wing, and so forth until finally a rider would secure the prize. The winner set up drinks for the crowd, as far as the money would go. The race was much more colorful than can be described, with the horses gaily decorated, the *jinetes* dressed in their best *calzones* or split trousers and brightly colored *serapes*, and the crowds gathered along the street calling out encouragement to their favorites.

The Chinese in Hornitos, as in San Francisco, brought their own laws along with them, which were enforced by "hatchet men." These held no immunity from the miners' courts, however, and many a hatchet man had his own neck stretched with a good American rope. It is probable that the case of Ah Sin provides the best example of Hornitos justice. He was a laundryman who was constantly bedeviled by small boys shouting "Yellow Chink" and "Pigtail" at him.

One day when his patience was exhausted, he fired a pistol into the air to frighten the lads. The bullet richocheted from a stone wall and struck one of them in the leg. A crowd of maddened miners seized him and threw him into the stone jail and it is likely that had he lived until morning they would have given him a tongue-lashing and turned him loose, but this was not to be.

This jail, which still stands, has been converted into a museum by myself. The walls are of granite, two feet in thickness, and escape-proof because the floor is built on bed rock. It has two twelve-inch-square barred windows and five heavy chains embedded in the floor.

It was not considered necessary to chain the Chinaman, and he was allowed the freedom of the jail for he was alone. As he walked about, he heard a voice and looking up, saw a face at one of the barred windows. The man outside lifted a hand, enticingly holding out a tin of opium, a pipe, and matches. The prisoner did not know that a dozen men were gathered outside, and that the man with the opium held a short-looped *reata* in his other hand, out of sight. He approached the window to accept the proffered gift and as he did so, the loop dropped over his head and was pulled taut. His head was smashed again and again against the stone wall until his brains were knocked out. In later years the walls were roughly calcimined to hide the stains of blood and brains, but some of the hair remains to this day.

AS THE town grew, the *hornitos* expanded in number until there were

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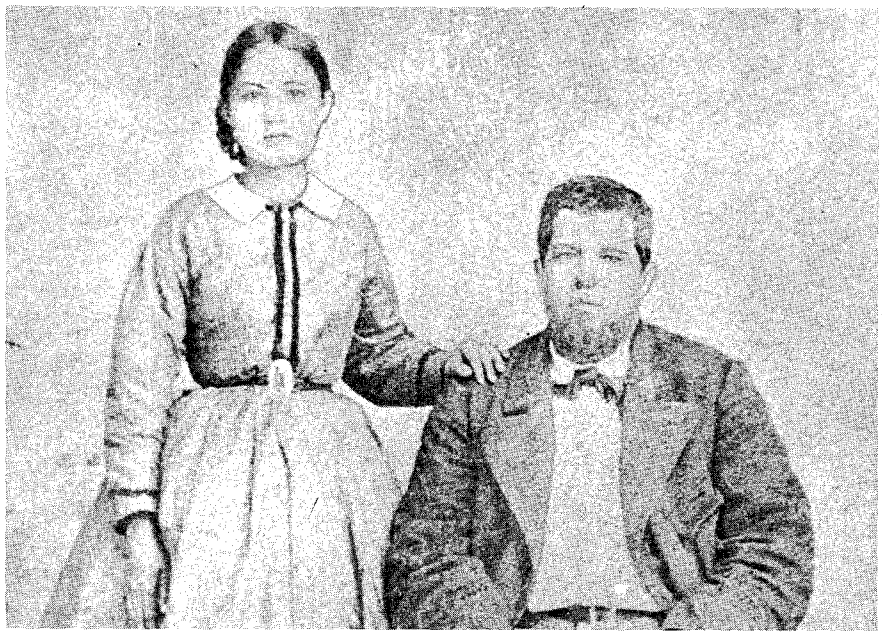

Zacharias Gonzales and wife. Gonzales, a blacksmith by trade, built the first underground saloon in Hornitos in 1852.

350 to 400 of them scattered about. It was decided to move them to the top of the hill, stone by stone, and rebuild them with the remains placed inside. There, with no protection from the wind or the cattle that browsed about, they tumbled one by one, and finally the bones were removed and buried in the regular graveyard back of the church. Many of the flat stones, being perfect building blocks, found their way into town structures and remain there to this day. Of all the *hornitos* that gave the town its name, just one remains whole.

In 1862, twelve years after she had shivered in the snow with the outcasts, the tragic girl, La Patricia, suffered a great shock. Her child, with which she had been *encinta* when she was driven from Quartzburgh, died of mountain fever.

With the little girl by her side, she had sung in the dancehalls and saloons. She even bought a horse and buggy and drove about the rough countryside with the youngster, singing a dancehall song, *Shoo-Fly*.

Now all those bright days were finished, and many of the outcasts including Sesaria went with her when she buried her child. She didn't care for the new-type graves, saying her baby had been born among *hornitos*, and would lie in one.

Reyes Montano, the murderer who had become a rich man, built a small *hornito*. The copper-lined rosewood casket, built by great-granduncle Contreras, was filagreed by hand, and more beautiful by far than the one he had made for the girls who had dueled to the death on the plaza so long ago. After the priest had pronounced over the body of little Pajarita, named in honor of Joaquin, La Patricia sang again. First she sang *Celia*, which had been Joaquin's favorite, and then surprised everyone with a sad, plaintive melody known as *Beautiful Dreamer*, which she had heard the women of a wagontrain singing. Dona Sesaria led the girl back to her home on the hill by the mouth of Joaquin's tunnel, knowing well that the death of her child had affected her mind.

One day in the late Sixties La Patricia said to Sesaria, "Come with me to the *hornito* of my *bebe*. I must remove her bones so that I will always have them near me."

Sesaria related, "I remonstrated, but she would not listen and took up a large cloth bag which she had prepared and started up the hill. I felt strange, but followed and caught up with her and when we came to the place, she laid her head on the cold stones and wept, moaning in the wind that was always there. Suddenly, in a wild sort of way she straightened up and asked me if I had heard anything. I told her that I heard only her voice and the wind, but she shook her head impatiently and told me that she had certainly heard the voice of Joaquin.

"To humor her I asked, 'What did Joaquin say, Patricia?' and she replied, looking at me so queerly that I shivered, 'What did he always say to me? He asked me to sing for him as I did when his dear Rosita died in my arms.'

"I was afraid she might sing, and in this awful situation a song would have killed me, so I said, 'Come, let us go back to our little house.' At this she straightened up to her full height with the open bag in her hand and spoke, apparently to the *hornito*, "*Mi chiquita a estado mucho tiempo entre las piedras de este pueblo infamoso.*' (My little one has been too long among the stones of this wicked town.)

"Together we lifted the lid of the capstone, set it aside and looked within. We lifted the lid of the little casket and saw the little bones lying there, and she said, 'Help me, Sesaria.' Our hands met as we clutched among the bones and found that we held nothing. Slowly she withdrew her hand and looked at it; only residue was there, for when we touched the bones they had turned to dust.

"She started to say something, then laughed loudly and with a wild shriek fell to the earth and began crawling down the hill. Two men who had been watching us from the foot of the hill now came running. One was Carlos Apodaca, the highwayman who had built the fire in the *hornito* to keep the outcast girls from freezing, of whom I was one.

"He looked at me and asked, '*Loco?*' and I nodded. He and the other man, whom I did not know, picked Patricia up in their arms, for she was now uncon-

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scious. They carried her down the hill, and I followed, knowing that her mind had snapped, as Carlos had said. That night Dona Jacinta, Dona Candelaria and I sat with her, but she did not know us, and the next day they took her to the asylum at Stockton, where she died a year later, talking of her Pajarita. I, Sesaria, have told the story of La Patricia, but not quite.

"Dona Candelaria was not a dancehall girl, like the rest of us. She was very religious, and the strange life that La Patricia had lived left its mark on her. Each year, on the anniversary of the little girl's burial, she went to the top of the hill and placed twelve candles on the little *hornito* and lighted them. When they wanted to tear down the little pile of rocks she would not allow it, for then one of her devotions would have been destroyed."

I, Frank Salazar, am probably one of the last of the descendents of those who were here at the beginning of Hornitos. I knew Jacinta, who moved to Mexico around the turn of the century. I knew Candelaria when she was a quaint old lady, demanding that I pray with her for La Patricia, the outcasts as a whole, and even Joaquin.

She had kept the old Mexican customs alive in Hornitos long after they had been forgotten in other towns of the Mother Lode. She had a large Mexican flag of which she was very proud, and which she displayed on occasions. It flew in the breeze on top of the hill on the assassination dates of Lincoln and Garfield, the death of Queen Victoria, and the visit of President Grant to Hornitos.

My mother, Mrs. Alice Meagher Salazar Glazier, until her death on May 31, 1962, was the oldest living person who was born at Hornitos. She was baptized that long ago by those long-time friends of our family, Valentine Ruiz and wife. Ruiz was the terror to horse thieves who delivered Cherokee Bill.

For many years my mother would point out to visitors the spot where the daughter of La Patricia was buried, until she became too feeble to climb the hill over which came the men and women immortalized in fiction by Bret Harte in *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*. They were the sinners driven from Quartzburgh who built Hornitos, the "place of the little ovens" which became the Hell Town of the Mother Lode.

Siege at Fort Pease

(Continued from page 39)

From the timber at the edge of the river, a band of about fifty Indians on horseback charged out to meet him. He swerved toward the stockade and reached it unhurt. His horse dropped dead just as he reached the fort.

It is said, although this statement is not verified by his own admission, that McCormick's hair was dark before he started on the morning's ride. Whether that is true or not, there is no doubt that his hair and beard turned snow white shortly after.

That the Sioux did not take Fort Pease by storm was due to the foresight of the expedition in including the small cannon in its armament. This cannon was first put into action as McCormick raced back to the stockade. The iron ball weighed six pounds, and was not quite round, which caused a loud whistling noise when fired.

The demoralizing effect of the shot was immediate. It frightened the savages to such an extent that they hastily left the field. Fear of the cannon prevented concerted attack being made on the fort at any time during the long siege. It was learned later that the Indians called this gun the "Big Horn." (I have one of the iron cannon balls.)

Perhaps the reason the Sioux warriors decided not to make an all-out attack was because they had seen in the early Spring the steamboat loaded with soldiers proceed up the Yellowstone and knew that it had returned to Fort Buford, to be followed down the river by a group of traders who built a fort and on it planted the American flag. This may have caused them to think that a mass attack and killing of all the men might bring retaliation by government troops. It would be better to pick the traders off one by one when they left the fort to hunt for meat. This plan of theirs met with partial success.

SUPPLIES, except meat, were always short and the Indians had stolen all but a couple of the white men's horses. Carter, a trapper, volunteered to ride to Bozeman and he successfully brought down a flatboat loaded with needed goods.

An unusual and interesting incident which occurred at Fort Pease was related by Plenty Coups through his interpreters to Frank Lindeman who published the life story of the famous Crow chief.

"You know about Fort Pease? Well, Yellow-eyes (Paul McCormick) used to live there with Major Pease. They built the fort for a trading post, and they had a hard time keeping the Sioux from killing them and burning the fort. We all liked Yellow-eyes, especially Medicine-raven, who often paid him a visit.

"Medicine-raven loved a joke, and would work very hard to make a good one because he liked to laugh. I was with him once when he made a joke that nobody laughed at except himself. He made it for Yellow-eyes, his friend, who told me afterward that he did not sleep for two nights on account of that joke. It was not a good one, and you will not laugh at it any more than did Yellow-eyes. But I will tell it because you ask me and you had better not write it down.

"The Sioux had nearly wiped out Fort Pease (below Billings on the Yellowstone), and because they were our old enemies and in our country we took their trail. The weather was bitter cold, so cold that the tails of white men's cattle were frozen off close up to their rumps and the smoke of our lodges was white in the air. Medicine-raven carried the pipe for us, and we found the Sioux near the Black Hills and fought them there. We killed six and scalped them without losing a man so that our hearts were singing when we reached Fort Pease again. We believed we had done the white men a service and we were cold and hungry.

"But the gate of the fort did not open, and we saw that the white men were going to fight us because they believed us Sioux. We fired our guns into the air to let them know we were Crows before they should kill some of us who were their friends. At last, just as we had begun to move away to save trouble, Yellow-eyes recognized our leader, his friend, Medicine-raven.

"This was enough. The gate opened wide, and we rode inside. The white men were very glad to see us, and when we got down from our horses, they crowded around us to shake our hands. Yellow-eyes ran straight to Medicine-

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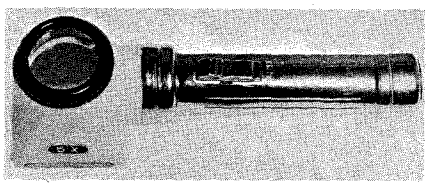
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raven and, hastily pulling off a mitten, reached out his hand.

"We were all suffering from hunger and cold. Medicine-raven's buffalo robe was wrapped tightly about his body and he only stuck out a hand which Yellow-eyes grabbed as though he was glad. He shook the hand very hard. When Medicine-raven turned around to shake the hand of Major Pease, I saw Yellow-eyes spring backward and drop something in the snow that sounded like a stone. I looked. It was the frozen hand of a Sioux! Medicine-raven had cut it off a man he had killed in the fight near the Black Hills and had carried it many days to make a joke on his friend Yellow-eyes. But his friend did not laugh."

McCORMICK waited for several months, and when the hopelessness of the situation dawned upon him, he undertook to make the trip back up the river to Bozeman with two companions and get reinforcements. The journey through the country occupied by the Indians was made entirely at night, the three men traveling on foot and hiding during the day. This was accomplished without seeing a single Indian, and they reached Fort Ellis in seventeen days.

His mission was successful. The Government in February of 1876 directed Major Brisbin to lead a force from Fort Ellis to the little stockade down on the Yellowstone, relieve its defenders and burn the fort. He arrived March 4 to find nineteen survivors, eighteen whites and one Negro.

Strangely enough, when Major Brisbin and his relief column had departed on their return journey to Ft. Ellis, two mementoes of the long siege remained to haunt the stubborn foe. The American flag was still waving defiantly over the ramparts that were now deserted and a solitary field piece's yawning muzzle seemed a threat or a promise to the first tresspasser who dared to invade the small and lonely Gibraltar of the Yellowstone Plains.

One evening in 1921, sitting on the sun porch with Paul McCormick at his buffalo ranch overlooking the beautiful valley and high bluffs on the other side of the Yellowstone River, he suddenly said, "Could you drive me up to the highest point on that bluff to that grove of pine trees?" I replied, "Tomorrow afternoon," wondering all the time why.

We went through the town of Billings, across the river, and two miles below found a gate leading into a pasture. The trip of two miles uphill over rough ground was finally made. He got out of the car and said, "These trees are much bigger. On one of my trips (he made two) from Fort Pease to Bozeman for supplies, I waited under these trees for three days while a large Sioux hunting party was in the valley."

Most of the 250 miles had to be made at night through hostile country. I asked, "What did you do for food?"

"I had a sack of sour dough biscuits," he answered, "a supply of dried buffalo meat and a canteen of water."

Old West

(Continued from page 37)

CHARLES LUMMIS, the author who lived for five years in Isleta during the late 1800s, tells another story of the rising padre. In the early 1600s, Francisco de Latrado, assigned to the Zuni pueblo in New Mexico, became upset over the Indians' lack of interest in Christianity and went out to urge them to come to Mass, chiding them for their practice of idolatry.

Enraged, the Indians shot Friar Latrado, scalped him and paraded his scalp during their dances. Perhaps it was this Father's body which was transported to Isleta for burial.

The latest and possibly the most accurate identification was extended in 1947 by Fray Angelico Chavez, assigned to the church of Los Cerrillos, New Mexico. He identified the body as that of Father Juan J. Padilla, who was assigned to San José de la Laguna, a new mission not far from Isleta, in the fall of 1733. Padilla served there for a period of twenty-two years, leaving the mission in either 1755 or 1756. No record of Friar Padilla's activities for the next year is available.

Julia Keleher, University of New Mexico professor emeritus, claims that Father Padilla supposedly rode from the Laguna pueblo to pay a call in one of the outlying districts. When he started to return home, he found the snow falling heavily. Soon he lost his way in the storm and, seeing a building in the distance, decided to stop and ask directions. He was welcomed by the housewife who fixed supper for him. While the father was eating, the woman's gambler husband returned home drunk.

Furious at finding another man in his home, the husband stabbed the padre. Discovering it was a priest he had killed, the murderer tied Father Padilla on his horse and turned the horse loose. When morning came an Isleta woman going for water found the horse carrying the dead padre standing by the churchyard gate.

In accordance with this story, a burial entry of 1775 records the burial of Juan J. Padilla ". . . who was killed by stabbing thrusts."

To this day the mystery remains. Who is buried in the coffin? Who killed the padre? What preserves the body and makes it rise? Will the "rising padre" again make his way through the floor of the Isleta Church? The answer is sealed in a cottonwood box many centuries old.

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RATTLESNAKE MYSTERY

By J. Frank Dobie

THERE IS a kind of satisfaction in getting a mathematical answer. When you get it, you are through — on that particular atom of the universe. Not so on a part-answer in any one of those parts of the universe that cannot be mathematically compassed.

The way of a coyote with a serpent is one of the things in the wild that man will never know all about no matter how many answers are added together but here are a few I have gathered.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of May 2, 1935, Jerry Johnson of a range experiment station in Arizona was mapping a ridge when he heard "a noise resembling the rustling of dead leaves." He looked. His own words as published in the *Journal of Mammalogy* best describe what he saw.

"A coyote was standing on a dead sotol (yucca plant) and sniffing at it. He jumped down and started to paw the leaves. Suddenly he jumped back and then cautiously approached at a different place. This time he began to tear apart the sotol with his teeth. He found a hole and stuck his head in as far as he could, then jumped back a couple of feet, looked around, and seeing nothing, began to paw the sotol again. For several minutes the coyote first pawed the sotol and then tore off leaves. Occasionally he jumped back and began at a different place.

"While the coyote was working at the sotol I dodged along the opposite side of the ridge and came to a place, at a distance of about 200 feet, where I could see him more plainly. He then was dashing in and jumping back from a scrub live oak bush, coiled and wrapped around the branches of which was a bull snake trying to defend himself.

"The coyote dashed in, seized the snake by the tail and dragged it into the open. The snake, about four and one-half feet long, prepared for battle by raising its head and part of its body a foot or so above the ground. When the coyote approached too closely, the snake struck at him. The coyote sprang out of the way and snapped the snake just back of the head, jumping away before the snake could retaliate.

"Every time the coyote came within range, the snake struck at him, and each time the coyote snapped the snake. The last time the coyote did this, the snake collapsed. The coyote seized the snake and shook it until it stopped squirming. Being satisfied that the snake was dead, the coyote sat on his haunches and looked around, then started to eat the snake, beginning with the head.

"When the coyote had eaten about half of the snake I came into the open and yelled at him. He dropped the snake, then grabbed it in his mouth, ran about forty feet, stopped, turned around and looked at me for a minute, then went on eating. When he had finished, he trotted off through the brush."

AMONG coyotes trapped in Texas a very noticeable number have been bitten by rattlesnakes. The scars are unmistakable, about the head, on shoulders and front legs, less often on hind legs. Proper hide and hair never grow back over the wound; it is covered, when healed, with a thin, bare, dark tissue.

Joe Hill, of Fort Stockton, estimates that twenty per cent of the skins taken from coyotes on the Plains during fall and winter months are marred by scars

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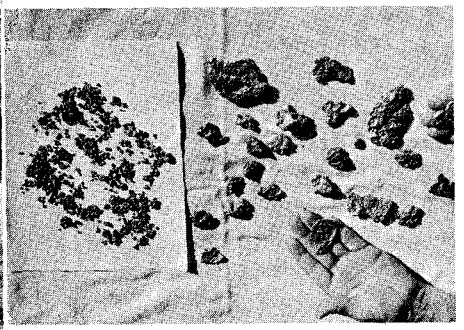

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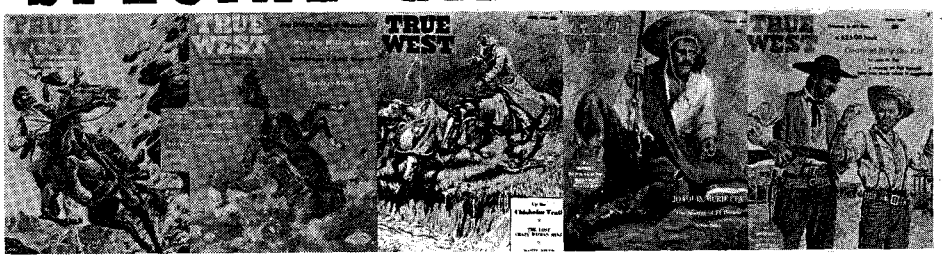

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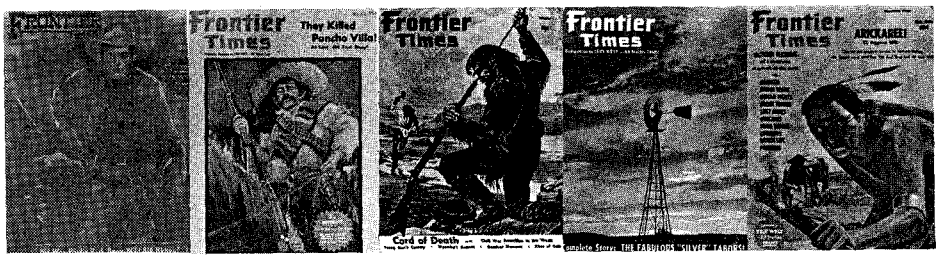

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from snakebite. He has never seen a coyote kill a rattlesnake, but he has seen, written on the ground, where a coyote has scuffled with a rattlesnake and left nothing visible but some rattles. He has never seen a badger kill a rattlesnake either, or seen a scar from snakebite on a badger, but has trailed for a mile or more the drags of big rattlers being lugged to the dens of badgers.

"No," Luke Stillwell, from down in the brush country, confessed, "I never saw a coyote kill a rattlesnake. I have killed many rattlesnake-bitten coyotes. I have seen where coyotes rolled on rattlesnake carcasses and ate the snakes. Judging from sign, I think that now and then a coyote becomes a hunter and killer of rattlesnakes."

Occasionally a house cat or a dog will become exceedingly eager after rattlesnakes and very skillful in killing them. As a boy herding sheep in Frio County, Texas, a half century ago, Houston Ellis, a rancher near Eagle Pass, had a mongrel dog that would go after anything he was sicked on. One day Ellis and his brother stirred up a big, rusty diamondback and sicked the dog on it. The rattlesnake bit him, but he got well. He became an implacable foe of rattlesnakes, hunting them to kill. He learned to grab the snake at the right moment behind the head, and while biting down, to shake it violently, but he was never seen eating one.

Dr. Vance C. Hoyt, naturalist, animal-farmer and writer, has furnished the only description of an encounter between coyote and rattlesnake that I am aware of.

On the desert one summer morning shortly after sunrise, while the thermometer registered more than 100 degrees, he saw a coyote intercept a sidewinder. No rattlesnake can survive the rays of a sun like that. Whether the coyote knew this or not, no man can say. This coyote kept this snake from going to shade by dodging about it and keeping it in a coiled position. The snake struck several times without hitting. In about fifteen minutes, it "shuddered and lay quiet." Instantly, the coyote severed the head from the body and trotted off carrying the snake.

"I did not see the coyote eat it," says Dr. Hoyt. "I assume that he did eat it or else took it to his den for his young or his mate to eat. At my animal ranch, which I have conducted for more than ten years for experimental purposes in wildlife behavior, I have placed rattlesnakes in the pens of coyotes. Their method of attack was always the same: to tease the snake at a safe distance until it became too exhausted to defend itself, and then leap in for the kill. The beast knows from instinct or from experience that if a snake is cornered and worried long enough it will wear itself down."

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

prearranged letter asking why he had not come up with anyone. He showed this letter to Tom and said that he would think it over and for Tom to see him the next day at the hotel. Joe then rented two rooms which had an adjoining door. In the next room was a stenographer and the door was slightly ajar. Horn and Lefors came up to this room and Joe and Horn went over the letters again. Joe told Horn that he did not feel like trusting this job to him—who in the hell did he ever kill?

Horn named several and then told of killing the Nickell kid and why he had to kill him. Joe laughed and said that he did not believe him. Horn then swore that he had really done this job. All of this was taken down in shorthand and used at the trial. At the trial Horn's attorneys tried again and again to make Lefors admit that he was working on a contingent fee, and that he would not be paid unless there was a conviction, but Joe proved that he had already been paid and it made no difference whether there was a conviction or not.

After Horn was returned to jail he had quite a few visitors among the cattlemen with whom he had dealings. So that Horn would not say anything that might put them on the spot, they told him not to worry, that he would never be hanged for they would free him even if they had to use force. At one time a pistol was smuggled in to Tom but when he tried to make the break he failed, as the gun was an automatic and he did not know how to use it. He bitterly said that if it had been his kind of a gun he would have gotten away.

Tom was convinced up to the time that he was taken to the scaffold that he would be rescued. When the trap was sprung, however, there was a sigh of relief among those who had had dealings with him. There doesn't seem to be any doubt as to his guilt in the Nickell killing.

I am sure that few people are still around who remember Lefors but he was well known all over Wyoming and as I worked entirely under cover, I was unknown to anyone in that capacity. I quit Lefors to go to Denver on a "tail" or shadow job which took me through Colorado and Kansas. I wound up at Kansas City, liked the town, and went back to join a private detective agency. Later I became a special agent for one of the railroads and served in that capacity for about thirty-five years. My signature on my confidential reports was always "B" and I am still called by that name by those who knew me in those days. I am past eighty years of age now and am living a retired life.—Thomas C. Allen, Bellflower, Missouri.

TW in the Middle East

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is my check for two years' subscription to TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. Having been overseas in Saudi Arabia for the past few years, I have postponed subscribing to your excellent publications but I have obtained every copy possible and am most anxious to start my home delivery now that I am returning to the U. S. A.

Congratulations on a most truthful account of a period in our American history where the truth has been so distorted. You have enabled me and others of my acquaintance to give a true picture to friends in foreign countries of my childhood, and the country and men who shaped my life. For this, my personal thanks to your entire staff.—William W. McClure, Asst. Supt. Fleet Operations, Saudi Arabian Airlines for TWA., Jeddah.

TW on the West Coast

Dear Sir:

Again I am sending you a write-up about your magazine in our local newspaper which has to do with "First King of the Bulldoggers" in the October issue. I'm certain that you feel gratified to know that your magazine is so well received in this town which, though small in size, for four days annually becomes

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world famous through its great show, the Pendleton Round Up.

There are never enough of your magazines to go around. A clerk told me that they were gone from the racks in two days.—Mrs. Eva Isaac, 310 S. W. 17th, Pendleton, Oregon.

Editor's Note: Open letter to our friends in Pendleton—or anywhere in the world: If you can't find the issue you want of TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES, write us at Box 5008, Austin, Texas 78703. We'll send one copy or a bale!

A Sample of Our Mail

Dear Joe:

Say, can you tell me why there was always a half or quarter-moon cut in the west side of the old outhouses? I am anxious to know why that particular design was used. I do remember years ago seeing a star cut in one, but only one. Write soon.—R. J. Avery, Big Horn, Wyoming.

More on the Same Subject!

Dear Editor:

We homesteaded in Colorado and my father was no piker. I offer as proof of that statement the fact that he built a four-holer complete with cob box and issues of both Monkey Ward and Sears catalogs. It was the finest "family room" in the country!

My father studied the farm sections of these catalogs diligently and one time after we had company, he came storming into the house and said, "Someone has been tearing pages out of the harness section when they know darn good and well we are still working in women's underwear!" He was really upset.

I remember when one of our old hens decided to hatch a batch of eggs in the cob box and we had to use the barn for a while. Talk about being put out.

We finally sold the homestead but not before my father learned to drive the 490 Chevrolet. He got it between the privy and a cottonwood tree and would go forward and holler "Whoa," then back up and holler "Whoa." He finally demolished all three.

As far as I am concerned, the passing of the Old West was when they did away with outside toilets and started putting slick pages in the catalogs.—Walt Weischedel, 315 East 29th, Eugene, Oregon.

You still have TW and FT!—Joe.

A True Westerner

Dear Joe:

For a long time I have wanted to write you about a man of sterling character, a man who has done much to develop ranching in a most difficult country, a neighbor of mine and a good one, when I lived in Idaho.

Albert Campbell lives at New Meadows on the South Fork of the Salmon River. The high park-like country at its source has been converted to wonderful irrigated pastures and hay meadows by Campbell and others. He started out from scratch in a wild rough country but now has extensive holdings and is well known through southern Idaho and eastern Oregon.

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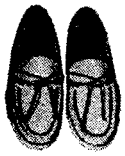

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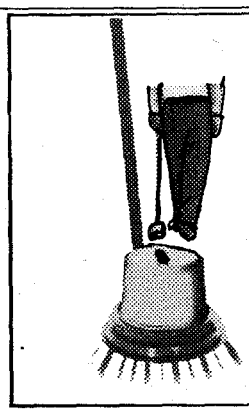

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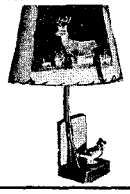

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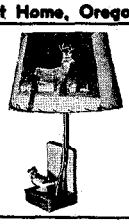

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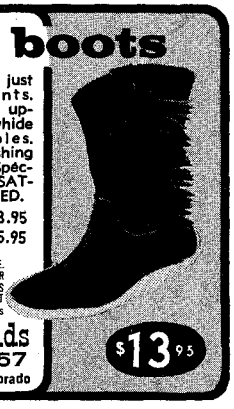

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sired, they are always prime beef.

Albert is quite a diplomat. To get along with the Forest officials is no mean trick. They like to tell a man just when and where he can range—to say in effect, "Thus far thou shalt go and no farther." But Albert always seems to manage. Albert Campbell is quite a man.—J. J. Ballard, Winnemucca, Nevada.

Centipedes

Dear Joe:

Almost to the day on which your fine magazine arrived containing Frank Dobie's piece about centipedes, a letter having to do with centipedes arrived from a friend in London. Here is our exchange of correspondence:

"Dear Doctor Nixon:

Yesterday the Royal College of Surgeons allowed me to prowl through its Hunterian Collection. Years ago, John Hunter dissected a centipede and on a page of his notebook he wrote,

'A centipede was happy—quite
Until a toad in fun
Said, "Pray, what leg moved after which?"
Thus raised her doubts to such a pitch
She fell exhausted in the ditch
Not knowing how to run.'

This lighthearted facet of a profound mind seemed too good to keep.

Cordially,
William E. Durbeck"

"Dear Durbeck:

The poem is a good companion piece to De Morgan's immortal lines to the fleas in *A Budget of Paradoxes*:

'Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum.*
And the great fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on;
While these again have greater still and greater still, and so on'

Very sincerely,
Pat"

Your tribute to Walter Prescott Webb was splendid. You and I and thousands like us will find it difficult in the classroom and in our hearts to replace him—indeed, he can't be replaced. He was one of those rare individuals who traveled the lonely trail of superlative achievement.—Dr. Pat Ireland Nixon, Medical-Professional Building, San Antonio, Texas.

Old Combination

Dear Sir:

I enjoy your stories on mining and ghost towns. I have been in many of the old mining camps of Montana, now only ghosts. One year with a Government survey crew we spent the summer at an old camp known as Combination (Black Hawk and another town had joined). It was located several miles north of Phillipsburg.

Several days before the Fourth of July we sent a team and wagon to Phillipsburg and stocked up on beer and liquor. On the Fourth, we had one of the old saloons opened up. It had the original bar and back bar; the mirrors had not even been broken. We spent the day celebrating and playing poker and blackjack.

There was a separate building for a cook house and the sixteen of us slept in pairs in separate cabins. The boss also had an office. The cook attached some wire and a rope to the old school bell so he could ring it at mealtime and to get us up in the morning. Most of the buildings were in good condition and many were still furnished although the camp had been deserted for years. We left them intact. In those days there was not so much pilfering because there were no thieves in automobiles to steal a place blind.—Don D. Joslyn, P. O. Box 2547, Parker, Arizona.

And Along the Same Line—

Dear Mr. Small:

I agree with what you've been printing about stopping vandalism. I have visited Bodie twice and on one occasion there was a car parked in the cemetery. The driver got out, took a headstone, and went away with it. Fortunately another tourist saw him, got his car number and turned it in to the police. And guess who he was—an employee of the post office in Hawthorn!

Bodie is now a national park but I have heard that it does not yet have police protection. The defacement of buildings, particularly the old Methodist Church, with scribbled names is a crime, but the stealing of a tombstone is the all-time low when it comes to souvenir hunting. Of course, this particular moron was glad to take it back where he got it when the sheriff caught up with him.

I will not be here many more years (I am eighty-two) but I want my grandchildren to enjoy the things I have enjoyed.—L. A. Frame, 467 N. Carmel, Gilroy, California.

Taps for a Great Cattleman

Dear Sir and Podner:

In August of this year W. T. (Bill) Bonner died in his sleep on his ranch near Gainesville, Texas. He was one of the best known cattlemen in the state. We were cousins and have worked a lot of cattle together.

There is another old boy, a champion bronc buster and now eighty-five, who is living at 2220 Chestnut Street, Fort Worth, Texas—Charley McDade. Perhaps a lot of his friends would like to hear from him through your magazine. I have mailed him a copy of the last issue. I am trying to get more people to subscribe. I wouldn't want to miss one.

I am well up in years. I have met Col. Bill Cody, Will Rogers, Tom Mix and many others as I followed the shows when I was just a youngster. I sent Mrs. Rigsby (Edith Coe) some of your magazines. She was delighted to get them. She still lives out there right close to the Mescalero Reservation and believe me, she knows that country. I also have covered it pretty well.—Bill O'Toole, 1125 Alston Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas.

The Fight at Salt River Cave

(Continued from page 35)

on the first line were ordered to fire at the slanting roof of the cave as fast as they could reload their breech-loading rifles. Glancing bullets and flying rock fragments soon had a terrible effect on the occupants of the cave. With their place of refuge suddenly worthless they faced the fire bravely, the women reloading weapons for the men and sharing the danger. Screams of the wounded were heard above the gunfire and Brown ordered the shooting stopped. Once again he asked the Apaches to surrender. For a time it seemed they might.

Most of the soldiers were seasoned frontier fighters but none had ever heard

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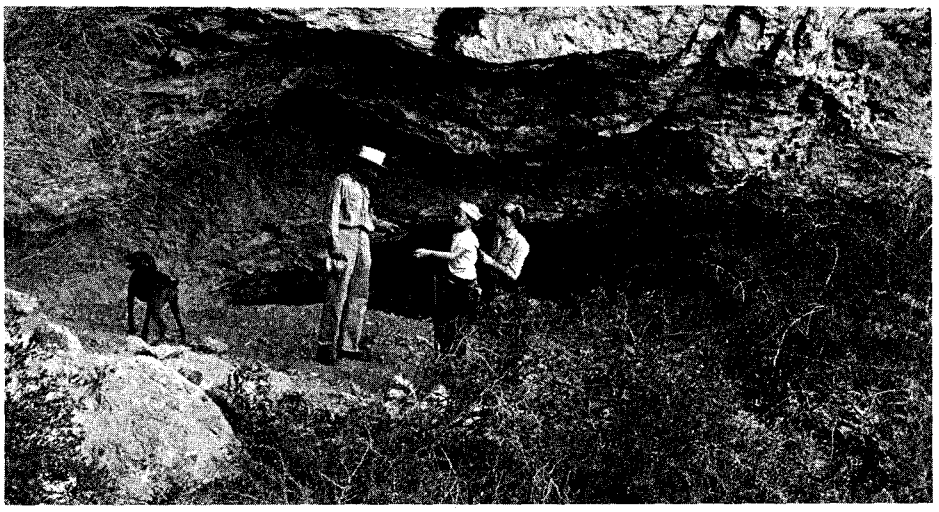


A group pauses at the mouth of Salt River Cave.

the weird chant that began to issue from the cave. It seemed half wail, half exultation—but pure desperation for revenge. The Indian scouts raised a warning cry, "Look out! It is the death chant! They will charge!"

Over the rampart came twenty superb warriors, each armed with bow and arrows and rifle. Half of them stood boldly upon the wall blazing away to occupy soldiers while the others attempted to break through on the right flank. The men in the forward position rushed to close with them with a matching fury. Six Apaches were killed and the others fell back. In the confusion one warrior succeeding in slipping through the first line, then turned to shout encouragement to those behind. Too late he realized there was a second line of soldiers. "No, *soldados!*" he screamed in Spanish but twenty carbines roared at once and he was shot to bloody rags.

The Major massed his two lines into one, thinking that it might be time to attempt a charge and end the fight, but the orders were never given. Instead, the firing almost entirely ceased. A little Apache boy of perhaps three years had wandered to the edge of the cave and stood there thumb in mouth staring at the smoking barrels. Then a ricocheting bullet plowed across the back of the boy's head and he fell shrieking. Suddenly Nantaje sprang forward, snatched the child from the ledge to the cheers of the soldiers, and carried him to safety behind a boulder.

HOURS BEFORE the fight had started at the cave, Captain Burns with part of his original command from Camp McDowell had been sent to patrol other canyons in the vicinity to locate any other bands of the hostiles. Hearing the gunfire they returned to the main canyon with all haste. Picking their way over the torturous terrain they approached the fight by good fortune from on top of the cliff above the cave. Burns leaned over the crest and soon understood the situation. The Apaches were lying close to the outer edge of the ledge before the cave in an effort to avoid the deadly glancing lead and this left them exposed from above. Quickly Burns had his men rig safety lines of suspenders tied together so two of the troopers could lean out over the precipice and fire revolvers at the enemy below. This tactic worked fine until the two got so excited that they began to throw the revolvers. Thinking this ammunition rather too expensive, Captain Burns decided to have the men roll boulders off the heights to crash down on the still defiant Apaches.

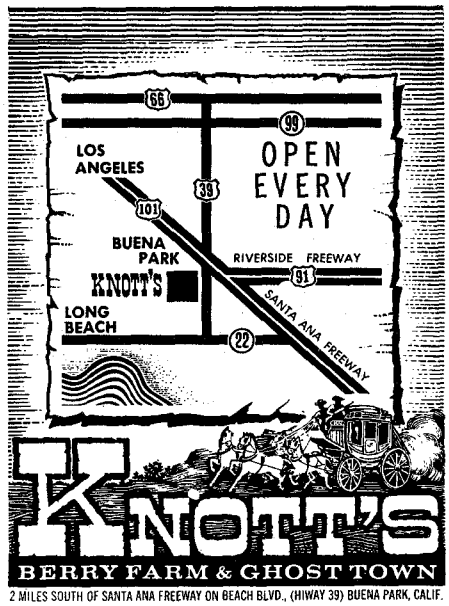
Under a barrage from above and below, the defenders fell one after another. Through the clouds of dust and black powder smoke only the form of the old Medicine Man could be glimpsed as he crouched behind a rock steadily returning the fire of the soldiers. Then he too disappeared and there was no further sign of resistance. Signaling up to Ross, Major Brown ordered a cease fire and a charge. Corporal Hanlon of Company G was first over the parapet and into the cave, fully expecting to be met by arrows and bullets from some unknown recess—but there was only the moans of the injured.

It is strange that any human could withstand that rain of death, yet when the soldiers had searched through the debris and sorted the living from the dead, thirty-five were found still breathing. Some had survived by crawling under loose rocks or the bodies of their comrades. There were feelings of sorrow and respect among the soldiers as they came upon the lifeless body of the old Medicine Man who had donned his ceremonial robes and fought valiantly until the end.

Many of the prisoners were severely wounded but with no doctor nor medical supplies of any kind, little could be done for them. Only eighteen were still alive by the time the troopers had buried the dead Pima and were ready to withdraw from the canyon. Apache dead were left where they fell. The soldiers feared a surprise attack if they remained on the scene any longer.

The final count was seventy-six Apaches killed in return for the death of one scout. It was a thorough though not jubilant victory. Nantaje continued to serve with the Army for the remainder of the campaign and in 1875 a grateful Government awarded him the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Today the scene of the fight at the Salt River Cave is a quiet one. In the passing years the bones have been removed and given proper burial and now wild desert flowers blanket the rocks with hues almost as bright as the color they were once splashed with from Apache wounds. The gorge of the Salt River is partly filled with the waters of Canyon Lake and pleasure seekers out for a Sunday boat ride zip by, unaware of the bloody chapter of Western history that was written here.



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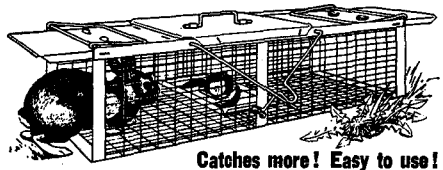

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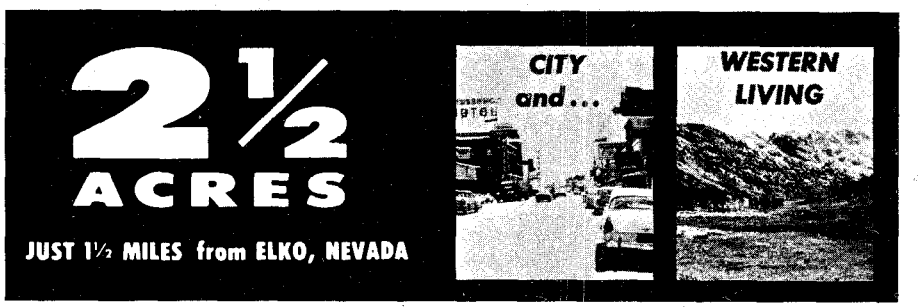

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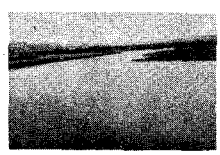

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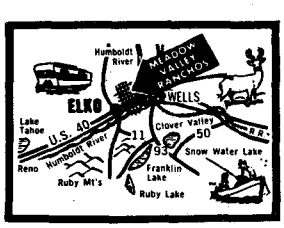

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

PIONEERING IN NORTHWEST TEXAS

A worthy new book, *The Frontier of Northwest Texas, 1846 to 1876*, (The Arthur H. Clark Co., $12) presents the results of scholarly research by Dr. Rupert Norval Richardson who for forty years has edited the Year Book of the West Texas Historical Association. This land of Cross Timbers and Prairies occupies a square zone of Texas within lines drawn from the Red River south through Sherman and Dallas to Waco, then west to San Angelo, and north to Wichita Falls and the Red River.

Cabeza de Vaca and Coronado, in the 16th Century, were the first Europeans to see the region. Fierce Lipans and Comanches first warred with each other, then concentrated on the early Spanish and later Anglo settlements. Pioneer Texans lived in peril of Indians until the 1870s when Indians were conquered and kept on reservations.

An immense compendium of regional Texana, the book is replete with the wide-ranging historical events from Indians and Anglo pioneers to modern agriculture, cattle industry and oil. There is a good bibliography and index but many of the illustrations are blurred.

FOR HORSE LOVERS

Horse lovers will be delighted with Nelson Nye's elegant new book, *Your Western Horse* (A. S. Barnes & Co., $7.50). It is beautifully illustrated with pictures of Palominos, Quarter Horses, polo ponies, race horses, rodeo horses, cow horses, and show horses. The book presents interesting discussions on the origin of western horses, their domestication, use and training. Nelson Nye is eminently well qualified to turn out a first-class horse book. A breeder of Quarter Horses and former manager of the Double N Ranch, he is a distinguished western novelist and winner of the Spur Award, Best Western Novel, 1959. He has written over seventy books, fiction and non-fiction plus several hundred articles on horses and other livestock. This one is tops for the whole family.

NEVADA MINING

Washoe Rambles (Westernlore Press, $7.50) by Dan DeQuille is presented in book form for the first time. This report by Dan gives an account of his rambles on a prospecting trip between Lake Tahoe and the Carson Sinks in west central Nevada.

The book brings to life memories of Nevada's mining history, the free-for-all struggle for riches, the mad social whirl of the frontier, the raucous life of miners and prospectors and hair-breadth escapes from death on the frontier. Some of the choice pages tell of the Paiute Indians, human scavengers who lived barely above a survival level on desert vegetable and animal life. Recommended.

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A FINE FIRST

Nineteen papers presented at the first conference on the History of Western America, Santa Fe, October 1961, compose the contents of *Probing The American West* (Museum of New Mexico Press, $5). The book was edited by K. Ross Toole, John Alexander Carroll, Robert M. Utley and A. R. Mortensen with an introduction by Ray A. Billington.

Several big name western historians reviewed subjects of interest to westerners. The topics varied from Hispanic influences, overland journals, western opera, the gold rush, mothers of mixed-bloods, cavalry, Indians, Remington, cattle, and western fairy tales to unfinished tasks in western history.

We expected a noteworthy book from this group and this one belongs in all western libraries. It comes with copious notes, copy of the program agenda and a good index.

FOR THE TREASURE HUNTER

William Mahan's *Early Spanish Treasure Signs & Symbols* (T & M Publishing Co., P. O. Box 4815, Dallas 6, Texas, $3.50) is packed with information —the result of much serious research. For example, a list of abbreviations used in Spanish documents and maps; translation of frequently used Spanish phrases and expressions; standards of weights and measure (or, more accurately, the lack of a standard); and a brief Spanish-English dictionary. Both Indian and Spanish signs are shown pictorially and should be helpful to the seekers of Spanish treasure. The chapter, "Treasure Hunting," provides sound advice for the serious hunters.

SALMON RIVER COUNTRY

Land of the Yankee Fork (Sage Books, $4) by Esther Yarber reveals the history of isolated Upper Salmon River country in Idaho. Northern tributary of the Salmon River, Yankee Fork had three hot gold booms from 1879 to 1910. Relics from the former gold towns are now in a hometown museum developed and filled by Tuff McGowan, an old-timer who has hoarded more local history than anyone else. The public can visit the museum without charge.

This book turns out to be a sharply written regional history full of the details of settlement and mining. Today, recreation is the chief interest in this scenic mountain wonderland with its forests, hunting and fishing. Some of the old-timers predict future gold booms in the gravel bars supposedly loaded with yellow metal. The book is illustrated with numerous early and modern photographs.

LOOKING FOR A BARGAIN?

BRAVE WARRIORS

by Norman B. Wiltsey

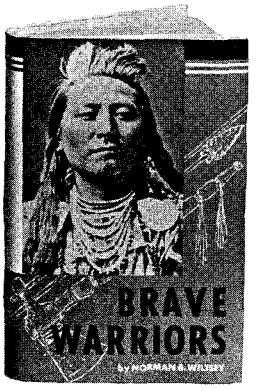

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Photo by Mike Griffith

Nino Cochise, grandson of the late, great Apache Chief Cochise, and A. Kinney Griffith.

Miracle at a Waterhole

(Continued from page 13)

naked, looked bloody and all used up; their hands were tied behind, their ankles tied under their mustangs' bellies. Theirs were the only faces turned in our direction. We could not think of anything we could do for them.

"Later, we learned they were scalphunters, that the Apaches had surrounded a party of six scalphunters and had taken these two alive, and were taking them to the Chiricahua stronghold where they were put to the torture. They had had the dubious honor of looking upon the face of Cochise but did not live long enough to boast of it. But thanks to a sense of the dramatic or a lofty quirk in the spirit of Cochise, we did."

That was one of the reasons my grandfather and some others insisted that the Indian, especially the Apache, was not always as black as painted; he believed that the Indian had his side to the story of the struggle with the invading white man.

The Indians had been here in the Southwest, had a good way of life, thousands of years before the invasion of Coronado and Padre De Niza. It was the white man who was the intruder, the raider, the breaker of promises and treaties. Sure, the Apaches were savage killers—who isn't when his home is invaded by an armed intruder, even today? —Reprinted from *The Big Scalphunter*, The William-Frederick Press, 1961.

Cattle Kings

(Continued from page 44)

Young Slaughter had made his entry into the cattle business.

In a pretty little grove not far from the stockade at Palo Pinto lived Cynthia Anne Jowell, belle of the frontier community. She had all the accomplishments of a lady of her time—a beautiful voice and an ability to ride, shoot, and dance. Although her home was only a two-room log cabin, it was as neat and attractive as any in the community, and there Christopher Columbus Slaughter went courting. He was a prize not to be passed up, and Cynthia lost no time in accepting him when he proposed.

After they were married, they moved to a ranch back in the hills. This, too, was a modest home, but Cynthia was happy until one day the Indians came. Slaughter was away riding after the cattle when Cynthia saw the savages stealthily approaching through the bushes. She dropped the bucket she was carrying and fled to the house, pursued by a half dozen Comanches. She was fleet of foot and reached the cabin.

Quickly barring the door, she seized a shotgun and prepared to fight. The Indians then changed their tactics. They crowded around the door and pretended that they wanted food. Opening the door cautiously, Mrs. Slaughter threw out what she had cooked. The bolt withdrawn, one of the Indians hurled himself against the door, expecting the woman to be an easy victim. He received a load of buckshot, and his companions sought shelter behind trees. Believing the report of the gun would bring help, the savages departed. Slaughter returned a few hours later and found a dead Comanche on his doorstep. He took his girl-wife on the horse behind him and hurried her to Palo Pinto and safety.

C. C. became a captain of the State Rangers, and once while trailing Indians in the Devil's River country, he and his men were close on the heels of the raiders. Slaughter had given orders for his men to proceed cautiously when a buck deer sprang up, and a young Ranger, forgetting himself, fired at it. The Comanches discovered their pursuers and escaped.

In order to impress on his men that orders had to be obeyed, Slaughter had the Ranger tied and gagged. This so infuriated the youth that when released he shot Slaughter with a buffalo gun. A bundle of buffalo hides that Slaughter had on his shoulder checked the bullet and probably saved his life. Slaughter let the incident pass, and the boy became one of Slaughter's best fighters and most trusted men.

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BY 1868 the cattle of the Slaughter family had increased to 12,000 head. The next year they sold their entire herd to James Loving and Charles Rivers at $6.00 each. Soon afterward, the first of the railroads extending westward crossed the Missouri River into Kansas and gave connection with the East. The Slaughters and others began buying cattle and trailing them north to the shipping pens at Abilene, Kansas, following the trail laid out by Jesse Chisholm. Texas cattle rose in value.

In 1870 G. W. Slaughter moved to Emporia, Kansas, in order to better look after the sale of the cattle; his son, C. C., moved to Dallas and did most of the buying; and another son, W. B. Slaughter, became boss on the trail.

The herd that went up the Chisholm trail in 1870 numbered 3,000. These brought $25.00 a head, a total of $105,000 and six times as much per head as the Slaughters had received when they sold the cattle on their ranch three years earlier. Two thousand head that were driven to Kansas the following year brought $33.00 per head. The big cattle boom was now on. Texas Longhorns were wanted to stock ranches in New Mexico, Colorado, Nebraska, and states farther north, and the Slaughters did a profitable trail driving business for five years.

By 1875 the price of cattle had risen at the Texas ranches, and trail drivers were compelled to operate on a narrow margin of profit. The elder Mr. Slaughter returned to Texas, and resumed operation of his ranch at Palo Pinto. He lived there until his death in 1895.

C. C. erected what was said to be the finest home in Dallas, but the gallant girl who had started with him in a log cabin in the hills of Palo Pinto did not live to enjoy it long. She died in 1876.

Land in eastern Kansas was rapidly being taken up by settlers. Farmers objected to having large herds of cattle driven across their small holdings, and the trail drivers had to seek another route to the north. Fortunately, another railroad was being built along the old Santa Fe trail and had reached Fort Dodge in western Kansas. The three herds that C. C. drove north in 1877 went to Dodge City, which was established in 1872 and was for several years the largest cattle market in the world.

C. C. accompanied one of the herds. One evening they passed a Kansas settlement of "fool hoe men" as the farmers were called. These people who had come to convert the grassy plains of Kansas into farms were having a social at their new church, and C. C. and some of his men rode over to participate. The entertainment was being supervised by a young school teacher, Miss Carrie Averill. Slaughter's heart skipped a few beats and he began to look around for someone to introduce him. There was ill feeling toward the cattlemen because their stock often ate or trampled out both the grass and the crops of the homesteaders, and several persons declined to introduce Slaughter to the belle of their community.

C. C. finally discovered a minister in the crowd, a benevolent looking old gentleman whom he asked to present him to the young lady. He was careful to explain that he himself was the son of a Baptist minister. The old man looked him over a moment and replied he guessed he could introduce him. He knew the girl all right—she was his daughter!

C. C. Slaughter and Carrie Averill were together the remainder of the evening, and after disposing of the cattle, the trail driver went by to see her while on his way back to Texas. The Averills had come out to Kansas before the Civil War to see what they could do to prevent the country from becoming a slave state. Mr. Averill was somewhat skeptical of a man who had been a colonel in the Southern army, but C. C. and Carrie got along beautifully. They corresponded through the winter and were married when Slaughter came up the trail with a herd the next spring.

AFTER 1877 C. C. Slaughter began to give more attention to cattle ranching than to trail driving. The brand he adopted was the long S lying down, and his outfit became known as the Long-S or Lazy S. He bought a herd of cows and heifers and headed toward the open prairie of West Texas to found a big ranch. The country around Abilene was still open range, but Slaughter knew that civilization would soon overtake him there. He went on west and founded the famous Long-S Ranch near where the town of Big Spring now stands.

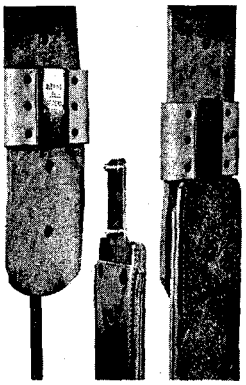
This was excellent ranch country. It was out of the tick belt, and there was no brush to interfere with working cattle. The climate was mild and cows could calve at any season of the year without loss.

The first ranch house was a dugout in a hillside with a bull hide for a door. Slaughter was quick to see the advantage of improving the native cattle. He bought 100 imported Shorthorn bulls, the first registered cattle in the Panhandle, and started breeding up the lean Texas Longhorns. In 1882 he sold 1,000 three-year-old steers that averaged nearly 1,000 pounds each. These brought seven and a half cents a pound, or about seventy-five dollars per head. This was the highest price ever received for three-year-old Texas steers at that time and remained the record for years.

Slaughter had seen the rapid settlement of Kansas and Oklahoma, and he knew that land in West Texas was certain to increase in value. When competition for control of the range became keen, he began to buy land. He bought over 200,000 acres from the Texas & Pacific Railway and in a single transaction paid them $220,485.82. In a few years the Long-S Ranch covered a large part of Howard, Dawson, Borden, and Martin Counties. He also leased about 300,000 acres from the state.

Early in the Eighties C. C. Slaughter, J. N. Morrison, and W. D. Johnson formed the Running Water Land and Cattle Co. and started building another big ranch in Castro, Lamb, and Hale Counties. Headquarters for the ranch was on Running Water Draw about fifteen miles northwest of Plainview. Slaughter had a half interest in this ranch. In 1890 he traded his interest in the cattle on the ranch for the interest of his partners in the land and became full owner of this ranch of 143,000 acres.

IN 1887 came the big blizzard that put many cattlemen out of business and came near bankrupting Slaughter. It was late in the afternoon when a dark blue streak appeared on the northern horizon and rapidly grew in size. Cattle on the grassy levels of the Long-S ceased grazing and, after a few sniffs of the air, started toward the rough country on the North Concho. A herd of horses that grazed along the base of Signal Mountain was rounded up by the leader and, with much kicking and neighing, galloped toward Big Spring Canyon. A per-



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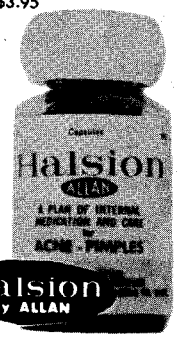

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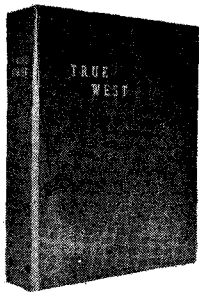

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pendicular wall of black clouds, preceded by flying sand, seemed to be rolling along the prairie. Then the wind struck with a cold blast, and clouds and dust shut out the last rays of the setting sun.

In about an hour it began to snow. For three days and nights snow fell and the wind howled across the great open world of the Staked Plains. The storm struck the northern Panhandle first. A few cattle went into the brakes of the Canadian and Palo Duro Canyons and stayed on their range, but everything on the plains began to retreat before the gale. Drift fences went down like cobwebs before the weight of the herds. There were a few clear days, then more bad weather. When spring came, Slaughter had lost 10,000 head of cattle and the remnant of his herd was far down on the Pecos. Some had gone to the Rio Grande. The spring roundup was held far from home!

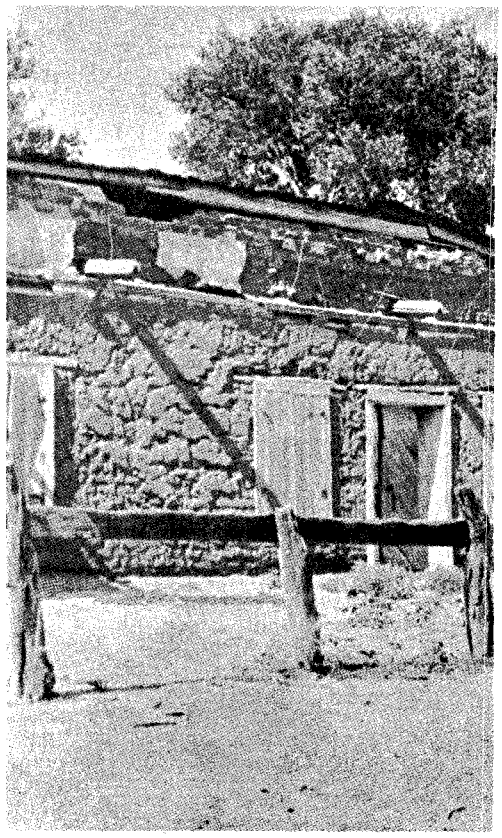
Moisture from the big snow brought excellent grass, however, and good calf crops followed for several seasons and helped make up the loss. Slaughter bought 246,000 acres in Cochran County west of Lubbock and founded the Whiteface Ranch. This was stocked with 20,000 cows and heifers from the old Long-S. Another ranch of 105,000 acres was established in Hudspeth County near El Paso. Other ranches were acquired in Sonora, Mexico, and in the Black Hills of South Dakota. By 1890, Slaughter owned 1,000,000 acres.

While the Shorthorns were a fine beef breed that reached great size, Slaughter found that a still better beef animal could be produced by crossing them with Herefords. His steers became famous for their size. Whiteface Ranch near Lubbock produced an animal that weighed 4,000 pounds at four years of age and was for many years the world's largest steer. The steer was from a Shorthorn cow and a Hereford bull and was finally sold to a showman who exhibited it all over the United States.

The $75 steers Slaughter had secured by using registered Shorthorn bulls with native cows had clearly demonstrated the value of fine-blooded bulls. He bought an irrigated tract in the artesian belt near Roswell, New Mexico, and used it as a place to raise fine bulls for his ranches. The Hereford herd at Roswell was headed by Ancient Briton (No. 55,749), a bull that took first prize at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Another fine Hereford was Sir Bredwell (No. 63,685), that took first prize at the Omaha, Nebraska, Exposition in 1889. There were twenty-four Hereford cows on the ranch that had taken blue ribbons. The success of this ranch was largely due to the efforts of George M. Slaughter, C. C.'s son.

When land in West Texas increased in value, the Running Water Ranch near Plainview was placed on the market for agricultural purposes. This 143,000-acre tract was soon settled with farmers from Iowa and adjoining northern states. Today this division of the Long-S outfit is one of the finest wheat regions of the nation.

When C. C. Slaughter died in 1919, the Long-S Ranches had been reduced to about 500,000 acres. Further sales followed. Although the Slaughter heirs still run cattle on some ranches, most of the famous Long-S Ranch that once extended from Plainview to Big Spring is now in cultivation. Tractors have taken the place of the bronco in the day's work, and dairy herds graze the winter wheat where once roamed the Long-S steers.



JOHN S. CHISUM AND THE JINGLE BOB
The General behind the Guns in America's Greatest Cattle War

"JOHN S. CHISUM was unquestionably the largest individual cattle owner in the United States and probably the greatest cattleman in the world," according to a history of the State of New Mexico. A publication of the American Historical Society adds, "His life, if written in detail, would present a clear, correct and forceful picture of pioneer times . . . with all its dangers, its privations, its horrors, its pleasures, and its prosperity."

Chisum's cattle watered on the Pecos River in New Mexico while grazing the western slope of the Staked Plains for 100 miles. Although generally regarded as a Pecos Valley cattleman, his activities so thoroughly included the Llano Estacado that the story of the Great Plateau would hardly be complete with him omitted.

This man that historians have called the "Cattle King of America," and who was the general behind the guns in America's greatest cattle war, was born August 15, 1824, in Madison County, Tennessee, and came to Texas with his mother and step-father in 1837. John's boyhood was spent on a farm in Red River Colony, and his first real start in life was made when he acquired a tract of land and opened the townsite of Paris, Texas. He became a building contractor and erected the first courthouse at Paris when Lamar County was organized.

Chisum was about thirty years old when he began buying cattle from surrounding farms and selling them to local butchers. Then in 1854 he trailed a herd to Shreveport, Louisiana—one of the first ever driven out of Texas. S. K. Fowler of New York put up most of the money for the drive of 500 head that went to the adjoining state. Insects harassed the cattle on their way through the swamps; mud balls and cockleburs

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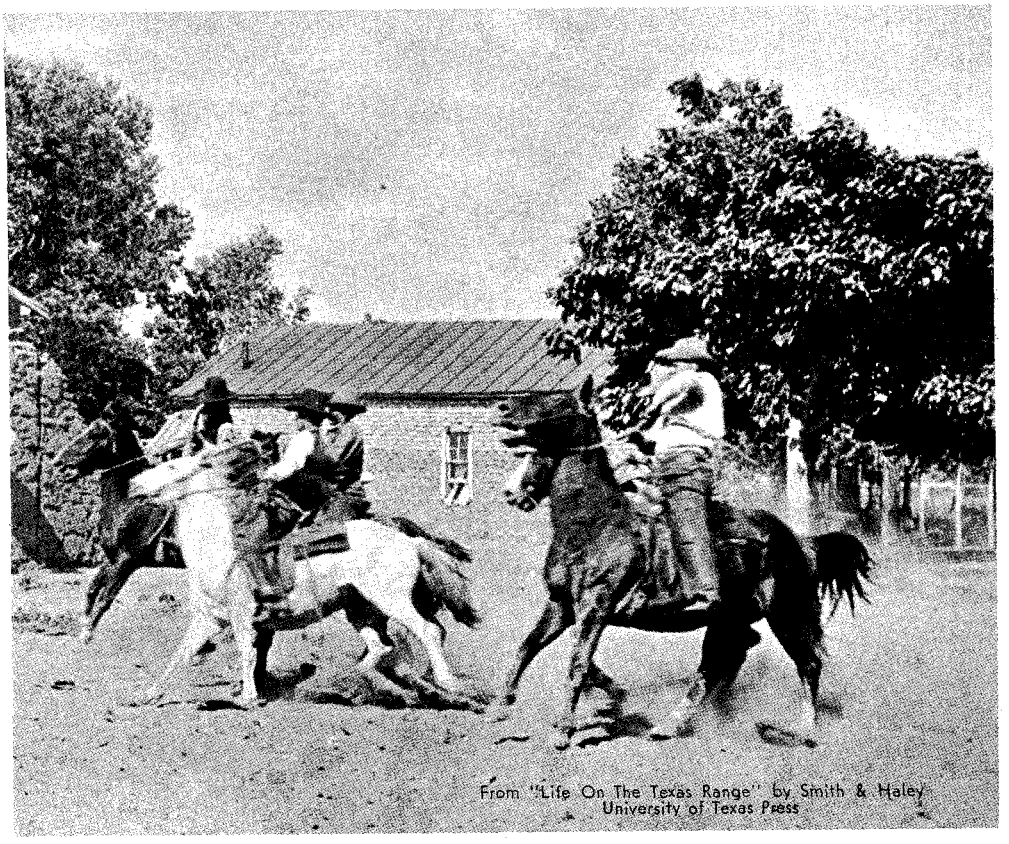

Thirsty cowboys lost no time getting to Old Tascosa, principal oasis of diversion for the vast cow country.

accumulated on their tails. Chisum lost money on this trip, but he determinedly gathered another small herd and drove it to Little Rock, Arkansas. Realizing only a small profit from this second undertaking, he became convinced that driving Texas cattle to the east was not feasible on account of the insects, dense woods and broad rivers.

Texas, especially the western part, was the natural home of the cow, for more buffaloes lived there than any other place in the world. Tame cattle had been increasing rapidly since the days of the Spanish missions, but there was no market for them. Chisum believed, however, that he could eventually solve the problem.

In 1857 he went west and established a ranch in Denton County. Settlers were rapidly taking possession of the land. After six years there, Chisum pushed into the Comanche country in West Texas and established a ranch on the Concho. This was open prairie with just enough broken land and timber to give protection to stock when blizzards swept down from the high, cold plateau of the Staked Plains. Most of the cattle that Chisum took along belonged to Fowler and were being handled by Chisum for a share of the calf crop.

CHISUM'S ranch was exposed to Comanche raids from the Staked Plains and from Mexican bandits along the Rio Grande. He had been on the river only a few months when thieves drove off a lot of horses. Chisum and three companions set out in pursuit of the outlaws. They overtook the bandits at Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos River (Texas). In the fight that followed, the ranchers killed three of the rustlers and recovered the stock.

In 1866, three years after Chisum established his ranch on the Concho, the United States Government started building a fort to protect the region. This military post was located where the stream forks forming the North, South, and Middle Conchos. At first only a settlement, the town of San Angelo grew up under the protection of Ft. Concho.

The army became engaged in a series of Indian wars about 1864. In New Mexico, General J. H. Carleton and Kit Carson were waging a vigorous campaign against the Navajos and Apaches. Much of New Mexico was a desert region with too few buffaloes to supply the soldiers with meat, so the Government announced it would pay good prices for beef delivered to the Territory. Chisum undertook the hazardous business of supplying beef to armies in the field against the Indians.

By 1866 Carson had whipped the Navajos and was holding about 7,000 of them prisoners at Fort Sumner on the Upper Pecos in New Mexico. The fort was on the river forming the western boundary of the Staked Plains. Less progress had been made against the Apaches but about 400 of that tribe were also herded onto the reservation at Fort Sumner. The Government was having to feed both the soldiers and Indians there, and Chisum decided to drive some steers from his ranch on the Concho in Texas to the fort in New Mexico. He knew he would have to fight his way through a region under attack from Comanches and Apaches.

Two other ranchers, Charles Goodnight and Oliver C. Loving of Palo Pinto, had already started driving cattle to the western forts. These two combined their herds and forces in order to have better protection from the Indians and started to Fort Sumner with a party of twenty men. Chisum gathered 600 steers and set out for New Mexico soon after the Goodnight-Loving cattle had started.

There were only ten men in Chisum's

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party. This was more than enough to handle the small drove of steers but not enough to face the Indians. The high and almost waterless plateau of the Llano Estacado lay between Chisum and his destination. Chisum, like Goodnight and Loving, decided it would be best to take a more circuitous route and avoid this plain.

Chisum's outfit saw signs of Indians soon after passing the place where the Government was building Fort Concho, but they reached the head of the river without encountering any trouble. Between the head of this stream and the Pecos lay ninety miles of desert over which the cattle had to be driven almost day and night. It was a gaunt and thirst-crazed herd that after three days reached Horsehead Crossing. This historic spot has been the scene of many battles. It was here, three years before, that Chisum and three companions, Frank Tanksley, Abe Hunter, and Robert K. Wiley had overtaken the bandits with horses they had stolen from Chisum.

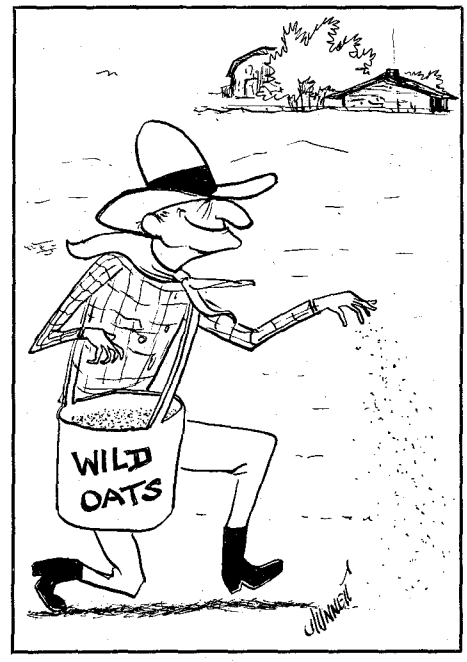
THE PECOS had long been the dividing line between the Comanches on the east and the Apaches on the west. Although the valley of the Rio Grande River 100 miles farther west had been occupied for over three centuries by Spaniards and Mexicans, no one had ventured into the Pecos Valley until Fort Sumner was built. Traveling about ten miles a day, the Chisum herd turned north and ascended the Pecos for 300 miles without seeing a ranch until they were nearing the fort. A chain of rugged mountains ran parallel with the river, their purple peaks rising against the sky far to the west. To the east of the Pecos lay the Llano Estacado, home of the Kiowas, Comanches and buffaloes. Except for an occasional cottonwood or hackberry, the Pecos Valley was treeless.

Six companies of soldiers were on duty at Sumner watching the Navajos and Apaches and trying to teach them to farm by diverting water from the Pecos for irrigation. The Government was distributing 30,000 pounds of beef every day to the Indians. Chisum learned there that the Comanches had wounded Oliver Loving while he was crossing the Pecos and that the cattleman had died soon after reaching the fort.

The Concho River cattleman had arrived too late to sell his steers that year, but he underbid all competitors and got the contract to supply 7,000 head of cattle for the Indians in 1867. He sent his cattle to winter on the Pecos about thirty-five miles below the fort. The cow camp was pitched in a cottonwood grove which Mexicans had named "Bosque Grande."

It became Chisum's headquarters during his early trail driving operations and he gradually converted it into the first big cattle ranch in eastern New Mexico. Grass and water were without limit and there was no competition—except from Indians and buffaloes. Chisum was too busy for a year or two fulfilling his beef contract to bring in cattle to stock the range, but by the end of 1872 he had 15,000 head at Bosque Grande.

In 1868 the Apaches at Fort Sumner escaped and went on the warpath; the Navajos were sent to a new reservation in northwestern New Mexico and northeastern Arizona, and Fort Sumner was abandoned. Chisum got a contract to supply 1,700 head of cattle for Fort Stanton in the Apache country of New Mexico. He bought the cattle from a



rancher on the South Concho and was trailing them east of the Guadalupe Mountains about 200 miles from the fort when Indians in overwhelming numbers attacked his outfit, stampeded the cattle, and made off with 1,165 head. The stock was never recovered. He had paid $18.00 each for the steers and was to have received $35.00.

WHEN THE INDIANS killed Oliver Loving, Goodnight was left without a partner. The Palo Pinto cattleman believed that he could make money by trailing to Colorado. There were a lot of miners in that state who needed beef; there was also some demand for cows and heifers to stock new ranches. Goodnight proposed that Chisum join him in the Colorado drives. They made an agreement whereby Chisum was to buy the cattle in Texas and bring them to Bosque Grande; Goodnight was to meet him there and trail the cattle to Colorado. They were to divide the profit or loss equally. In the first year the two ranchers cleared $40,000. Chisum's half went into cows and heifers to stock the range at Bosque Grande.

Chisum's chief competitor for beef contracts was a man named L. G. Murphy who ranched on the Carrizozo Plains about 100 miles west of Bosque Grande. Murphy also had a trading post at the Mexican settlement, La Placita de la Bonita, in the Capitan Mountains. This trading post later became the town of Lincoln, county seat of Lincoln County.

The Mescalero Apaches were rounded up in 1873 and put on a reservation in the White Mountains under the guns of Fort Stanton. This left the lower Pecos free from their depredations, and Chisum decided to establish a ranch at South Spring River, a beautiful little stream that empties into the Pecos near present day Roswell. This was about forty miles down the river from his Bosque Grande ranch.

He also established a cow camp at Carlsbad Springs, eighty miles farther down the Pecos. Chisum bought cattle from his ranches in Texas and stocked the lower Pecos with 11,000 head. With a total of 26,000 head of cattle in New Mexico, his herd increased rapidly. In 1875 he branded 9,231 calves and judged that his cowboys had found and branded

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only three-fourths of those that belonged to him. The Jingle Bob cattle, as Chisum's were called, roamed up and down the Pecos from Anton Chico to the Texas line, a range more than 150 miles long. It reached to the Staked Plains on the east and crossed the Rio Hondo and Penasco Rivers to the mountains, seventy-five miles to the west. On this vast range, his 26,000 cattle grew into the largest herd in the United States.

L. G. Murphy, who heretofore had confined his ranching operations to the Carrizozo region, also took advantage of the freeing of the lower Pecos from the Apaches and established a ranch at Seven Rivers, a short distance above Chisum's cow camp at Carlsbad Springs. As a result, these men who had been bitter rivals for the beef contract became competitors for control of the range on the lower Pecos. Murphy sent 3,000 cows and heifers to Seven Rivers. During the years that followed, he sold so many cattle from his ranch on the Pecos that people called his cattle "the magic herd." Chisum believed that many of these cattle were his mavericks that Murphy was capturing and branding faster than Chisum's cowboys could get them.

By 1877 Chisum had 70,000 or 80,000 head of cattle on the Pecos. Many cowboys and small ranchers soon built up large herds by putting their brand on cattle that really belonged to Chisum. Some of these fellows, especially those in the mountains where concealment was easy, did not stop with branding mavericks. They stole Jingle Bob cattle and butchered them outright or sold them to distant ranches.

On July 15, 1874, Indians made a raid on his ranch at Bosque Grande, stealing 150 head of horses and at the same time taking sixty-five head that were about twelve miles up the river. White men stole 135 horses from the ranch at South Spring River the same year. Rustlers and Indians not only stole stock, they killed many of the cattlemen. Indians killed Jack Holt of the Roswell community in 1873 and the next year scalped Newt Higgins, the man who carried the mail from Roswell to Fort Sumner.

Many desperadoes came into New Mexico following the gold strikes at Elizabethtown and White Oaks. There was little law in the county, and cases were tried before "Judge Lynch." A man who had committed murder was tried before this court of the range and hanged at Bosque Grande. Another who was found guilty of the same offense was shot at Navar's Bend on the Pecos.

CHISUM sold 6,000 head of cattle in 1876 to John P. Clum, Indian Agent of the San Carlos Apaches, and delivered them at Croton Springs, Arizona. In 1877 he trailed 6,000 choice steers to Fort Dodge, Kansas. He also sold 4,000 "mosshorns" to the San Carlos Indian Agent that year. While trailing the steers to Arizona. Chisum found some of his cattle on the Rio Grande near Dona Ana held by Mexicans who refused to give them up. (The natives had either stolen the cattle or bought them from thieves.) Chisum's cowbowys killed several of the Mexicans and took the cattle by force.

Mescalero Apaches kept leaving their reservation in the White Mountains of New Mexico to steal cattle from Chisum on the Pecos. After enduring this for a while, Chisum followed a band of the Indians to the reservation, killed several and drove his cattle home.

Then white thieves descended on Robert K. Wiley's camp, killed an employee named Yopp, and drove off 400 head of cattle. Chisum found that some of Murphy's men had been there and suspected that they were the culprits even though the Murphy men said they went to the camp while themselves trailing thieves.

Chisum soon surpassed Murphy as a cattleman, but this Texan who had been a good tactician himself, was no match for the mountain cattleman when it came to dirty politics. Murphy was political boss of Lincoln County, which included all of Southeastern New Mexico, and elected whom he pleased. Chisum's attorney, Alexander McSwain, soon got in bad by operating a store in competition with Murphy's firm. Then, to make the situation worse, Chisum opened a bank in Lincoln that began to take business that had formerly gone to Murphy's bank. An Englishman, John H. Tunstall, who operated a ranch on the Felix River, joined Chisum in the banking business and became vice-president of the institution. McSwain was made cashier of the bank, while Chisum was the president.

With all this overlapping of interests, trouble was almost inevitable. Sheriff William Brady ignored the new bank and deposited all tax money in the bank of his political boss, Murphy; Tunstall criticized the sheriff and Murphy's bank. Thus Chisum, Tunstall, and McSwain soon found themselves arrayed against Murphy and Brady.

Murphy had never been considered scrupulous in his methods and he now began to fight the cattle king of the Pecos and his associates with any means available. He took two influential young men, J. J. Dolan and John Riley, into his business and prepared to destroy his competitor if possible.

Riley's father-in-law, Colonel Amily Fritz, died leaving a $10,000 life insurance policy, and the heirs employed McSwain to collect the insurance for them. McSwain succeeded in collecting the amount after a trip to New York. When the time came for settlement, a dispute arose as to the expense and attorney fees. This gave Murphy, Dolan, and Riley the opportunity they had wanted. They induced the heirs to attach the McSwain store. Sheriff Brady served the papers, and padlocked the establishment. Not satisfied with closing the rival business house, an attachment was taken out on the Tunstall Ranch on the ground that Tunstall was McSwain's partner.

Sheriff Brady sent Bill Morton, Murphy's ranch foreman, and a strong force of cowboys to take charge of the Tunstall ranch. The men not only took possession of the ranch under the attachment but killed the owner. Morton's men excused themselves by saying the Englishman had tried to run off with the saddle horses. Two of Tunstall's employees, however, said the banker only had eight horses in his possession and that he was shot while holding his hands over his head.

CHISUM and McSwain got a warrant for Morton's arrest, but Sheriff Brady showed so little inclination to act, the Tunstall and Chisum cowboys went after him themselves. They captured Morton and Frank Baker, who had taken part in the killing of Tunstall, and shot them. A man named McCloskey tried to interfere with the execution and was killed by Frank McNabb, one of Chisum's men.

A short time after the execution of Morton, the enraged Tunstall cowboys, led by Billy the Kid, boldly rode into

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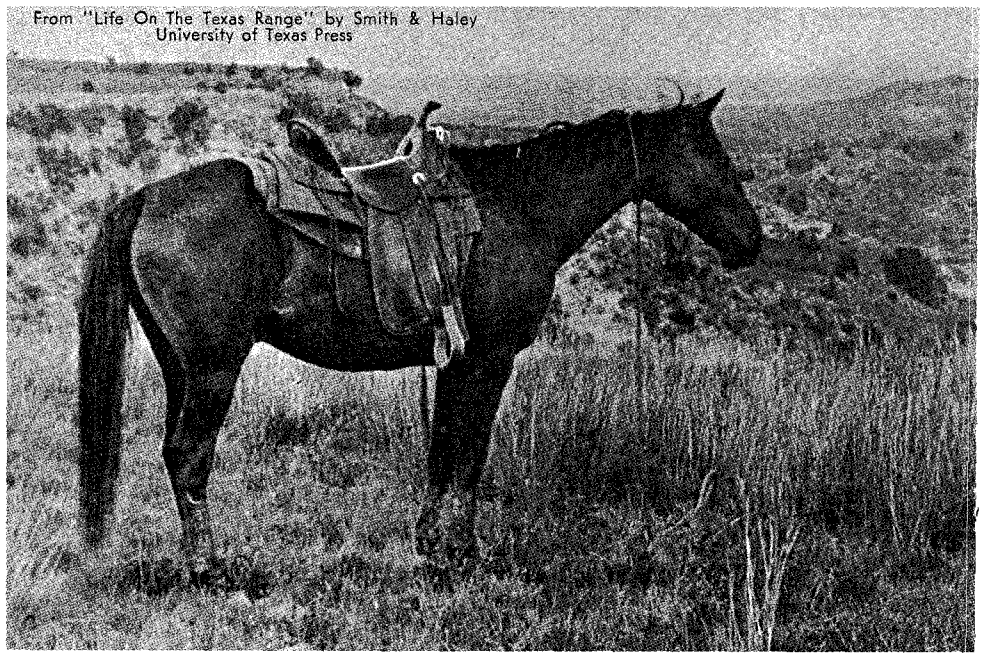

An LS cowboy stakes out his night horse.

Lincoln and shot it out with Sheriff Brady and his deputies. Brady and Deputy George Heinman were killed; Billy was wounded.

Governor Axtell appointed another Murphy man, George W. Peppin, as sheriff, and the war went on. Peppin started to Lincoln with about thirty men. When four or five miles from the county seat, they met Frank McNabb and two companions, Frank Coe and Ab Saunders of the Chisum Ranch, and opened fire upon them. Saunders fell at the first volley. McNabb took to the hills but was surrounded and killed. Coe had almost passed out of shooting range when a bullet from a buffalo gun killed his horse. He surrendered and was taken to Lincoln.

McSwain had posted watchmen around his residence and the Chisum bank to prevent the buildings from being burned or dynamited by the Murphy faction. Urged on by his political boss, Peppin decided to disarm the McSwain party. The lawyer told the sheriff there was no law against a man's protecting his property and warned Brady and the Murphy cowboys to keep off his premises.

Peppin appealed for aid to Colonel N. A. Dudley, commander of Fort Stanton, and attacked the McSwain party with sixty men. Chisum's attorney and fourteen followers barricaded themselves in the McSwain dwelling. Bob Beckwith and John McKinney, two of the Murphy and Peppin faction, were killed in the siege, Harvey Morris and Francisco Senora, two of the defenders, were also slain. The Murphy and Peppin men set fire to the roof of the house, but the adobe walls would not burn, and the McSwain party managed to hold out until night.

Outnumbered and fearing the building would be dynamited, the besieged men decided to abandon the dwelling. McSwain and Billy the Kid remained until the last and kept up a brisk fire while the others crawled away in the darkness or made their way out by sudden dashes. One of the fleeing men, Vincente Romero, was shot down but managed to crawl away and survived. As the fire from the house subsided, Sheriff Peppin and J. J. Dolan of the Murphy firm led a general assault. McSwain was killed in the final charge, but Billy the Kid escaped.

CHISUM had now lost his banking partner, his attorney, and several cowboys. Mrs. McSwain employed Houston J. Chapman as her attorney, and the Murphy faction promptly killed him. Death for Chisum appeared to be only a matter of time.

At this critical stage, Presdent Hayes took a hand in affairs. He recalled Governor Axtell and appointed General Wallace governor of New Mexico. Governor Wallace took prompt and impartial steps to end the great cattle war. He called in the leaders and heard both sides of the trouble. He then issued a proclamation of amnesty to all except Billy the Kid, J. J. Dolan and Colonel Dudley.

The commander of Fort Stanton faced an inquiry into his conduct, and lost his command. Dolan, Murphy's partner, was tried for the killing of Chapman and was acquitted. Billy the Kid was afraid to stand trial, and spent the rest of his brief life as an outlaw. The Lincoln County War heralded the break-up of the huge ranch holdings and opened the gates to colonization.

During his own last years, Chisum began irrigating a large area along South Spring River by diverting water from the beautiful little stream. Alfalfa and oats were planted for wintering saddle horses. The first trees of a 600-acre apple orchard were set out. The ranch at South Spring River became one of the most beautiful in New Mexico.

In time, other cow outfits crowded in on the Pecos, and the Cattle King of America was compelled to reduce his herds. The old pioneer died December 23, 1884, at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, leaving a half-million dollars' worth of cattle on the range. His body was taken back to Texas and buried at Paris, the town he had founded.

"FRENCHY" McCORMICK THE BELLE OF OLD TASCOSA

Wild Cowtown on the Canadian

OLD TASCOSA, for a decade the wildest cowtown in Texas, had its beginning in 1876 when a Spanish sheepman, Casimiro Romero, came from Mora County, New Mexico, and settled on the north bank of the Canadian River.

Of course, there were already a few

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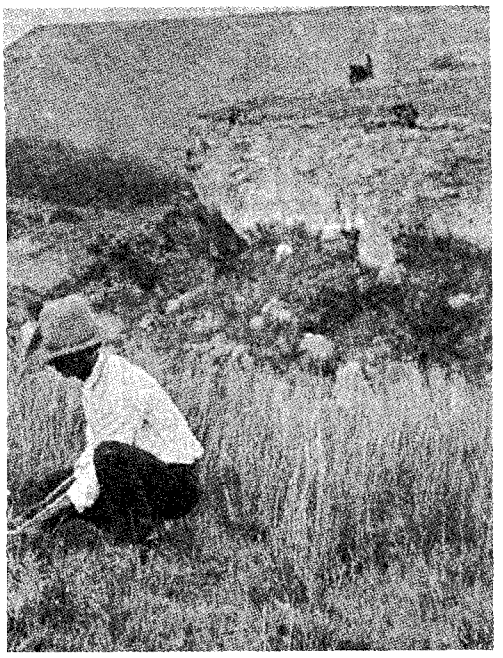

people in the Panhandle. Buffalo hunters from Ft. Dodge, Kansas, had pitched their camp in 1874 in the cottonwood grove where Atascosa Creek empties its clear waters into the muddy stream of the Canadian. Soon after, several Mexican families followed the river down from New Mexico and settled across the river from the buffalo camp, to raise horses and sheep.

Phelps White, a twenty-one-year old cowboy, came up from the Gulf Coast of Texas in 1877 driving 3,500 head of cattle belonging to his uncle, Major George W. Littlefield of Gonzales. Littlefield bought out several ranchers and Mexicans as the beginning of the famous LIT. Lucien Scott and W. M. D. Lea founded the Lone Star Ranch south of the river; David T. Beals and "Deacon" Bates located the LX down river on Ranch Creek.

There was not a real town within 100 miles, and the store at Atascosa became a post office, taking its name from the creek. The Postal Department eliminated the "A," and the new town became Tascosa.

John S. Chisum, cattle king of New Mexico, put Tascosa on a cow trail when he crossed the Canadian there while driving cattle from the Pecos River of New Mexico to the end of the railroad in Kansas. Other herds came up from south Texas on their way north, crossed the river at Tascosa, and thereby established it as a stop on the Montana Trail.

With two cow trails and a large ranching area to draw from, business began to pick up. Main Street soon became a long row of saloons, gambling houses, stores and dance halls. Supplies were hauled from Dodge City, Kansas, about 200 miles away.

Cattlemen reaching Tascosa after months on a drive, just naturally had to celebrate. Cowboys climbed on the bars of Jack Ryan's or Martin Dunn's saloons and sang songs of the range, often emphasizing the high spots with shots from .45 Colts.

There were a few permanent inhabitants who organized that part of Texas into Oldham County in 1882 and tried to keep some semblance of law and order. They elected Cape Willingham sheriff and backed him up by making James E. McMasters, the only lawyer in that part of the Panhandle, county judge. Temple Houston, "General Sam's bad boy," was appointed district attorney. The "gun lawyer" faced a tough job, and he knew it. When the official who swore in Houston asked if he was ready to qualify, the lawyer replied, "Just go ahead. The devil himself couldn't qualify for the job I have."

One of the first killings at Tascosa occurred when a bunch of cowboys from the trail came galloping into town to slack their thirst. Seeing a woman feeding some chickens, one of the merrymakers drew his pistol and opened fire at the fowls. The woman looked up just in time to see a .44 aimed in her direction. Thinking she was about to be shot, she fell in a faint. Neighbors ran screaming that the cowboys had killed the woman.

A shooting affray between men would have caused no great excitement, but the least act against a woman was unpardonable. Sheriff Willingham seized a double barrel shotgun and, accompanied by Charles A. Siringo, the "Lone Star Ranger," told the cowboy to "put 'em up quick!" He went for his gun instead, and Willingham gave him a load of buckshot. Companions of the slain man started to take part in the shooting but were restrained by a pair of Colts in the hands of Siringo.

Tascosa had acquired all the facilities of a town down to a graveyard on a hill overlooking the cottonwood grove and the muddy waters of the Canadian. They named it Boot Hill and during the next few years it filled up as though an epidemic of smallpox were raging.

Temple Houston resigned and went back to civilization and was succeeded by Lucius Dills; Sheriff Willingham was followed by Jim East.

A SCORE OF badmen had been laid to rest on Boot Hill by 1886 when the boys of the Lone Star Ranch and the LX pulled off the little fracas that disabled two men and put four in the graveyard.

The cause of the shooting has never been fully determined. Some say that cattle rustling was back of it. Others think it was just rivalry between the Lone Star and the smaller but faster shooting LX outfit. Others declare that it started over a pretty girl in one of the dance halls.

The petite and charming miss who is supposed to have caused all the trouble was born in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and accompanied her parents to St. Louis and finally to Dodge City, Kansas. Dodge City was at this time the great cattle market of the West. It was the chief shipping point for the big ranches that were growing up in Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico. Cattle buyers also came there to get cows and heifers for stocking new ranches in Wyoming and Montana. Cattlemen coming up the trail to Dodge brought stories of the new town where the herds crossed the Canadian in the Panhandle of Texas. Then one day the owner of a dance hall came to Dodge City and offered the Baton Rouge girl more money than she had ever seen to come down to Texas and help entertain the lonely cowboys and ranchers of the Staked Plains.

There would be nothing for her to do except wear pretty clothes, dance, and be admired, according to her prospective employer. He pointed out that this grassy plain, once the home of millions of wild cattle and buffaloes, was the greatest country in the world, that the ranchers were growing rich, and that a pretty girl like her could have her pick of husbands in a town where there were

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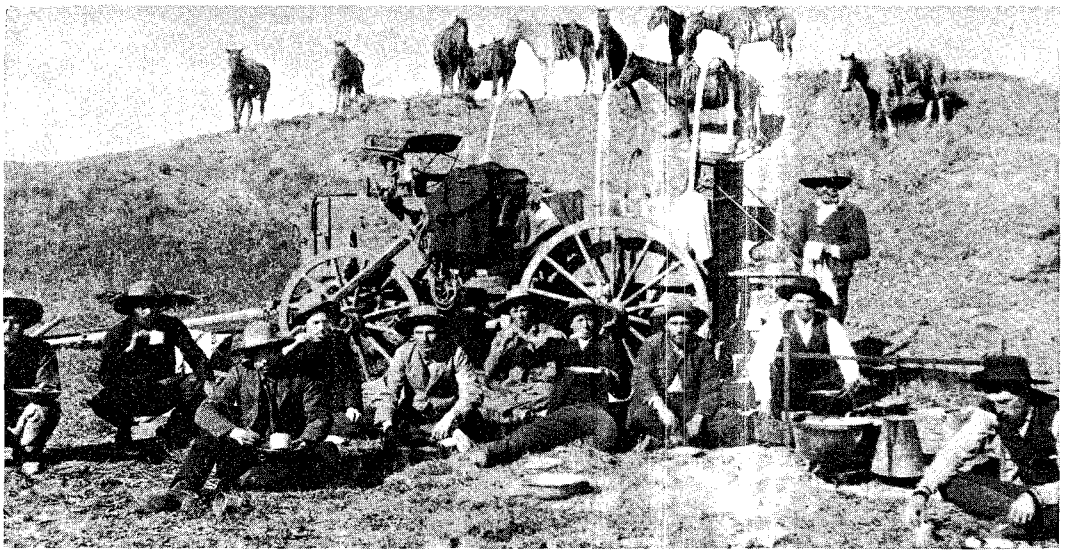

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LIT cowboys at mealtime in the 1880s.

many men and not a dozen marriageable women. Under these inducements, the little entertainer caught a stage for Mobeetie.

There she was spotted by Mickey McCormick, a little Irish gambler who fell in love with her at first sight and persuaded her to accompany him to Tascosa.

Although many contend that Frenchy had nothing to do with the big gunfight that rocked the wild little cowtown, it is evident that the girl from Dodge had not been in Tascosa long when Ed King of the LS became Mickey's rival. Almost simultaneously Len Woodruff, a big quiet fellow who worked for the LX outfit took a fancy to her.

The Belle of Tascosa did her best to keep peace but it couldn't be done. McCormick diplomatically stayed in the background and let the other fellows do the fighting over the girl he fully intended to marry.

THERE WAS a lot of rivalry between the Lone Star and the LX. The Lone Star was a big outfit that worked forty to fifty men during the busy season. The LX was not as large but it had some employees who were already famous for their fighting qualities. The situation at Tascosa was aggravated by a cowboy strike.

The Lone Star came to hate the outfit down the river. This was the situation when two LX cowboys, Len Woodruff and Charley Emory, rode into Tascosa one day and started having a good time. They were making the rounds of the dance halls and saloons when they met Ed King and John Lang. Whether Woodruff and Emory had drunk too much or whether King and Lang were hunting trouble, no one knows, but when Woodruff and Emory stepped from Jenkins' Saloon about midnight, all four men started shooting. After the smoke cleared sufficiently for other townsmen to see, Ed King was lying face down in the street dead and John Lang was fleeing down the street. Woodruff of the LX was down on his knees with a bullet through his groin and Emory was leaning against the wall of the saloon with an ugly leg wound.

Lang rushed into Griffith's Saloon where other Lone Star cowboys were playing faro and shouted that LX men had killed Ed King. Frank Valley and Fred Chilton drew their guns and rushed into the street, shooting at everyone who looked like an LX man. Jesse Sheets was mistaken for an enemy and killed.

While this was going on, the wounded Emory crawled into a blacksmith shop to evade the Lone Star men; the crippled Woodruff took refuge in a room behind Dunn's Saloon. Valley and Chilton followed him there and began to riddle the place with bullets. Seizing a Winchester, Woodruff flung open the door and limped out, his gun streaming lead. Valley was soon killed; Chilton, the other Lone Star cowboy, backed up, shooting as he retreated. Woodruff proved to be the best shot, and Chilton, too, was slain.

Woodruff fled in the darkness, using the Winchester for a crutch. He managed to reach the Briggs home about a mile from town. The next morning Sheriff East located him by the trail of blood he had left behind. Woodruff was placed under arrest, but he was in such a serious condition that he could not be moved. He made bond and remained at the house of his friend under the treatment of Dr. Henry F. Hoyt, Tascosa's only physician.

The next day, three Lone Star cowboys and the innocent bystander were carried out to Boot Hill. This wild cowtown on the Canadian, once the county seat of what is now many counties, had no church, and services for the losers in the fight at Tascosa were read by Judge Wallace. Cattlemen and town citizens attended the Sheets funeral on the other side of the cemetery while the other three graves were being filled. Then all returned to town, glasses tinkled, poker chips rattled, and the dances were resumed.

Feeling ran high and citizens started taking sides either for the LS or LX. J. E. McAlister, boss of the LS, encouraged his men to drop the matter. East and Pierce, with their deputies, were everywhere using diplomacy and tact. Without the efforts of these officers and other level-headed men, there might have been an Oldham County War to rival the famous one of Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Woodruff assumed all responsibility for killing the three Lone Star men, stood trial, and was acquitted on grounds of self defense. Other LS men were watching for an excuse to kill him, however, and he thought it prudent to leave Tascosa for a while.

Mickey McCormick, in the meantime, had proposed to the girl he loved and Frenchy had accepted.

Mickey quit dealing monte and entered the more respectable livery stable business. He started a photograph business, too, with which his pretty wife helped him. McCormick was a good hunter, and in the years that followed conducted many distinguished hunting parties to the distant Rockies and into Mexico.

ARRIVAL of "law" from the border had a good effect, and the wiser badmen left for parts unknown. Although killings diminished, it was many years later—in fact, only after the town had died—that the Texas Rangers were removed. Tascosa began to decline when fencing of the western range stopped cattle trailing, and herds no longer went up to Dodge City and Montana. The Ft. Worth and Denver Railway built through the Panhandle in 1887, and the town of Amarillo, thirty-nine miles to the southeast, became a rival. The Santa Fe and the Pecos Valley Railways also built into Amarillo, and business that once went to where the cow trails crossed went to the town where the railroads crossed. Amarillo became the growing city of which the founders of Tascosa had dreamed.

The county seat was moved to Vega. The old courthouse became the property of Lee Bivins and was converted into a ranch house. The McCormicks stayed on, happy in their modest home. Mickey had been shot during the boom days at Silver City, New Mexico, and the wound continued to bother him. Death came in 1912. Although the McCormicks lived within 150 yards of the graveyard, the Belle of Old Tascosa did not intend that her husband should be buried with the rough characters of Boot Hill. She took him to a cemetery at the LIT Ranch and laid him to rest among honorable pioneers.

When the author first visited Tascosa in 1936, only two houses were still standing. One was the old courthouse, remodeled into a ranch house; the other, the McCormick residence which lay in a tangle of plum bushes. In the shade of its crumbling adobe walls sat an old lady, calmly and unafraid, waiting to be laid to rest beside her beloved Mickey in the cemetery at the LIT.

Editor's note: In forthcoming issues we will be bringing you Campbell and McKenzie of the Matador; Isaac L. Elwood and the Spade; Major George Littlefield and His Yellow House; Clifford Jones of the Spur and many others—men who tamed their part of the West from the back of a horse!

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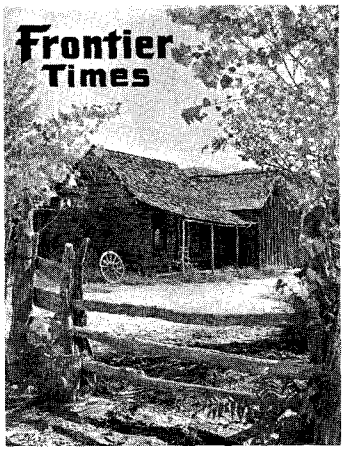

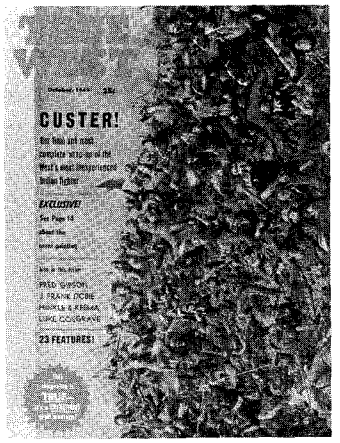

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